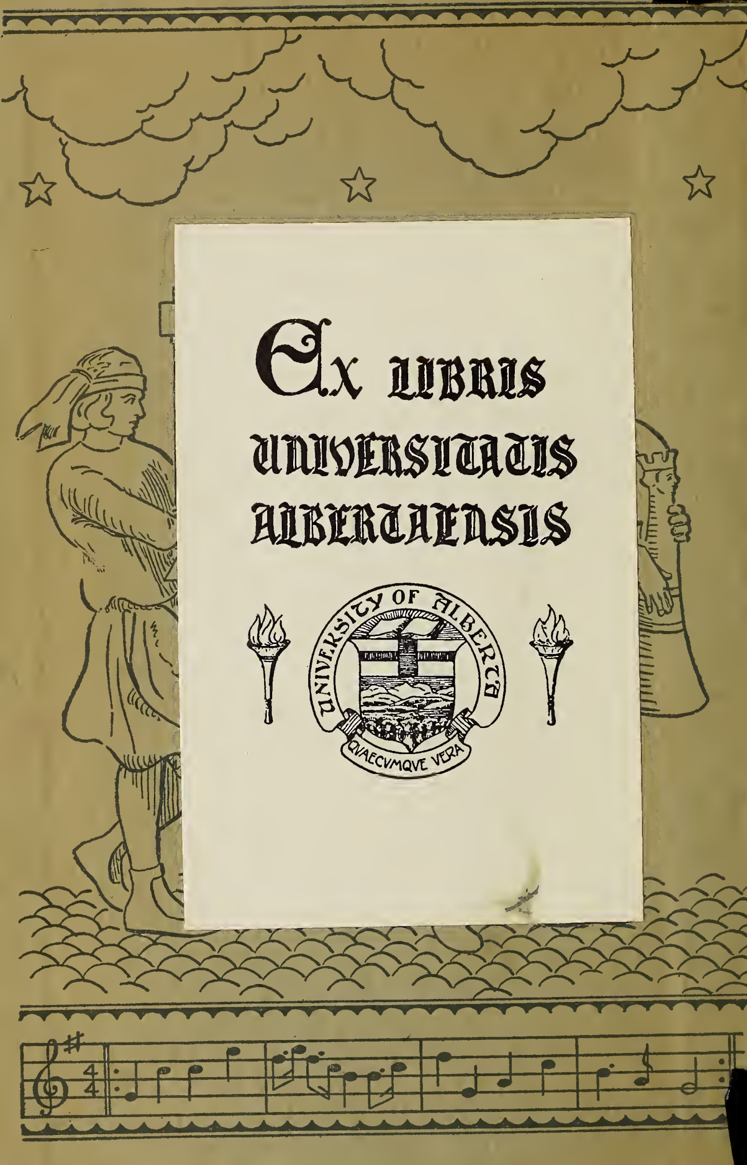
TALES OF OLDEN DAYS

BOOK FIVE

CURRICULUM

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA



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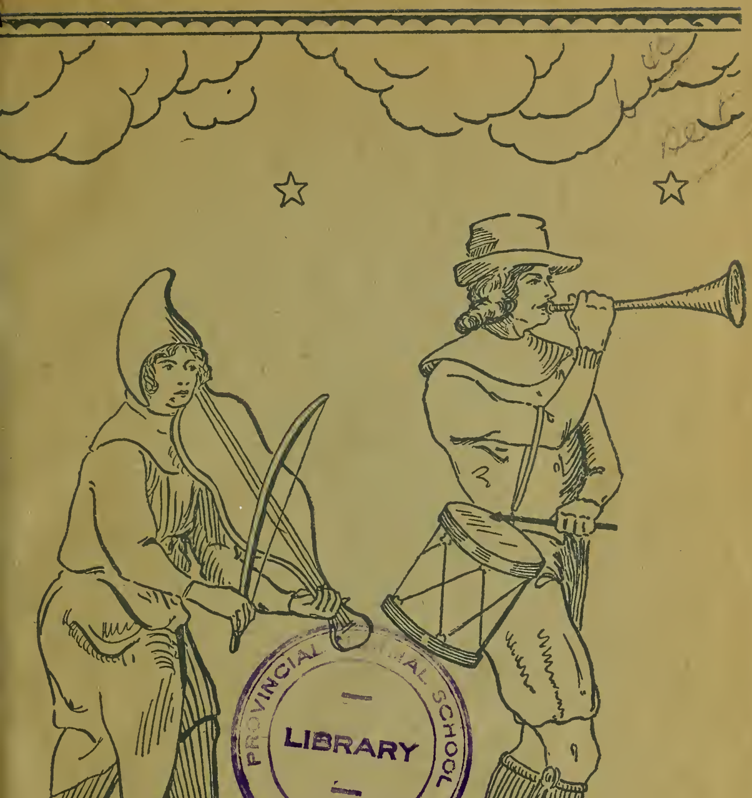

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Kinscella Readers

Tales of Olden Days

By

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

Illustrations by Ruth Mary Hallock

Stories in Music Appreciation—Book Five

Lincoln · Chicago · New York · Dallas
The University Publishing Company

1930

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FOREWORD

HAVE you by any chance read the first four books of the "Music Appreciation Readers?" If so, you acquired a great deal of information about music, while you enjoyed the delightful stories, poems, and tales that Miss Kinscella has given. In Book Five, she remembers the heart-hunger of boys and girls for knowing the beginnings of things, and, too, the fact that every one of you is reading fine literature in your English work.

How perfectly wonderful it is to have these most delightful old tales, myths, and legends of music, authentic and historic, yet all in the charming atmosphere of "Once upon a time!" Told with the magic of Miss Kinscella's torch of beauty, it all seems vivid and as if it were yesterday.

Here is the great and good King Arthur, a real boy hero. Here are Robin Hood and his merry men, dancing on the grass; and Orpheus, making merry with his lute. Here is a troubadour, singing his sweet songs of chivalry. Here is a story of the Puritans, and their stately old Psalms. Old bards of Wales . . . the minstrel Blondel . . . gypsies of Spain. . . . Miss Kinscella has spun for us these forgotten tapestries that graced the world in the long ago.

Of course, it is the hearing of the real music that

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weaves the spell. Either story or tune alone would fail to bring back again the minstrelsy of ancient times. How unmeaning the music of the present day is if we do not know the beginnings upon which the composers worked! These stories form a very fine introduction to the serious study of the form, appreciation, and history of music, and they lead us still further, through magic gateways, into the fascinating realm of music.

May Miss Kinscella take us for many more such journeys with word and tune, into the land of beauty!

FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK

PREFACE

BOOK FIVE of the *Readers in Music Appreciation* develops, in a fascinating way, all those phases of music appreciation that have been introduced in Books One, Two, Three, and Four.

Stories which relate the beginnings of music in far-off lands are included, as well as interesting stories of incidents and adventures from the lives of famous singers. Delightful descriptions of the minstrels of the middle ages, of the castles which they visited, and of the ballads which they sang, lead up to the story of Robin Hood and the introduction of de Koven's famous Robin Hood opera. The finding of the lyre in ancient Greece, a charming story of a boy's courageous part in a Grecian music contest, develops naturally the beginnings of opera in Greece and Italy and its spread to England and Germany.

The reader is given an interesting insight into the everyday life of people in Greece, Italy, Armenia, Caucasia, England, France, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Germany, Poland, Wales, China, and Switzerland. The tales of Switzerland afford the background for the William Tell opera. Stories of American composers are presented in an inviting manner as well as new stories of Indian tribes and music.

True appreciation of song literature, from folk song, through singing games, ballads, art songs, and arias are developed interestingly for the reader in this book. Old legends, historical tales, human interest stories of the youth of such composers as de Koven, Mozart, Schubert, Gounod, MacDowell, Handel, Grieg, Stephen Foster, Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Rossini, Bach, Haydn, Delibes, will appeal to the reader and increase his love for their fine compositions. Increased knowledge of music itself and of the musical instruments to play it is also acquired.

The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Peter W. Dykema, Director of Music, Teachers' College, Columbia University; to George Oscar Bowen, Director of Music, Tulsa, Oklahoma; to Paul J. Weaver, Director of Music, University of North Carolina; to Frank A. Beach, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas; to J. W. Searson and George E. Martin, authors of Studies in Reading; to M. C. Lefler, Superintendent of Schools, and Merle Beattie, Supervisor of Reading, of the Lincoln, Nebraska, schools; to Thurlow Lieurance; to Mrs. Edward MacDowell of Peterborough, New Hampshire; to Margaret M. Streeter, Lecturer in Music Appreciation; to Adrian M. Newens, Director of the University School of Music, Lincoln, Nebraska; and to Mrs. Frances Elliott Clark whose friendly encouragement and advice have aided in the preparation of this book.

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

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MUSIC WITH REED PIPES

THE MINSTREL'S SONG*

ONCE, long, long ago, there lived in a country over the sea a king called René, who married a lovely princess whose name was Imogen.

Imogen came across the seas to the king's beautiful country, and all his people welcomed her with great joy because the king loved her.

"What can I do to please thee today?" the king asked her every morning; and one day the queen answered that she would like to hear all the minstrels in the king's country, for they were said to be the finest in the world.

As soon as the king heard this, he called his heralds and sent them everywhere through his land to sound their trumpets and call aloud:—

"Hear, ye minstrels! King René, our gracious king, bids ye come to play at his court on May-day, for love of the Queen Imogen."

The minstrels were men who sang beautiful songs and played on harps; and long ago they went about from place to place, from castle to castle, from palace to cot, and were always sure of a welcome wherever they roamed.

They could sing of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles, and could tell of the mighty hunters who hunted in the great forests, and of fairies and goblins, better than a story book; and because there were no story books in those days, everybody, from little children to the king, was glad to see them come.

---

* From *Mother Stories* by Maud Lindsay. Used by the courteous permisson of, and by special arrangement with, Milton Bradley Co.

So when the minstrels heard the king's message, they made haste to the palace on May-day; and it so happened that some of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

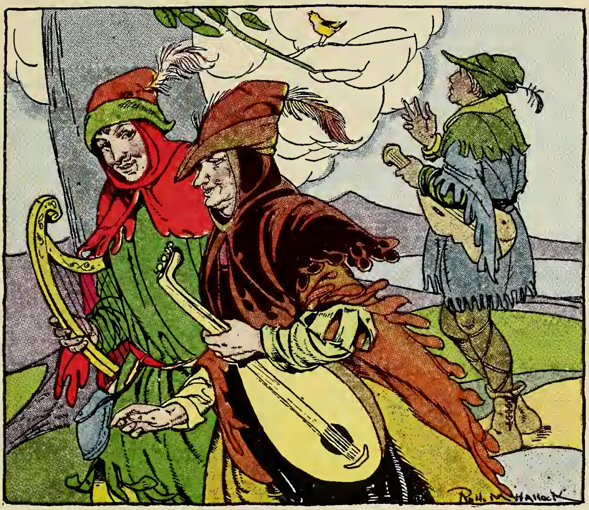
One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of the drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel; but Harmonius whispered: "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! we hear nothing but the wind in the treetops," said the others. "We have no time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard something very sweet. At last he knew that it was the wind singing of its travels through the wide world; telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white



ships, and hurried on to the hills, where the trees made harps of their branches, and then how it blew down into the valleys, where all the flowers danced gaily in time to the tune.

Harmonius could understand every word:—

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valleys below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow,
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

That was the chorus of the wind's song. Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song from beginning to end; and then he ran on and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see.

"We shall see the king and speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

"And his golden crown and the queen's jewels," added the youngest; and Harmonius had no chance to tell of the wind's song, although he thought about it time and again.

Now their path led them through the wood; and as they talked, Harmonius said:—

"Hush! listen!" But the others answered:—

"Oh! that is only the sound of the brook trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun,
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever, though none be near,
For God in Heaven can always hear,"

sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the king and queen, so that he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked, he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried: "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird!" the others replied. "Let us make haste to the king's court!"

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song.

It was singing a song of green trees, and in every tree a nest, and in every nest eggs! Oh! the bird was so gay as it sang:—

"Merrily, merrily, listen to me,
Flitting and flying from tree to tree,
Nothing fear I, by land or sea,
For God in Heaven is watching me."

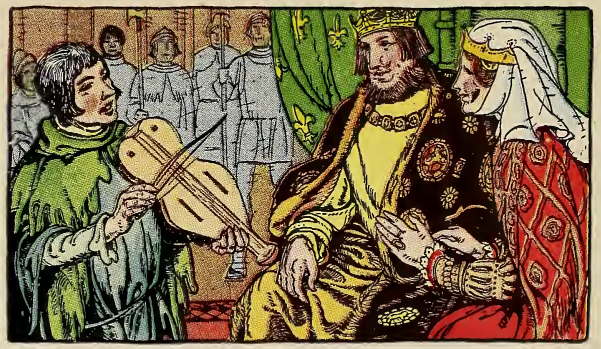
"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonius; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades, for by this time they were near the palace.

When they had gone in, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came before the king.

The king and queen sat on their throne together. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them.

The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, just as he had said he would; and the youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, which pleased the court ladies very much.



Then came Harmonius. And when he touched the harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking; then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook dripping on stones and running over little pebbles; and while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius' song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in Spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he had come from fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered:—

"Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now, all the other minstrels looked up in surprise when Harmonius said this; and the oldest minstrel said to the king: "Harmonius is dreaming! We heard no music on our way to-day."

And the youngest minstrel said: "Harmonius is surely mad! We met nobody on our way to-day."

But the queen said: "That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child; and I can name the singers three." And so she did. Can you?—From "Mother Stories" by *Maud Lindsay.*

Music to Hear:
"Wind Amongst the Trees"—*Briccialdi.*
"At the Brook"—*Boisdeffre.*
"Song of the Nightingale" (Chant du Rossignol)—*Filipovsky.*

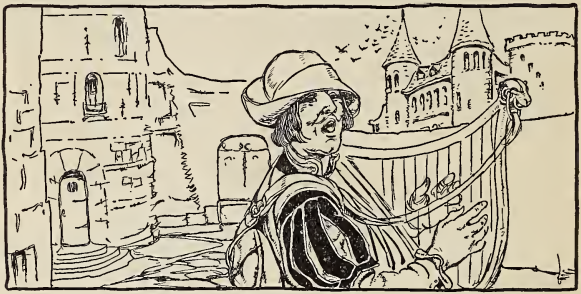
QUESTIONS

1. Who were the minstrels of olden days?
2. Where did the minstrels often sing? Of what did they sing?
3. What instrument did the minstrels use?
4. Why were the minstrels welcomed wherever they went?
5. Why did King René now summon the minstrels to the palace?
6. What, in your opinion, were the three singers of whom Harmonius told?
7. Tell of any bird whose sweet song you like.

Revive the dying strains of minstrelsy,
Which linger yet about long Gothic arches,
In dark green ivy, and among wild larches.
—*John Keats.*

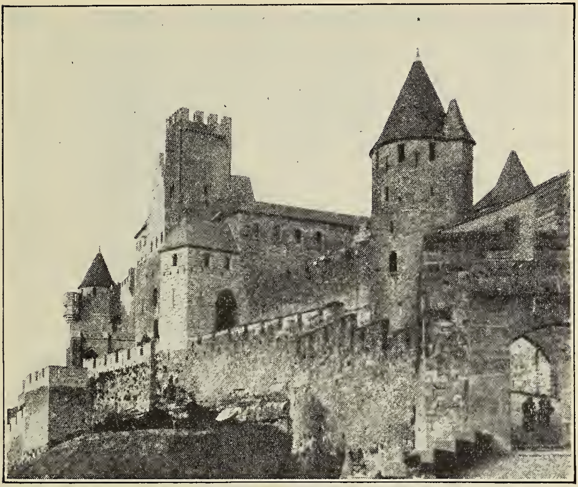
THE BEGINNINGS OF BALLADS

IF it were not for the minstrels of early days and the old ballads that they sang, we would not have many stories of those times. There were no printed books then. The only history that the people who lived outside of castles and palaces knew was that which was told or sung to them by the wandering minstrels. During the Middle Ages, people wished that they might be able to travel so that they could see the beautiful and strange things in the world.



A Traveling Minstrel

But, in those days, traveling was not the easy matter that it is today. There were no trains, no great sea-going ships, no aeroplanes, and no automobiles in which to ride. Then, too, bold robbers often lurked on the roads and in the



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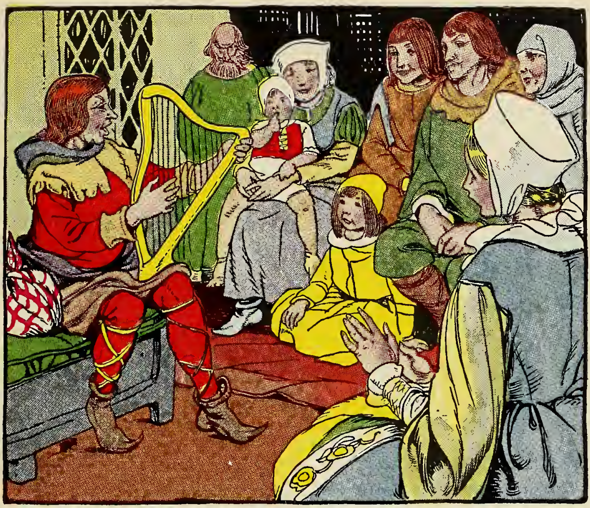
A FAMOUS FRENCH CASTLE, OFTEN VISITED BY THE MINSTRELS

woods and, even on the high seas, pirates made traveling very unsafe.

There was, though, one person who could travel safely wherever he desired to go. This person was the traveling minstrel. A minstrel could walk unharmed from one end of Europe to the other.

Instead of going to see the strange lands and people of the world, men and women, as well as boys and girls, who lived in the wonderful castles and palaces of Europe, often had to be content with stories about far away countries, which were told them by the minstrels. These minstrels were much respected by everyone, and, wherever they went, they were sure to find a warm welcome. It is said that some of them belonged to the kings' households, where they were given the best of food and lodging, the use of horses and servants, plenty of wax candles, and many other things then thought of as luxuries. These stories—many of them stories of adventure—were often told in song. Such songs were called *ballads*, and they were very similar to folk songs. These ballads were handed down from one person to another and retold in song for countless years. One special thing to be noticed about a *ballad* is that it always tells a complete story of some person or happening.

After a minstrel had stayed in a castle for a while, telling of all the strange and interesting things of which he knew, he would travel on to another castle. Each ballad singer was apt to change the songs a little, or add a verse of his own making when he forgot one that he had learned from someone else. So, in many parts of England, we may still hear these quaint old ballads sung and will find the same story told in different places in a slightly different way. Just as we often wish to repeat to our friends some news or some story which we have read or heard, so the lord of the castle would repeat the minstrel's ballad, or as much of it as he could remember to his friends. This is another reason why



the same ballad was not always sung in exactly the same way. The ballads were really "handed down" in a family, or in a certain part of the country. One person learned them by hearing another person singing them, in the same way that folk songs were handed down.

A ballad is often more valuable, in telling about the customs and lives of the people who lived so long ago, than many history books are. Some of the most famous ballads of England tell about kings and battles, but many of the favorite ones tell about Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

Robin Hood, though usually thought of as an outlaw, was in reality a nobleman named Robert, Earl of Huntingdon. Owing to the misrule of the king and to the cruelty of other noblemen, Robert had been driven from his home. Many of the king's barons and others of his followers were so cruel to the poor and so dishonest in their dealings with each other—and even with the king himself—that some of the better noblemen left their fine homes to live in the forests, where they could lead a happier life.

Of those who went to live in the green forests, no man was so well known or better loved than Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, who came to be known as Robin Hood. Robin Hood was a gallant gentleman, bold and brave, good natured, generous to the poor and to those who were weak, but he was very apt to play pranks on sheriffs and wealthy men who had grown rich by being cruel to those who had little money.

Robin Hood was so brave and just in his home in the forest that many other brave men soon joined him. Sometimes, they were spoken of as bandits and outlaws, but no one who was honest ever needed to be afraid of them. Robin Hood's favorite dwelling place was in the woods, known as Sherwood Forest, which is not far from the English town of Nottingham. He and his men delighted in surprising travelers who were going through the Forest.

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A PART OF THE FAMOUS SHERWOOD FOREST

All of Robin Hood's men were famous for their skillful use of bows and arrows, which were the weapons of those days. It was not much use to try to escape, should Robin Hood and his band wish the traveler to stop. Women and children were also sure that they would be given good care and be taken to a place of safety, if they chanced to meet any of Robin Hood's men.

Now and then, Robin Hood would take money from a rich man who went through the Forest, but, it is said, he never took it unless he was certain that the money had been obtained dishonestly. After giving their share of the money to his men, Robin Hood would be very likely to give his own share to the first poor man whom he met.

There were said to be several hundred strong and fearless men among Robin Hood's forest followers. The Sheriff of Nottingham, who is mentioned in so many of the Robin Hood stories and ballads, was known as a selfish and cruel man. He always complained and was never generous to the needy or kind to the sick. He often hanged innocent people so that he might have all the gold or other riches left by his victims.

Part of the beautiful Sherwood Forest—Robin Hood's favorite dwelling place—still stands in Nottinghamshire, England. Though Robin Hood and his Merry Men are no longer there, no one ever goes through the Forest without thinking of the gallant hero, who did so much good by teaching the people the joy of spending much time out-of-doors and the pleasure of being kind to the poor. Robin Hood is said to have lived in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, about the time of the famous crusades to Jerusalem; so the stories and ballads about him are very, very old.

Had it not been for the minstrels and their ballads, many delightful stories of the days of old might have been lost, and we who live today would never have heard them. Minstrels were called by other names in other countries. In France they were called *troubadours;* in Germany, they were called *minnesingers*. Some of these wandering singers became very famous. One of the most famous of them all was Adam de la Hale who lived in the thirteenth century. Although he lived in France, he too had heard the tales of brave Robin Hood and told them often in song. One of his best songs, which came to be known all over Europe—and which may still be heard there today—was called "Robin's M'aime," or "Robin and Marian."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Sumer Is Icumen In"—*An Old English song of Robin Hood's time.*
"Robin's M'aime" (A Troubadour's Song)—*Adam de la Hale.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a ballad?
2. Who were the first people to sing ballads?
3. Why were minstrels so popular?
4. By what other names were minstrels known?
5. Of whom were the minstrels fond of singing? Why?
6. Why did the same ballad sometimes differ when sung in different places?
7. What other songs were handed down from one person to another as ballads were?

Music is a great universal language, needing no translation.

— *William P. Merrill.*

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

THERE was no person in England, about whom more ballads were written than Robin Hood. This old ballad tells of the way in which the famous outlaw repaid an old woman who had once been kind to him, and how a wicked sheriff, who had robbed and killed so many innocent people, was punished according to the rough justice of the times. This is said to be the oldest of all the Robin Hood ballads.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

There are twelve months in all the year,
  As I hear many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year
  Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
  *With a link a down and a day,**
And there he met a silly old woman,
  Was weeping on the way.

---

* The line "*With a link a down and a day*" is one of the phrases often found in very old ballads. As the early ballads were usually sung or changed with very strong rhythm, such phrases were inserted and repeated between lines of the verses to keep the swing of the rhythm going. "*Down a down, a down, a down*" is another rhythmic phrase found in old ballads. Such lines tell no part of the story but only increase the strength of the rhythm and suggest the joyous carefree life of the singers.

"What news? What news, thou silly old woman?
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's three squires in Nottingham town
Today are condemned to die."

"O have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robb'd any maiden,
Or other men's wives have taken?"—

"They have not parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any maiden,
Nor other men's wives have taken."

"Oh what have they done?" said bold Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."—
"It's for slaying of the King's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."—

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could tell it in no better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,

And there he was met with a silly old palmer,*
  Who was walking along the highway.

"What news? What news, thou silly old man?
  What news, I do thee pray?"—
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
  Are condemned to die this day."—

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
  Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
  Go feast thy brethren fine."

"O thine apparel is good," he said,
  "And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
  Laugh never an old man to scorn."

But he put on the old man's hat,
  It stood full high on the crown:
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
  It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
  'Twas patched black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame all the day long,
  To wear the bags of bread.

"Some suits, some suits," the Sheriff said,
  "Some suits I'll give to thee;

---

* *Peddler.*

Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen
Today is a hangman's fee."

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
'Twas patched from leg to side:
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin did say,
"This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist:
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."*

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon;**
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath—
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud Sheriff,
Who was walking along the town.

"O save, O save, O Sheriff," he said,
"O save, and you may see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
If he will your hangman be?"

**Desire.*
***Above.*

Then Robin turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
"By the truth of my body?" the Sheriff said,
"That's well jumped, thou nimble old man."—

"I was never a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intend to trade;
But cursed be he," said Bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made!"

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still, when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."—

"O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou'd give such a blast
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
  He blew both loud and amain;
And quickly sixty of Robin's men
  Came shinning over the plain.

"O who are yon," the Sheriff said,
  "Come tripping over the lea?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say;
  "They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,*
  They set it in the glen,
They hanged the wicked Sheriff on that
  And released their own three men.

—*Old English Ballad.*

Music to Hear:
"Sellinger's Round"—*Old English Dance.*
"Peascods"—*Old English Dance.*

QUESTIONS

1. Of whom does this old ballad tell?
2. With whom does he speak in Nottingham town?
3. What instrument does Robin Hood use to summon his men?
4. What is meant by "Wind thy horn?"
5. How is the cruel sheriff punished?
6. In what way did old-time singers try to increase the rhythmic swing of ballads?

---

* *Hollow.*

THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

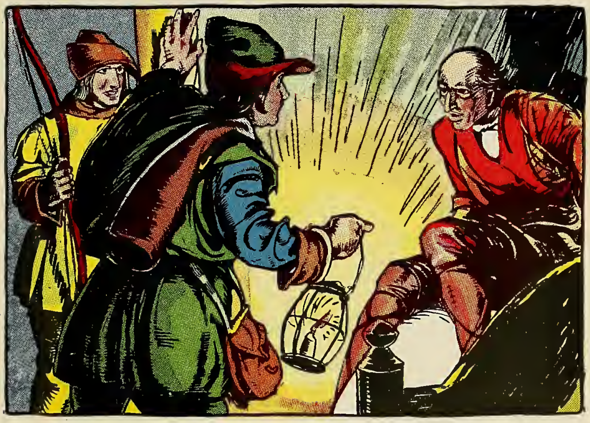
IN the time of Robin Hood, England was divided into small districts, called counties, or shires. The king appointed a man in each of these districts to rule in his stead. This man was called the shire reeve or *sheriff*. It was the duty of the sheriff to keep peace and order in his territory. The failure of the Sheriff of Nottingham to do this, along with his cruelty, brought upon him the punishment of Robin Hood and his men.

THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM

SCENE I

PLACE: The Sheriff's Room in the Gateway Tower, Nottingham, England.
TIME: A Night More Than Seven Hundred Years Ago.

(The Sheriff bolts his door carefully, shuts the window, and makes ready for bed. Just then there is a loud knock at the door. The Sheriff lies down and pretends to be asleep. There comes a still louder knock at the door. As the Sheriff still makes no answer, Little John, one of Robin Hood's leaders, breaks the lock on the door and enters, carrying a candle-lantern. He brings with him another of Robin Hood's men.)



LITTLE JOHN. Here is a guest for you, Lord Sheriff. You wish me to get the best wine and white bread for him, do you not?

THE SHERIFF (*who is badly frightened*). Yes, yes, of course!

(*Little John then brings in some of the best food that the Sheriff has, and sitting down at the Sheriff's table with Will Scarlett—Robin Hood's man who is with him—proceeds to eat. Little John takes from his pocket a scrap of sour acorn bread and offers it to the Sheriff.*)

LITTLE JOHN. You are *so* hospitable and generous. I too would share my bread with you. (*He forces the Sheriff to eat the lump of sour bread.*) Here is some water for you to drink. (*The Sheriff reaches for it eagerly, but chokes,* *finding that it is salt water.)* Drink it all, dear Sheriff. *(The Sheriff dares not refuse, so drinks it.)* Well, good-night, kind Sheriff. You have been most generous. I will now leave you. *(Little John bows himself out, leaving the frightened Sheriff looking after him.)*

SCENE II

PLACE: The Same.
TIME: One Night Later.

(The Sheriff is seen fastening his door with two bolts. Shortly afterwards there is a loud knock at the door. The Sheriff does not answer. Little John breaks open the door and enters with lighted candle, bringing Friar Tuck, one of Robin Hood's men, with him.)

LITTLE JOHN. Here is a very sick man. You, Lord Sheriff, are so noted for your kind heart and generosity, that I know you would want him to be comfortable.

THE SHERIFF *(much frightened)*. Certainly! Certainly!

LITTLE JOHN. Then get up from that soft bed, and let the sick man rest there, while you lie on the floor.

(The Sheriff gets up and lies on the floor. Little John bids Friar Tuck lie on the soft bed and rest until morning. They both sleep, especially the Friar, who is not at all sick, but is a very large, fat, healthy man.)

(Curtain, one minute.)

FRIAR TUCK (*arising*). It is now morning and I must leave you. I thank you, dear Lord Sheriff, for your great kindness. I bid you farewell.

(*He departs, leaving the Sheriff sitting on the floor.*)

SCENE III

PLACE: The Same.
TIME: Two Nights Later.

(*The Sheriff is seen fastening the door with three bolts. No sooner is he in bed than there is a loud knock at the door.*)

THE SHERIFF. Stay out, you rascals! You can't get in here!

(*Little John breaks all three bolts and enters, accompanied by one of Robin Hood's men.*)

LITTLE JOHN. Here, kind Sheriff, is a man who has lost his way. I know that you yourself will wish to go with him to the road, and guide him on his way.

THE SHERIFF (*unwillingly*). Of course. But wait until I get my warm clothes—

LITTLE JOHN. Never mind the clothes. This stranger is in great haste. (*The poor Sheriff stumbles from the room between Little John and the stranger.*)

SCENE IV

PLACE: Hill Top, With Gallows Tree in Sight.
TIME: Fifteen Minutes Later.

(*Enter the trembling Sheriff, dragged along by Little John and the stranger.*)

SHERIFF. Oh, you're going to hang me!

(*The stranger takes a great coil of rope from under his coat.*)

STRANGER. I think we should hang him, Little John.

LITTLE JOHN. Do you think it best?

STRANGER (*putting noose of rope over the Sheriff's head*). I think it must be done.

SHERIFF (*falling to his knees*). I beg you kind gentlemen—(*Robin Hood and his merry men enter.*)

ROBIN HOOD. What's this, Little John?

STRANGER. We're hanging the Sheriff.

SHERIFF. Oh, *kind* Robin Hood—

ROBIN HOOD. Be still! You hanged a man last week just to get his bag of gold. If we let you go, do you promise to be honest and rob or kill no more?

SHERIFF (*still on his knees*). Oh, Robin Hood, your men will bear witness that I do promise.

ROBIN HOOD (*after a short pause*). I shall let you go. When I promised to be a true servant to our gracious King, I vowed that he must first of all have an honest Sheriff. (*He takes the rope from the Sheriff's neck.*) Go now, back to your tower room. The next time a poor man comes to your door, feed him. When a sick man comes, share with him your bed. When a rich man passes through the country, rob him not, but conduct him safely through to the portals of his home land. Thus only shall you be fitted to serve our most gracious Majesty, the noble King. (*The Sheriff moves quietly away, Robin Hood and his men watching him depart.*)

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Come Away to the Woods."—From "Robin Hood" by *Reginald de Koven.*

"What Shall He Have Who Killed the Deer"—From "Robin Hood" by *Reginald de Koven.*

QUESTIONS

1. In what different ways did Robin Hood's men punish the Sheriff of Nottingham?
2. What had the Sheriff done to deserve this punishment?
3. What promise does the Sheriff make in order to escape being hanged?
4. How can you tell that Robin Hood is really a kind man?

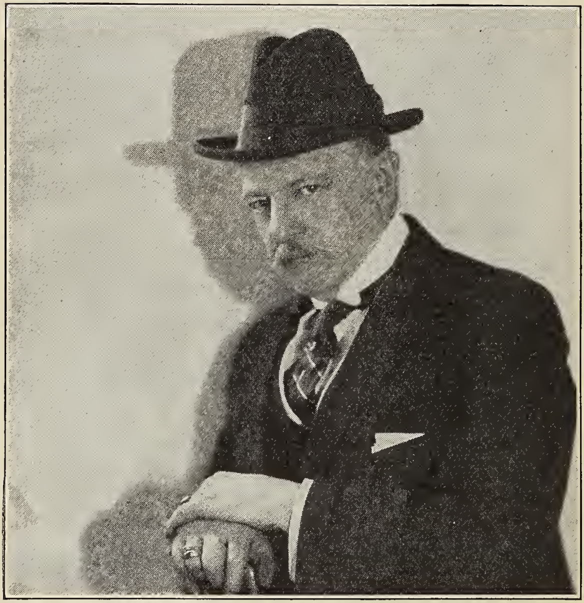
Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more work in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE OPERA "ROBIN HOOD"



Reginald de Koven, Composer of the Opera "Robin Hood"

JUST seven hundred years after the year in which Robin Hood is said to have been born, there was born, in a small town in the state of Connecticut, a boy who was to make the name of Robin Hood still more famous.

This boy was Reginald de Koven who, later, became one of America's best-known composers of songs and light operas.

Reginald de Koven's father was a clergyman who moved to England when Reginald was only thirteen years old. Reginald attended school, and later studied music in England, Germany, Italy, and France.

It may be that, during the years of his boyhood spent in England, Reginald heard many stories about Robin Hood and the jolly carefree life that he and his men lived in Sherwood Forest. When, during the winter of 1888, Reginald de Koven, who now lived in the city of Chicago, set himself to write an opera, he took the old tales about Robin Hood for his subject and wrote music that helped to tell the tales.

Courtesy Boston Players

ALLAN-A-DALE, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN "ROBIN HOOD"

The light opera, "Robin Hood," which Reginald de Koven completed in exactly three months, was first sung in Chicago. Then it was sung many times in Boston and New York City. It was a wonderful success in each city.

The entire opera has been sung in almost every city in the world. Altogether, it has been performed many thousands of times, and separate songs from it have been sung, in America alone, more than a million times. The opera is successful and popular, not only because of the happy story of Robin Hood and his merry men, but also because of the fine skill of the composer. He wrote such gay and charming music, full of rhythm and melody, which makes the listener feel that he is actually out-of-doors.

A SCENE FROM "ROBIN HOOD"—ROBIN HOOD HOLDS PRINCE JOHN AT BAY IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE

The opera is written in three acts. The scene of Act One is a market place in the old town of Nottingham; the time is that of Richard the Lion-Hearted. The scene of Act Two is laid in

Sherwood Forest, and that of Act Three in the courtyard of the Sheriff's castle. The characters of the opera are those told of in the old legends—Robin Hood, Little John, Will Scarlett, the Sheriff, and many others.

"O Promise Me," a song written by de Koven when he was very young, and which he sold to a publisher for a very small sum of money, is always sung during the performance of "Robin Hood," although it is not in any way a part of the opera. It has been sung this way so many times that many people think that it belongs to the opera. An extra song added to an opera in this way is known as an "interpolated" song, or "added" song.

Reginald de Koven died in Chicago in January, 1920, but the wonderful music that he has written will live for many years to delight many thousands of people.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear **(All of these selections appear on one record)**:

The Opera "Robin Hood"—*Reginald de Koven.*

Act One

Chorus: "Then Hey! For the Merry Greenwood."
Duet (*Maid Marian* and *Robin Hood*): "Come Dream So Bright."
Chorus: "Come Away to the Woods."

Act Two

Chorus: "A-Hunting We'll Go."
Chorus: "The Cross Bow" (This old tune is known as "The Owl and the Pussy Cat.")
Solo (*Little John*): "Brown October Ale."
Solo (*Maid Marian*): "O Promise Me" (This is not a part of the opera, but is usually sung at this place in the performance of the opera).
Trio and Chorus: "Tinkers' Song."

Chorus: "Ho, Ho, Then for Jollity."
Act Three
Solo (*Will Scarlett*): "Armorer's Song."

QUESTIONS

1. Name several ways in which the story of Robin Hood has been told.
2. What is an opera?
3. What American composer has written an opera on the stories of Robin Hood?
4. Where was this composer born, and where did he spend his boyhood?
5. Where did he study music?
6. Where was he living when he wrote this opera, and where was the opera first sung?
7. Why did this opera become so popular?
8. What other opera can you name?

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
  And showy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
  And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hark! how thin and clear,
  And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
  The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE air to which these verses have always been sung, is used by de Koven in the opening chorus of Act Two of the opera "Robin Hood," when *Will Scarlett*, one of Robin Hood's men, tells the company of a tailor who lived near the edge of Sherwood Forest.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
  In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
  Wrapped up in a five-pound note.*
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
  And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
  What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
      You are,
  What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
  How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
  But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day

---

* English money, worth about twenty-five dollars.

To the land where the Bong tree grows;
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

—*Edward Lear.*

Music to Hear:

"The Cross Bow," (The Owl and the Pussy-cat). To the Air of "A Tailor There Dwelt"—*Reginald de Koven.*

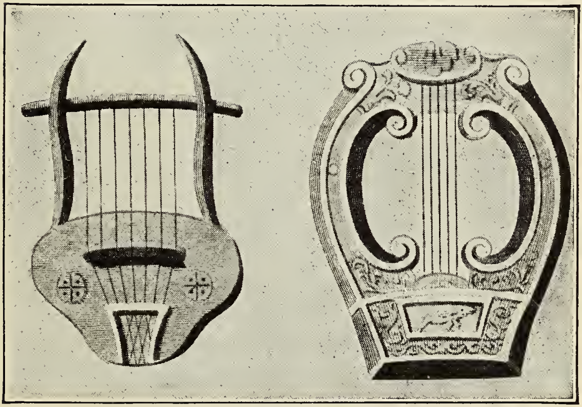
"A-Hunting We'll Go"—from Act Two, "Robin Hood"—*de Koven.*

If we were all determined to play the first violin, we should never have a complete orchestra. Therefore respect every musician in his proper place.

—*Robert Schumann.*

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

THE lyre was the ancestor of all stringed instruments. The story told in these verses is that of an old Greek legend which tells about the making of the first lyre from an empty tortoise shell.



Ancient Lyres

The legend says that one day as Mercury, who was one of the Roman gods, was walking along the seashore, his foot chanced to strike against the empty shell of a tortoise which had lain there until nothing was left within it save a few tightly drawn sinews. As it was struck, the shell gave out a musical sound which so charmed the god that he picked it up and looked at it, then made from it, a real stringed instrument.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE*

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover;
A year or more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray†
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things

---

† Something found out of its usual place.

* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin Co.

In shape, material, and dimension!
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Music of the Harp:
"Home, Sweet Home"—*Payne-Bishop.*
"Old Folks at Home"—*Stephen C. Foster.*

THE FIRST MINSTREL

ORPHEUS, who is often spoken of as the "first minstrel," was the son of the god Apollo, of whom we are told in Greek myths. He was said to be a gifted musician, whose music was so beautiful that not only people, but everything in the world was compelled to listen when he played.

The lute was one of the odd instruments which Crusaders brought to Europe from the Holy Land. It is of the guitar-mandolin type, and is played by plucking the strings. Out of the lute has grown our violin, and all other stringed instruments of its kind. In Sweden, the lute is still used as an accompanying instrument when folk songs are sung.

THE FIRST MINSTREL

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves when he did sing!
To his music plants and flowers
Ever spring; as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing Care and Grief of Heart
  Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

—From "Henry VIII" by William Shakespeare.

Music to Hear:
"Swedish Folk Airs with Lute Accompaniment."

Conversation is the music of the mind; an intellectual orchestra, where all the instruments should play a part, but none should play together.

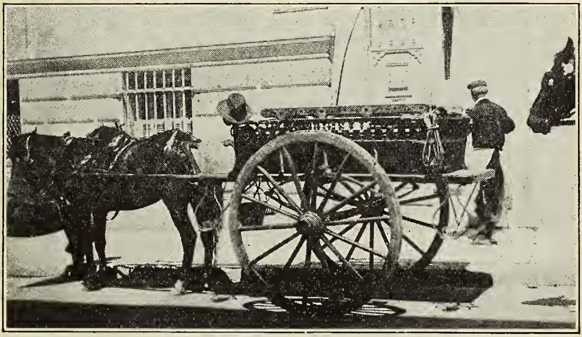
—Colton.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds.

—Selected.

A GRECIAN MUSIC CONTEST

A POOR farmer and his wife, who lived in Greece many centuries ago, named their young son, Orpheus, after the Grecian god of music. As Orpheus grew to boyhood, he learned the art of farming and, on market days, rode with his father in the clumsy farm cart with its two solid wheels.



Courtesy Margaret Davis

A MARKET CART OF MODERN GREECE

There, in the market place, Orpheus was able to stay quietly while his father finished his business and visited with friends. When his father was ready to start for home, Orpheus was likely to be found quietly listening to strange tales of adventure told by some story-teller, who earned his living in that way. Sometimes, he would be found listening to the songs of some traveling harper who had happened by.

It was not at all strange that these men delighted Orpheus. In those days, there were no books or papers for boys to read, but among all Greeks, even to the poorest people, there was great love of poetry and of rhythm, both in words and music. Almost every Greek, who was at all educated, was able to *improvise,* or "make up" music for the lyre, which was the stringed instrument then in use. Of all musical instruments, the Greeks loved the lyre best. This was a small instrument having, usually, five or ten strings which were plucked by the fingers of the players.

The lyre was often carried about by traveling harpers, as the Greek minstrels were called, and was used by them in accompanying their songs or recitations of poetry. The flute, too, was beloved by every Greek. He would carry it about with him as he worked, and he would play upon it at every opportunity. Besides these instruments, the Greeks sometimes played the "Pipes of Pan," a sort of mouth organ made by tying together seven hollow reeds of unequal length. A few other instruments that sounded only when they were struck, such as the tambourine and the cymbals, were also used.

Many times, when Orpheus returned home with his father after a visit to the market, he would try to improvise or "make up" a song, as he had heard some traveling harper do that day. Sometimes he would take for his theme, one of the old well-loved myths, which every Greek child knew so well, and he would try to arrange both the words and the music so as to obey the rules of improvisation.

One day, when Orpheus went to the market, there was much excitement. A great festival was taking place. No work was being done by anyone that day. Everyone in the entire village was out taking some part in the games, feasting, or dancing. Boys and girls were making merry, filling in the time with jests and songs until sunset, when the great contest was to be held.

Courtesy Margaret Davis

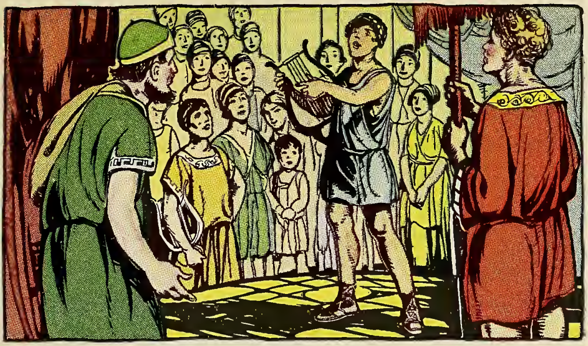
A MARKET PLACE IN GREECE

This was the contest for the musicians and, according to the rules, the prize would be given to the person who was best in both poetry and singing. He must have improvised both the words and music of his song, and each would count equally with the other in the final decision of the judges.

Orpheus determined to stay and hear that contest. "How I would like," he thought, "to be one of those lucky people taking part in it!" So much did he love the music itself, and so highly did he honor those who seemed to him to be best able to make it, that the mere taking part in the contest would have seemed to him honor enough, with no thought of trying to win a prize.

At last the hour of the contest arrived. The great crowd of villagers and visitors who were present became silent as the first musician was called. The dancers were already tired and were glad to rest. A harper, bearing with him a shining golden lyre, was the first person to come on the platform. He wore a shimmering white robe and a golden band was fastened about his head. How he did sing! When the long song was ended, there was warm applause. Surely he would win the prize!

"How happy he must be!" thought Orpheus. "Of all things in this world that anyone might ever do, I would rather sing!" he added.



Then came another musician, and still others. Some of them sang very charmingly and some not so well. The stories, told through the words of their songs, were of battle-heroes, wars, famines, or of great riches won by strife.

At last, it seemed as if all who wished to sing had done so, and the judges began to whisper among themselves. "Is there anyone else who would sing?" asked the Greek in charge, as was the custom, for it was thought right and fair that proper notice should be given of the closing of the contest lest anyone be offended.

"*I* would like to sing!" cried Orpheus, in his excitement, never thinking what he was doing until the words had been spoken. Then, he would have been glad had the earth opened up and swallowed him alive, so great was his dismay and confusion. Some of the town boys laughed when they saw the poor clothing and bashful figure of the one who had spoken.

"Let him sing!" called someone.

"He can't sing!" shouted another. At the side of the crowd, Orpheus saw his own father looking at him as if he thought the boy had lost his mind.

But his mother, who had gone to the market that day, and who was standing near, encouraged him by saying: "It will do no harm to try. Sing one of the songs for these people, which you have so often sung at home for me."

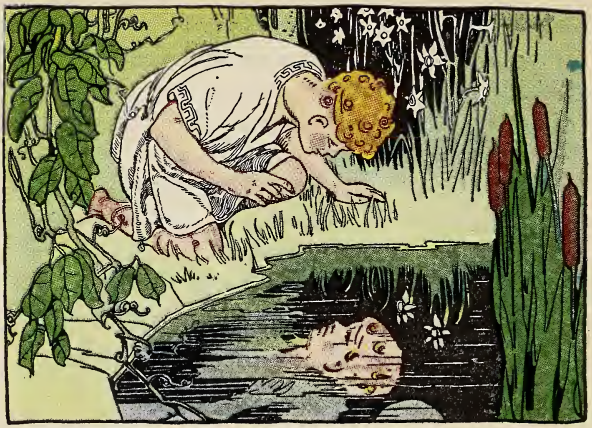
One of the old harpers, who had already taken part in the contest, saw the lad's confusion, and, being of a gracious spirit, handed him his own golden lyre and pushed him forward.

"Yes, sing, lad. We all had to make a start."

Thus encouraged, Orpheus stepped forward to the spot on which all the other musicians had stood. He fingered the strings of the beautiful instrument. A faint sound of sweet music filled the air. Louder and nearer it seemed to come, but it was only the music made by the boy's fingers as courage came to him. Then he began to sing. It was the old legend about Narcissus who had lived in Greece long before that time which he now told in song.

One day, while Narcissus was hunting in the forest, he knelt beside a quiet pool of water to quench his thirst. As he was about to drink, he saw the face of a boy looking up at him from the water below. Narcissus thought that he had found a new comrade and was overjoyed, for he had been very lonely for many days. After that, Narcissus came to the pool each day to look at his new playmate, who never left the pool to play with him. He waved when Narcissus waved and answered when he spoke, though Narcissus could hear nothing when his lips moved. One day Narcissus tried to catch the boy by plunging his arms deep into the water when the fair face first appeared. The waters grew muddy, and the boy vanished from sight. Time after time the same thing happened, and as night came on the boy in the pool vanished entirely and did not reappear. One night, even the shades of darkness could not drive Narcissus from his kneeling place beside the pool and, as the first magic beams of the moon shone over the water, he bent forward to look for the stranger he had come to love so dearly. There he saw him, looking upward anxiously. Narcissus never guessed that what he saw was but the pale, dim reflection of his own face.

Then Orpheus told how the gods took pity on Narcissus. That night, they changed him into a tall, white flower which is always found beside quiet pools. There, the flower still sways and bends above the water, as though seeking



the friendly image in the pool. There you may see it to this day.

As the song ended, the crowd remained hushed, for the clear, sweet voice of the young singer had taken them all, in fancy, to the quiet forest and the shadowy pool. Then a burst of applause filled the air. The tears were rolling unheeded down the cheeks of Orpheus's father, and the old harper, who had given his instrument to the lad, pushed forward and threw his arms about him.

"He has earned the prize!" shouted the people.

"He is the best singer of us all!" cried the other musicians.

And as the sun at last dropped behind the hill, the happiest boy in all the land of Greece was Orpheus, the Grecian boy who "of all things in the world that anyone might ever do, would rather sing."

—*Adapted from an Old Legend of Greece.*

Music to Hear:
"Narcissus"—*Ethelbert Nevin.*
"Hymn to Apollo"—*Ancient Greek Hymn.* (This ancient hymn was found on two tablets of marble, in Delphi, Greece, in 1893, and is thought to date from about 278 B.C.)

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by *improvisation?*
2. Name some of the musical instruments used by the early Greeks.
3. Describe the lyre.
4. For what was the first Orpheus famous?
5. Describe an old-time musical contest in Greece.
6. Of what other Grecian contests have you heard?
7. Tell how Orpheus was courageous.
8. What old legend did Orpheus take for his theme?
9. What American composer has written music that is said to suggest the same story?
10. Tell what is meant by a *theme* in music.

"Song brings, of itself, a cheerfulness that wakes the soul to joy."

—*Euripedes.*

THE LYRE AND THE DOLPHIN

The city of Corinth, in which some of the events in this myth are supposed to have happened, was a very famous Grecian city even in early times. It was noted both for its great beauty and for its importance as a harbor and shipping center. It was often called "The Star of Greece."

A dolphin, the giant fish mentioned in this myth, is a huge fish which often grows to the length of seven or eight feet.

The Lyre and the Dolphin

Long ago in the court of Periander, the King of Old Corinth, there dwelt a famous musician named Arion. So talented was Arion and so very popular that he had become a very wealthy man, on account of the many prizes that he had won by means of his beautiful singing.

It was, therefore, not at all surprising that he should travel for many days to reach Sicily, where, the Greeks had been told by a messenger, there was to be a great and important festival and contest of music. The most noted singers from all parts of the then-known world journeyed to Sicily to take part in the wonderful event and to compete for the gold, rare jewels, and money that were offered as prizes to the ones who should prove themselves to be the best singers.

Having won more than one of the prizes and being well content with his added riches, Arion decided, after the close of the contest to return home by water.

Not many days later, he set sail for his homeland. In those days, there were no large steamships in which men traveled. Instead, there were strange, hand-hewn wooden boats, propelled through the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea by means of the sailors' oars, or by the breezes which might chance to fill out the colored sails which Grecian sailboats always had. The breezes were usually the strongest by day, and it often happened that the boat was allowed to float gently along by night, steered only by the guidance of the stars.

Unfortunately for Arion, the boat upon which he sailed was manned by a crew of greedy, dishonest men, several of whom had heard of the prizes of money and jewels that he was carrying to Greece.

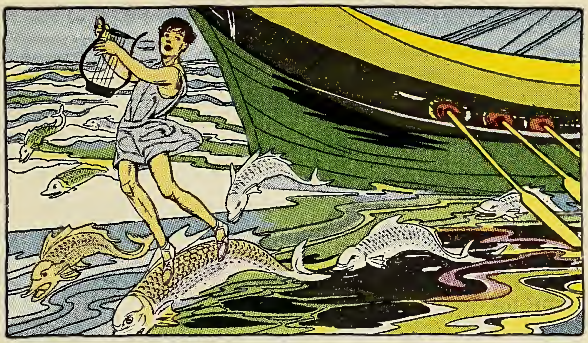
"Why should we allow this man to have all the gold when we need it ourselves?" questioned these greedy sailors among themselves. "Let us see if there may not be some plan proposed by which the wealth may become ours!"

So they planned and plotted until, one day, when they were not very far from the shores of Greece, they decided to kill the sweet singer. They would not take his life themselves, they determined, but would toss him overboard, or ask him to walk off the end of the boat into the water, as was a death custom in those days. Then, they might safely report to the king at Corinth that Arion had been lost at sea.

The plan seemed to be working well. Arion was forced to give up the little bag of gold and jewels, which he had carried on his person for safety, and the sailors, after some quarreling, had divided it among themselves. Just as they were about to send Arion overboard into the sea, he asked one last privilege.

"Give me my lyre, and let me play one last song before I die. That is not much to allow one who has but a few moments to live," he asked.

The greedy pirates consented, and the golden lyre was placed in his hands. After a few short chords, played upon the strings of his instrument, Arion began to sing, and as soon as the clear notes of the old Grecian song floated out over the sea, it was seen that a school of dolphins came and swam and played about the boat. With his lyre in his hand, and the song and its accompaniment still continuing, Arion walked from the back of the boat, into the deep water.



The sailors, thoroughly terrified by what they had done, bent to their oars, and rowed as swiftly as possible from the spot.

However, Arion was not allowed to drown, for he fell directly on top of a great dolphin, which bore him safely to the shore.

The rescued singer lost no time in returning to his home, put on his most royal robes, and set out for the palace of the king. There he found the treacherous sailors, who had arrived before him. The king and all of his court were gathered about them, listening sorrowfully to their story of the loss at sea.

What was their amazement when they saw Arion himself appearing before them! Some of the sailors, who were most ignorant and superstitious, fled for their lives. The others were cast into prison, while Arion, the king's favorite musician, was given a hearty welcome home.

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In memory of the great miracle, the gods—at least so the story says—placed Arion's harp, or lyre, together with the dolphin, among the stars. There, anyone may see bright stars shaped in the form of a lyre and a dolphin in the evening sky.

—*Old Greek Fable* (Adapted).

Music to Hear:
"Roumeliotica"—*Dance Song of Grecian Mountaineers.*

QUESTIONS

1. Find Greece, and the city of Corinth, on a map. Tell all that you can of the former importance of this old city.
2. Describe sea travel in the early days. Compare it to travel of the present time.
3. Has music developed in the same degree as travel, invention, or science? Give reasons for your answer.
4. What modern events are patterned after the old Grecian contests?
5. Name at least eight modern instruments that are descendants of the old Grecian lyre.

Sing frequently in choruses, especially in the middle parts. This makes you musical.

—*Robert Schumann.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF OPERA

"DO you know just what an opera really is?" asked Uncle John.

"I think it is a play, in which all of the conversation is sung," answered Arthur.

"It is more than that," replied Uncle John. "When a story is made into a play, is acted with appropriate scenery, and the conversation in it is sung—usually to the accompaniment of an orchestra—it is called an *opera*. In what is called 'grand opera,' all of the conversation is sung. In 'light opera,' some of the conversation may be spoken, but most of it is sung.

"To understand what an opera is and how it began, you should go back to the year 1600, when, we are told, the first real opera was written and performed. Long before that day, people had loved to make plays of many of the stories that they knew. Many towns in Europe, in those early days, had at least one person whose business it was to tell stories and to entertain the people on the streets. This man would stop anywhere that a small crowd was gathered and tell old-time stories. This was especially necessary, as not many people were able to read or write. Sometimes, this story-teller would have with him a jester, or fool, who

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AN HISTORIC SCENE IN ATHENS

usually wore a face mask and dodged about among the people, jostling them, making funny remarks, or in some other way amusing the crowd.

"In Greece, simple *dramas* were acted in the public squares. Often, these dramas were accompanied by folk airs which were played on the stringed instruments of the time, such as the lute and harp. Some of these plays were made still more attractive by chorus singing, and by having some one tell parts of the story which could not be acted.

"Later, some Grecian players invented a stage which they built upon a cart. This stage was drawn about so that the actors could give their plays whenever people gathered in any part of a city. Most of the stories acted in this way were old folk tales and myths of Greece.

"In Italy, many of these actors, who were by this time called 'strolling players,' because they moved about so often, gave another kind of entertainment. A good Italian, named Filippo Neri, thought that some of the traveling shows, with their jesters, were very rude and undignified. He gathered together some friends, and they began telling stories just outside the churches, on the church steps, to anyone who cared to listen. The stories they told were old Bible tales. Passers-by would stop and listen for a while and would then go on about their business. At first, there was no music sung or played, but, after a few years, the use of music became very frequent. Some of these performances were quite elaborate for those days. Actors in the Italian play-carts soon followed Neri's example and told better stories. In the 'play-carts' there was very little room for large

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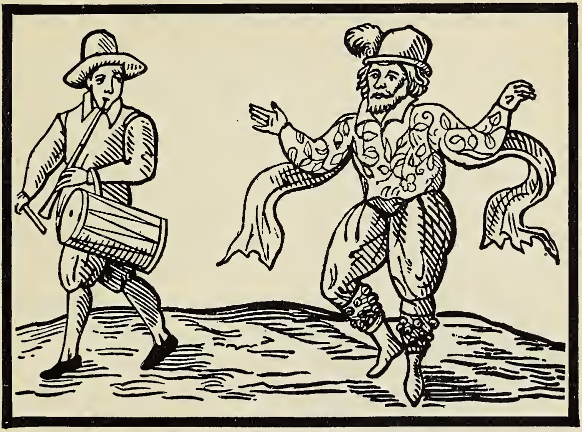
NATIVE ITALIANS

pieces of scenery, but despite this, all kinds of stages were built. Different floors were built, one above the other, on the cart. The top floor usually represented 'heaven'; the middle floor, the 'earth'; and the lower floor, 'hades.' In this way, the players were able to show their audiences what was supposed to be going on in three places at one time. Oftentimes, the cart would be drawn out into an open field near the town, so that there was plenty of room for all the people who wanted to watch the play and listen to the music."

"Did people have 'moving plays' in other countries, besides Italy and Greece?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, indeed!" answered his uncle. "In England, during the middle ages, it was quite the custom to give 'street-plays.' These were planned to tell Bible stories and to teach the people. Records tell us that, in the old English city of Chester, twenty-four separate and complete plays were given in one year, the scenery for which was built onto twenty-four separate carts. Each play was a simple story—such as the story of 'Noah and the Ark'—and was usually quite short. All twenty-four of the plays were intended to be performed in one day. As it took a large number of actors to give so many plays, they would wait until some important holiday, when everyone was free



OLD ENGLISH DANCER AND MUSICIAN

from work. Each play of the twenty-four was then given several times that day.

"Just imagine that you are living in those long ago days, and that you are spending a holiday in Chester. On the nearest street-corner is gathered a small crowd. Cheering is heard down the street, and in a minute, one of the 'play-carts' comes around a corner. It is the cart that brings the story of 'Noah and the Ark.' The cart stops right in front of the crowd, and the people close up so that they can see and hear what is going on. The play begins. Noah has just begun to build the ark, and is planning with his wife and sons how it is to be made, and what he will take into it. Each part is acted, even to the sending out of a dove to learn if the waters on the earth have gone down. At different times during the play, songs thought to be very suitable are sung. When the play ends, the cart moves on up the street to some other part of the city where the story of 'Noah and the Ark' will be acted again. Meanwhile, another cart is coming around the corner, and the players make ready to entertain the same people who have seen 'Noah and the Ark' acted. Finally, everyone in the city has had a chance to see all twenty-four of the plays."

"Did they have these plays only in the summer time?" asked Arthur.

"No," answered his uncle. "There were plays for almost every season of the year. At Christmas time, suitable stories for the season would be acted, and it must have sounded very quaint and pretty to hear the 'Song of the Angels,' 'Song of the Shepherds,' and the other Christmas songs considered a part of the Christmas celebrations, oftentimes sung in the open air in a snowstorm.

"In still other countries of Europe, such plays were given at certain seasons of the year. In Spain and France, religious stories were most often acted.

"In Germany, even today, a pretty open-air festival takes place in certain towns and cities once a year. In some of these 'town-festivals,' as they are now called, old stories that tell the history of the town itself and of its legends are acted out. In Rothenburg, an old walled city having many buildings that are more than a thousand years old, the townspeople reenact picturesque stories of medieval days. They wear their old-time costumes and use the old houses and ruins of castle walls for the scenery.

Much of the action takes place on the city streets, which are used as if they were the stage. The play itself is followed by an historic festival dance of the shepherds. 'Hans Sachs Plays' are also given in Rothenburg, and high old gabled buildings and quaint public squares of the town form the stage background for these, as well.

Courtesy German Railroads

ANNUAL FESTIVAL PLAYS ACTED ON THE STREETS OF A TOWN IN GERMANY

"So, you see, the first opera, and the opera that we hear today, are really only 'grown-up street-plays.'

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Cleftopoula"—*Greek Dance Song.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is an opera?
2. In what ways were people, who lived in European towns in early times, amused?
3. How were people entertained in Greece?
4. Who were the "strolling players"?
5. Describe the type of play given in Italy in early times.
6. Tell how people were entertained during a holiday in the old city of Chester.
7. How are people often entertained in Germany today?
8. Tell of a city which still has "street-plays." What does this city use for stage scenery?

MUSIC

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears;
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

—*Lord Byron.*

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

—*George Eliot.*

THE FIRST OPERA

THE first opera was called *Orpheus and Eurydice,* or sometimes, just *Euridice.* It was written in 1600 by an Italian named Jacopo Peri. To tell of it one must travel in fancy, back through hundreds of years, to the beautiful Italian city of Florence.

At that time, there lived in Florence a charming young girl named Maria de Medici, whose wedding to Henry the Fourth, King of France, was about to take place. Maria's father loved her dearly, and wanted to celebrate the wedding of his daughter in some very splendid and unusual way. After thinking of first one thing and then of another that he might do to show the people how he loved his daughter, and how honored he felt that she was to become a Queen, he called in a composer who lived in Florence. This man's name was Peri.

"I want you to write me some music," said the fond father, "and I want it to be more beautiful and different in every way from anything that the people have ever heard before."

Peri returned to his home and set to work. First of all he thought of the story that he should tell in the music he was to write.

"It should be about something or someone who is very dear to someone else, as Maria de Medici is to her father," he thought.

Then he thought of the old Greek legend that was often told in Italy about *Orpheus*, the Greek god of music. Orpheus mourned so deeply for his dead wife, *Eurydice*, that he was allowed to go into Hades, the "Place of Death," to bring her back to life. He had but one condition to obey. This was that he should not look at the face of Eurydice until they were both back in the world of the living. Orpheus played so beautifully upon his harp that he charmed all those who guarded the gates of Hades and they allowed him to enter. He found Eurydice, and had almost reached the outside world again, when he forgot the condition he had to obey and turned to look at her. The moment he did so, Eurydice was obliged to turn back, and all that Orpheus saw was a dim glimpse of her as she faded from his sight in the distance.

As he wrote the music, Peri thought of the idea of having people on the stage act out the story and sing the words which they said to each other.

When the opera was all written, Peri took it to Maria's father, who liked it so well that he had it given at his palace in Florence. Not only was this the first opera, but we are told that it was the first time a group of musicians played the accompaniments for the singers. This was the beginning of the *orchestra*. The instruments played were a guitar, a lyre, a harp, and three flutes, the flutes being used to remind the audience of the shepherd pipes of old Greece.

Now-a-days, when we go to see and hear an opera, we also watch the orchestra men as they play, sitting in what is called the "pit," in front of the stage. In the opera given at the Medici Palace in 1600, the director of the opera had the players sit where they could not be seen. This was to make sure that everyone would watch the people on the stage instead of watching the orchestra men.

Since those days there have been many writers of opera, in many lands. They have written "grand" opera, "light" opera, and "operettas." *Grand opera* is opera in which all the conversation is sung. In *light opera*, the songs are alternated with speaking parts. An *operetta* is a short light opera.

Not all of the music is sung by everyone taking part in the opera. Some of it is written as solos, and such solos in an opera are called *arias*. There must also, usually, be much music for a chorus of men and women to sing. The accompaniment of an opera is written or arranged so that an orchestra may play it. There may also be duets, trios, and quartets, but that all depends upon the story or plot.

Now and again, a folk dance or other dance is made a part of the opera. This is called a *ballet*. Stage settings or scenery, made especially to fit the story of the opera, are also very important, although the opera is complete without them.

Just as a book is usually divided into chapters, so an opera is divided into "acts." Sometimes there are several "scenes" in one act. Each act or scene is a part of the story, and helps to make the opera complete.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
Aria, "Ye Dismal Hillsides, How Sad Ye Are Without Eurydice" (Funeste piagge) from "Euridice"—*Jacopo Peri.*

QUESTIONS

1. When was the first opera written? Where was it given?
2. By whom was the first opera written?
3. What old legend did the composer tell in his opera?
4. Tell this story in your own words.
5. What instruments were used in the orchestra which accompanied the first opera?
6. Name one difference between "grand opera" and "light opera."
7. What is an *operetta?*
8. What is an *aria? A ballet?*
9. How is an opera sometimes divided?

THE GOLDEN HARP*

MORGAN is one of the oldest names in the land of Wales. It means one who lives by the sea.

Every day, for centuries past, tens of thousands of Welsh folks have looked out on the great blue plain of salt water.

It is just as true, also, that there are all sorts of Morgans. One of these named Taffy, was like nearly all Welshmen, in that he was very fond of singing.

The trouble in his case, however, was that no one but himself loved to hear his voice, which was very disagreeable. Yet of the sounds which he himself made with voice or instrument, he was an intense admirer. Nobody could persuade him that his music was poor and his voice rough. He always refused to improve.

Now in Wales, the bard, or poet, who makes up his poetry or song as he goes along, is a very important person, and it is not well to offend one of these gentlemen.

These poets have sharp tongues and often say hard things about people whom they do not like. If they used whetstones to give them a keener edge, their words could not cut more terribly.

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Now, on one occasion, Morgan had offended one of these bards. It was while the poetic gentleman was passing by Taffy's house. He heard the jolly fellow inside singing, first at the top and then at the bottom of the scale. He would drop his voice down on the low notes and then again rise to the highest until it ended in a screech.

Some one on the street asked the poet how he liked the music which he heard inside.

"Music?" replied the bard with a sneer. "Is that what Morgan is trying? Why! I thought it was first the lowing of an aged cow, and then the yelping of a blind dog, unable to find its way. Do you call that music?"

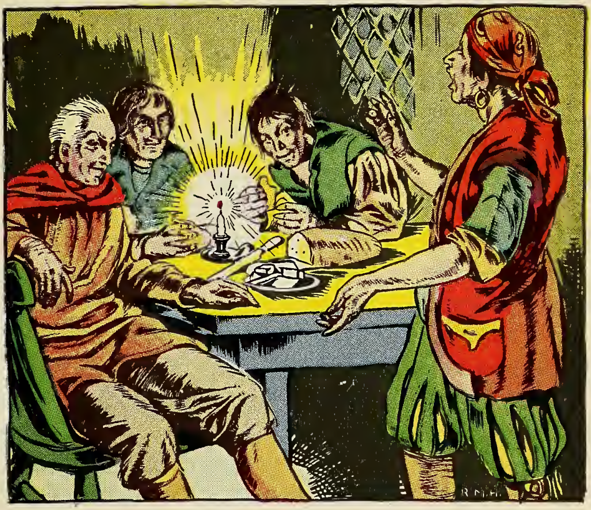
It took a wise man to discover the tune, if there was any.

One evening, when Morgan thought his singing unusually fine, and felt sorry that no one heard him, he heard a knock.

Instead of going to the door to inquire, or welcome the visitor, he yelled out "Come in!"

The door opened and there stood three tired-looking strangers. They appeared to be travelers. One of them said:

"Kind sir, we are weary and worn, and would be glad of a morsel of bread. If you can give us a little food, we shall not trouble you further."



"Is that all?" said Morgan. "See there the loaf and the cheese, with a knife beside them! Take what you want and fill your bags. No man shall ever say that Taffy Morgan denied anyone food, when he had any himself."

Whereupon the three travelers sat down and began to eat.

Meanwhile, without being invited to do so, their host began to sing for them.

Now the three travelers were fairies in disguise. They were journeying over the country, from cottage to cottage, visiting the people. They came to reward all who gave them a welcome and were kind to them, but to vex and play tricks upon those who were stingy, bad-tempered, or of sour disposition. Turning to Taffy, before taking leave, one of them said:

"You have been good to us and we are grateful. Now what can we do for you? We have power to grant anything you may desire. Please tell us what you would like most."

At this, Taffy looked hard in the faces of the three strangers, to see if one of them was the bard who had likened his voice in its ups and downs to a cow and a blind dog. Not seeing any familiar face, he plucked up his courage, and said:

"If you are not making fun of me, I'll take from you a harp. And, if I can have my wish in full, I want one that will play only lively tunes. No sad music for me!"

Here Morgan stopped. Again he searched their faces, to see if they were laughing at him and then proceeded.

"And something else, if I can have it; but it's really the same thing I am asking for."

"Speak on, we are ready to do what you wish," answered the leader.

"I want a harp, which, no matter how badly I may play, will sound out sweet and jolly music."

"Say no more," said the leader, who waved his hand. There was a flood of light, and, to

Morgan's amazement, there stood on the floor a golden harp.

But where were the three travelers? They had disappeared in a flash.

Hardly able to believe his own eyes, it now dawned upon him that his visitors were fairies.

He sat down, back of the harp, and made ready to sweep the strings. He hardly knew whether or not he touched the instrument, but there rolled out volumes of lively music, as if the harp itself were mad. The tune was wild and such as would set the feet of young folks going, even in church.

As Taffy's fingers seemed every moment to become more skillful, the livelier the music increased, until the very dishes rattled in the cupboard, as if they wanted to join in. Even the chair looked as if about to dance.

Just then, Morgan's wife and some neighbors entered the house. Immediately, the whole party, one and all, began dancing in the jolliest way. For hours, they kept up the mad whirl. Yet all the while, Taffy seemed happier and the women the merrier.

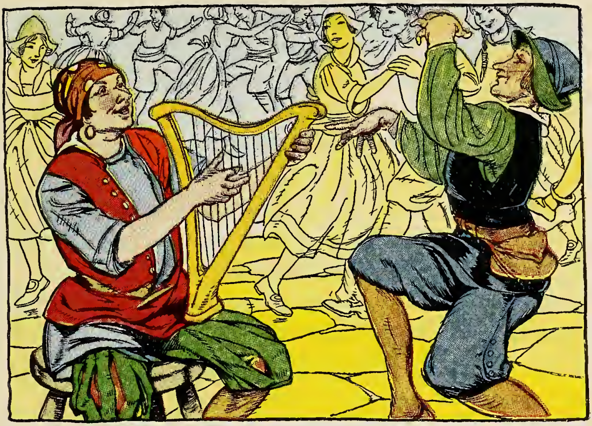
No telegraph ever carried news faster, all over the region, that Morgan had a wonderful harp.

All the grass in front of the house, was soon worn away by the crowds, that came to hear and dance. As soon as Taffy touched the harp strings, the feet of everyone, young and old, began shuffling, nor could anyone stop, so long as Morgan played. Even very old, lame and one-legged people joined in. Several old women, whom nobody had ever prevailed upon to get out of their chairs, were cured of their rheumatism. Such unusual exercise was severe for them, but it seemed to be healthful.

Taffy was a happy-go-lucky fellow; with his harp, he enjoyed both fun and fame.

One day, in the crowd that stood about his door waiting to begin to hop and whirl, Morgan espied the bard who had compared his voice to a cow and a cur. The bard had come to see whether the stories about the harp were true or not.

He found to his discomfort what was the fact and the reality, which were not very convenient for him. As soon as the harp music began, his feet began to go up, and his legs to kick and whirl. The more Morgan played, the madder the dance and the wilder the antics of the crowd, and in these the bard had to join, for he could not help himself. Soon they all began to spin round and round on the flagstones fronting the door, as if crazy. They broke the paling of the garden fence. They came into the house and knocked over the chairs and sofa, even when they cracked their shins against



the wood. They bumped their heads against the walls and ceiling, and some even scrambled over the roof and down again. The bard could no more stop his weary legs than could the other lunatics.

To Morgan, his revenge was so sweet, that he kept on until the bard's legs snapped, and he fell down on top of people that had tumbled from sheer weariness, because no more strength was left in them.

Meanwhile, Morgan laughed until his jaws were tired.

But no sooner did he take his fingers off the strings, to rest them, than he opened his eyes in wonder; for in a flash the harp had disappeared.

He had made a bad use of the fairies' gift, and they were displeased.

The grass grew again when the harper and singer ceased desolating the air with his quavers. The air seemed sweeter to breathe, because of the silence.

However, the fairies kept on doing good to the people of good will, and today some of the sweetest singers in Wales come from the poorest homes.

—Abridged from "Welsh Fairy Tales" by
—*William Elliot Griffis.*

Music to Hear:
"Autumn"—*John Thomas* (Harpist to Queen Victoria).
"To Spring"—*Grieg.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell what you know of the old-time bard.
2. How did one of these bards offend Taffy Morgan?
3. What gift did the fairies bring to Taffy?
4. To what family of instruments does the harp belong?
5. Was it the melody, the harmony, or the rhythm, or Taffy's music that made all of the people wish to dance when he played? Explain.
6. Why did Taffy lose his harp?

Great song is used to great ends.
—*Tennyson.*

THE POWER OF THE BARDS

THE minstrel with his harp was one of the most interesting figures of the Middle Ages. He traveled from castle to castle and was popular with all ranks. Battle Abbey, mentioned in the poem, was a famous abbey in England not far from the site of the battle fought between the Normans, led by William the Conqueror, and the English.

The Power of the Bards

I love the verse of minstrels,
  Their old historic lays
Which tell the faithful story
  Of life in ancient days.

The past is barred by shadows,
  But the minstrels march before,
And guide us, with their music,
  To the breathing life of yore.

They raise up clearest visions
  To greet us, everywhere,
And they bring the brave old voices
  To stir the balmy air.

We see the ship of conquest
White on the narrow sea;
We look from Battle Abbey,
On the hosts of Normandy.

We see Blondel and Richard,
We hear the songs they sing;
We see the faithful friendship
Betwixt the bard and king.

We join the jolly revels
Under the greenwood tree,
Where outlaw songs are chanted
And swords clink merrily.

We join the jolly Friar,
And fearless Robin Hood,
And Allen, and the Miller,
At feast in green Sherwood.

* * *

And owe we not these stories
Of charming old time days,
To the singing of the minstrel
—The maker of the lays?

Forever more be honor
To the voices sweet and bold
That thus bring back the picture
Of the merry life of old.

—*P. P. Cooke.*

Music to Hear:
"Minstrel Boy"—*Irish.*

TROUBADOUR SONGS

IN the south of Europe, the wandering poets and singers were called *troubadours* instead of *minstrels*. Their songs were much the same, for in them they told of brave soldiers in shining armor, of battles, and of the duties of knighthood. One of the very old rhymes, first sung by troubadours of France and still to be heard as a folk song in that country, gives a rule by which a true knight was always measured.

Nowhere is such a noble name
  As that of chivalry;
Of coward acts and words of shame
  It is the enemy;
But wisdom, truth, valour in fight,
  Pity and purity,
These are the gifts that make a knight,
  My friend, as you may see.

Another old French ballad of the fourteenth century describes, in verse, some other duties of a brave knight. The ballad is said to have been written in 1478, but when we read it, we find that the same traits of kindness and honesty that were demanded of a knight in those days are expected of a good man today, nearly five hundred years later.

Amend your lives, ye who would fain
The order of the knights attain;

Devoutly watch, devoutly pray;
From pride and sin, oh turn away!

Shun all that's base, the Church defend;
Be the widow's and orphan's friend;

Be good and leal;† take naught by might;
Be bold and guard the people's right;—
This is the rule for the gallant knight.

Be meek of heart; work day by day;
Tread, ever tread, the knightly way;

Make lawful war; long travel dare;
Tourney and joust* for lady fair;

To everlasting honor cling,
That none the barbs of blame may fling;

Be never slack in work or fight;
Be ever least in self's own sight;—
This is the rule for the gallant knight.

---

†Loyal.

*Battle and fight.

Love the liege lord with might and main,
His rights above all else maintain;

Be open-handed, just and true,
The paths of upright men pursue;

No deaf ear to their precepts turn;
The prowess of the valiant learn;

That ye may do things great and bright,
As did Great Alexander hight.
This is the rule for the gallant knight.
—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Rondel d'Adam de la Hale"—*Old Troubadour Song.* (This quaint old troubadour song is especially interesting to listen to because of its *lute* accompaniment. The lute was one of the simple stringed instruments brought back from the Orient by returning Crusaders, and is a forerunner of the violin.)

QUESTIONS

1. What were minstrels called in the south of France?
2. Of what did the troubadours sing?
3. Describe the duties of the knight as given in this old ballad.
4. Tell of any other ballad which you know.

Better let the village perish than the old customs and songs in the village.
—*Old Yugoslav Proverb.*

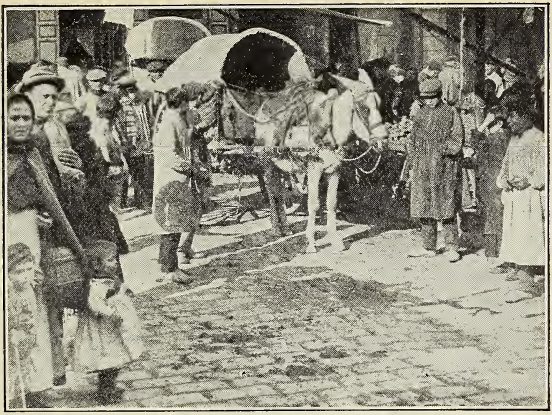
THE MINSTREL AND THE COBBLER

ONCE a minstrel, who had wandered for years among the towns and cities of his homeland in southern France, took a journey into nearby Spain. There he visited many villages, towns, and cities, singing in each of them the songs which the people in his own sunny homeland loved to sing and hear.

The minstrel's songs were quite different from the songs of the Spanish people, for he came from the land of Provence, in France. So, wherever he went, people crowded around to hear his strange sweet melodies. After he had passed on to another town, people would try to remember his tunes and the words that he had sung to them, and also sometimes they would try to sing them just as he had sung them.

In one of the Spanish towns through which he passed and stayed the night, there lived a poor cobbler, who, as he hammered away making shoes, amused himself by singing. As he had sung much for a good many years, he thought himself a very fine singer.

So, when the minstrel played and sang for his hosts that night at the inn, the most interested listener among the crowd of villagers who were present was the little Spanish cobbler.



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A STREET SCENE IN SPAIN

"What fine songs the minstrel sings for us!" said the villagers, one to the other, as they sat and listened. "How sorry we will be when he is no longer here to sing them!"

The little cobbler heard all this conversation. When the minstrel departed, the cobbler began to sing again, but this time he did not sing the old Spanish airs which he knew so well. Instead, he tried to remember the French folk airs sung by the minstrel. But as the cobbler was quite ignorant of the minstrel's language and was really not a good musician, he sang the songs so very incorrectly that they were no longer beautiful. Yet, as the villagers knew no more about music than the cobbler, they imagined themselves well pleased to hear him.

After a long time, in which he traveled far to the southern end of Spain and back, the French minstrel returned to the village. As he drew near the town, he said to himself, "Here is a town where the people seemed to like my songs. Here I shall spend the night, earning my supper and lodging by singing to my hosts and their friends."

How surprised the poor minstrel was when he came to the door of the inn! There the landlord met him and said, "We have one of our own people who sings your songs for us any day, just as well as you do, and so we need no French minstrel here!"

Now the minstrel was a kindly old man, who loved music so well for itself instead of for what it might earn for him, that instead of being angry, he said, "How happy I am to learn that here in your village the people have learned the languages and the songs of my far-off home in southern France! I will go and see this cobbler myself to hear him sing."

You can well imagine how very sad he felt when he heard his own beautiful songs being spoiled and given new meanings by the clumsy singing of the ignorant cobbler!

"Is it possible," said the minstrel, "that these people really think that they are hearing the songs correctly sung, as I sang them? If they do, how can I let them know the mistake they have made?"

After some thought, the minstrel decided what to do. That night, after everyone in the village had gone to bed, the minstrel went to the cobbler's shop. He found the door unlocked, so he went in and lit a candle that he had brought with him. Then he went to work and spent several hours cutting pieces of the cobbler's precious leather into strips the shape of shoes, sewing the wrong pieces together into silly, useless shapes.

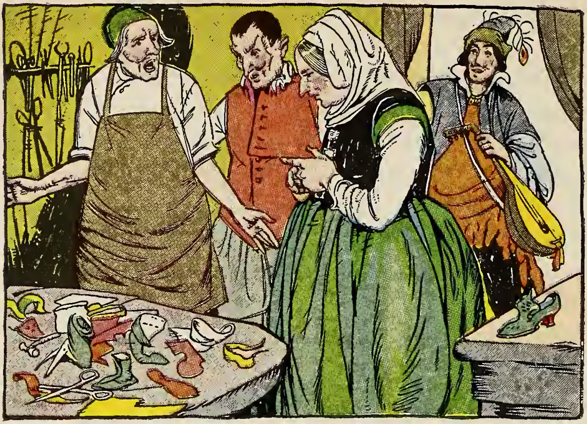
When daylight returned and the bootmaker came to his workshop, he was very angry at what he found there. He rushed from his door into the narrow street, shouting as he went, "Come and see what some robber has done to me! My precious leather is all ruined!"

The neighbors came running to see what had happened. When they saw the good leather cut into the foolish strips, and sewed together in such useless shapes and sizes, they, too, were angry.

"Who ever could have done this?" they asked.

The minstrel, who had heard what the cobbler had said as well as the question of the villagers, now came forward.

"I am the one who has done the damage," he said. Then, as the villagers began to talk angrily, he stopped them and explained.



"Good people, first listen to what I have to say. This man of your village is a maker of boots; I am a maker of ballads. It is a fact that I have spoiled his leather. I do not deny that. But first, he spoiled my songs. What I have done is no more than fair. If you will be so just as to hear us both sing, one after the other, you will hear for yourselves that what I am saying is true."

So the villagers told the cobbler to stand up and sing. This he did, in his clumsy, unmusical way, with plenty of wrong notes and a good many incorrectly pronounced words. After him the minstrel stood up to sing. His tones were so clear and sweet, and the song so strangely beautiful that the villagers wondered how they ever could have listened to the other. With one voice they cried out, "The minstrel is right! He is entirely right!"

After that the minstrel, who was really not angry with the cobbler, but who only loved his homeland's songs too well to be willing to hear them incorrectly sung, paid the Spanish cobbler for the leather he had wasted. In return, he took a promise from the cobbler that he would never again sing a song which he had not learned carefully and correctly.

With that the minstrel departed on foot toward the homeland of his memories, followed by the farewells and good wishes of the cobbler and all his Spanish neighbors.

—*Retold from an Old Spanish Folk Tale.*

Music to Hear:
"On the Bridge at Avignon"—*French Folk Song.*
"Going Through Lorraine"—*Old French Song.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why was it difficult for the cobbler to sing the songs sung by the minstrel?

2. How was the minstrel welcomed on his return to the town?

3. Tell how he showed the villagers that they had made a mistake in thinking that the cobbler could sing his songs?

4. Was the minstrel's motives selfish or unselfish? Give your reason.

5. What is meant by the old proverb, "Each man to his trade"?

SUNNY SPAIN

THE boys and girls of Spain still play many of the games they played when Columbus, with his three small vessels, sailed for the unknown West. Many of these games are singing games, but in case the game is not one of which music is a distinct part, the children sing anyway, so greatly do they like music. As time-keeping is so important a part in all the music of Spain, even the children play at keeping time. They often tie shells together in pairs, and rap them together as they play their games, to imitate the castanets which older people of Spain use.

The game that we know as "Blind Man's Bluff" is played by Spanish boys and girls, although they call it "Blind Hen." The game of "Pussy Wants a Corner" is made over into a game called "Cottage to Rent," and is even played by older boys and girls. They sing,

"We've a cottage here to rent,
We've a cottage here to rent;
Sing and try the other side,—
You see this one is occupied."

These words, and others much like them, are sung over and over again as the game goes on.

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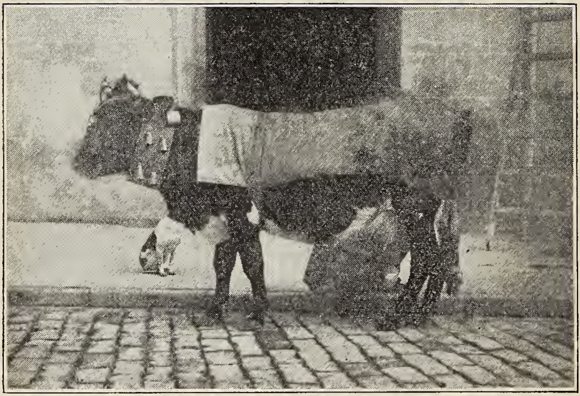
SPANISH GIRLS AND THEIR QUAINT HEAD DRESSES

Besides the playing of their singing games, the boys and girls of Spain spend many hours each week taking part in folk dancing. Folk dancing may be seen at any time of the day or evening. Sometimes workers may be seen dancing during the noon hour outside the factory gates; people also may be seen dancing in mountain villages so small that all the people can dance at one time on the stone floor of one of the houses.

There are three musical instruments usually included in the performance of any Spanish folk dance. These are the castanets, which are two small bits of wood that the dancer wears fastened to her fingers by a bit of cord, and which she raps and rattles as she dances; the jingling tambourine, which is a relative of the drum and has a head made of skin but no drumstick; and the guitar, which is heard in every home in Spain. Sometimes a drum is beat also to help keep time.

Another kind of music, that is heard at all times and in all towns in Spain, is the street music and the music of bells. The streets of the larger towns and cities are full of music, for besides the sound of the ever-ringing bells are the organ grinders, and the barrel or hand organs. Early each morning, the shepherd brings his herds of goats or cows into town.



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A MILKMAN IN SPAIN ON HIS DAILY ROUND

Each cow or goat carries bells tied about its neck or fastened to its broad leather collar, and as the shepherd goes through the town, milking the animal before one door and then another, the silvery bells make sweet music. When all the milking has been done, and the homes supplied with fresh milk for the morning meal, the shepherd takes his cows or goats out of the town to the hillside pastures, playing a quaint old folk song on his shepherd's pipe as he goes. A little later, farmers will come to town with fresh vegetables, and each of the donkeys that draw the loads will be provided with a bell.

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DATE PICKERS AT WORK

As one of the most important crops of Spain is the annual yield of dates, so one of the quaintest folk songs in all of Europe or Asia is the song of the date-pickers. One might be walking down a street in Spain, some day, and would suddenly hear a song that seemed to come directly from the sky. This would probably be the song of the date-picker, who sings as he sits in the top of a high palm tree picking the fruit. This song is thought of as a Spanish folk air, but it is really an old Moorish folk song, and it is still to be heard in the oases of the Sahara Desert.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Spanish Dance"—*Moszkowski.*

QUESTIONS

1. What are some of the singing games played by children in Spain?
2. Give the names of three popular musical instruments used by the people of Spain.
3. To what instrument family does each of these instruments belong?
4. Why are the streets of Spain generally full of music?
5. In what ways do the children help to keep time in their singing games?
6. What are hung about the necks of most animals in Spain? Why?
7. How does the "Spanish Dance" by *Moszkowski* suggest some of these Spanish games and customs?

In my opinion a musician's real work only begins when he has reached what is called perfection; namely, a point beyond which he has nothing apparently to learn.

—*Mendelssohn.*

SPANISH MUSIC

JOSEPH and Louise were both very tired. All day long, they had sat in the same position on the high seat of the quaint old carriage, in which they were taking a trip into Spain. They had spent some time with their father in Holland, in Switzerland, and in France. They had journeyed across southern France, stopping in many places for days to see and enjoy the strange sights and historical scenes. Now they were crossing the high Pyrenees Mountains which stand, like a stone wall, as a boundary between France and Spain.

"Where will we sleep tonight, Father?" asked Joseph, as the horses tugged on with their heavy load, up the steep hill.

"I cannot be sure," answered their father, "but I hope that we will be allowed to stay in some mountain village tonight, and not have to drive on in the dark."

The sun was setting as the carriage drew up before the door of a little Spanish mountain hut. In the doorway stood a group of three Spanish children who had heard the jangling and rattling of the harness ornaments.

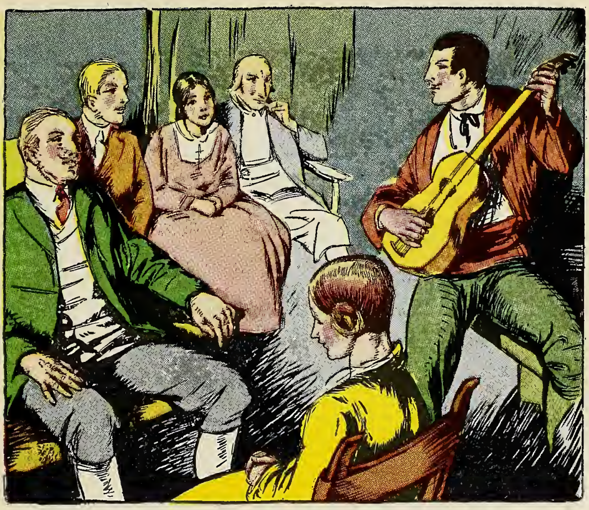
How glad the travelers were to clamber down from their high seat, after they had been invited into the tiny hut! There they sat while their father arranged that they might all have their supper and sleep there that night.

Supper was soon ready. After they had eaten their supper, the whole family sat with their guests for a while about the fireplace, where a blazing fire had been kindled to take the chill off the night mountain air.

"May we have some music?" asked the older guest presently, for he had often heard of the great love the Spanish people have for the old folk songs of their land.

Pedro, the oldest son of the mountaineer, got out his guitar, tuned it carefully, and began to sing. His songs were very pretty, and Pedro explained that some of them had been sung in Spain, with hardly a change, for over two hundred years.

Then someone suggested dancing. In the wink of an eye the rude hand-made table was pushed back against the wall, so that a bare place might be left on the hard earthen floor for dancing. Before many minutes had passed, all of the other fourteen people who lived in the tiny village were in the hut, attracted by the sound of Pedro's guitar and the click of the castanets. Each one greeted Joseph, Louise, and their father, with a friendly smile and a word of welcome. Dances and songs followed in quick succession. One of the dances seemed especially graceful to Louise.



This was the dance they called the *jota*. It was in three-beat time, and the dancers all sang as they danced, while at the same time they accompanied themselves with guitar and with clicking castanets. Those who could not dance because the room was so small, sang, too, and helped keep time by clapping their hands. What a jolly time they all had!

After a while, the mother of the house came in with a plate of little cakes which she passed about, and not long afterward, most of the villagers went to their homes.

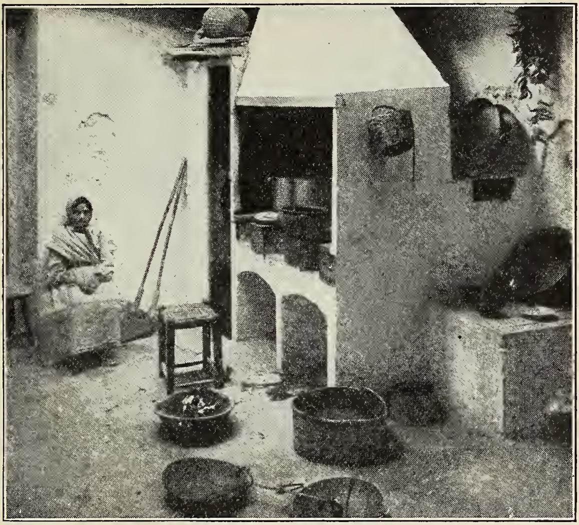
"What pretty tunes you play and sing for the dancing!" said Joseph to Pedro, as the older people visited. "They are not at all like the music we hear at home, and not at all like what we heard last week in the French villages."

"Neither is our music, here in the north of Spain, like that which is sung and played in the south of Spain," said Pedro's father, who now came back into the house from looking after the visitors' horses. "The music of southern Spain reminds anyone who has been there of the music of Arabia. Just as Russia and her people were the connecting link between Europe and Asia at one time, so Spain in the early days, was the connecting link between Europe and the continent of Africa. If you look at your map sometime, you can easily see why this is true."

"Please tell us more about that," urged both of the children. "We would like to learn all that we can about Spain."

"I wish you would," added the children's father, and settled himself to listen also. "No one can tell of a country so well," he added, "as can the people who live in it."

"Then I shall tell you of the music of the south of Spain," said the mountaineer, "for you have now heard some of ours and know about it. Long, long ago, many of the Moors who lived in Morocco, in northern Africa, came over to Spain. That was in what we call the Middle Ages. These Moors were people whose ancestors



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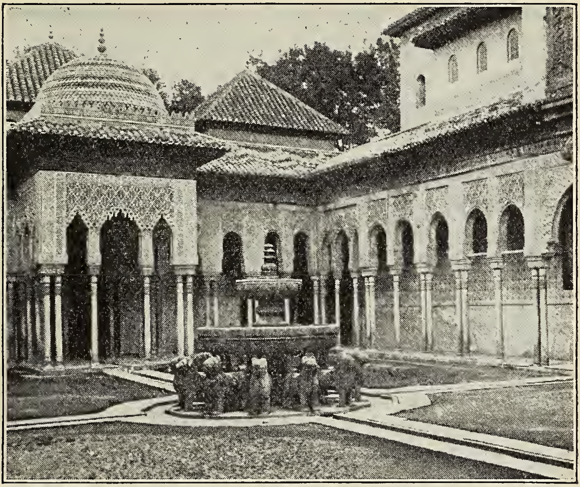
AN OLD-TIME SPANISH KITCHEN

had come west along the African shores of the Mediterranean Sea from Arabia. Of course, they brought with them their love for beautiful buildings, lovely carvings, bright colors, and charming music. They not only loved simple beauty, but they also loved many extra decorations and adornments, and these they called *arabesques*. You can best understand just what is meant by an arabesque by looking at the pictures of some old castle which they or their descendants left in Spain."

"Maybe we can see one of those castles," suggested Joseph.

"That would be just the thing," replied the mountaineer. "The finest one to see is the old Alhambra Palace, which still stands about a mile from our Spanish city of Granada. This palace was once the residence of the Moorish kings and is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. It is really a series of palaces, for in it lived, not only the king and his family, but all of his servants and their families. The building was completed about six hundred years ago. The decorations, or *arabesques*, are in many colors. In one of the rooms, for instance, all of the lower part of the wall is of tile, colored red, blue, and green; the colors are still fresh and bright after nearly six hundred years. Above this is a fairy-like lacework of stucco, brightly gilded. The joinings of the lacy parts are covered with other colors, put on—as the Moors had no glue—with the white of egg. Other rooms have tiled walls of blue and yellow, with borders of enamel, colored blue and gold. The whole palace is built about a central open court, called the Court of the Lions. There in the center stand twelve marble lions, holding up a basin into which water splashes from their mouths. One small open-air court or pavilion nearby is called the Orange Pavilion, as its domed roof looks—in both shape and color—



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THE COURT OF THE LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA

like the half of an orange turned upside down. All the ceilings are of mosaic work, in which bits of colored tile are pieced together into patterns.

"Arabesques or adornments, may be heard in much of the Moorish and Spanish music, as they are to be seen in their buildings. Since the Moors themselves came from Arabia in the first place, it is not strange that one may hear in many of the Spanish folk songs and dances, the same plaintive melodies and primitive rhythms that are to be heard in Arabia and Persia

"Much charming gypsy music comes from the Spanish province of Andalusia in the south of Spain. This province—which is a word given to a section of our country, as you speak of a state in the United States, has an old legend connected with its name which you might like to hear. Long ago, a shepherd in that land chanced to be riding along the country road on his slow-moving donkey. He was met by a party of Moorish soldiers who were riding to explore the land and to try to make a map or chart of it.

"'What country is this?' the strangers are said to have asked the old Spaniard.

"But the shepherd did not understand a word they said, as the soldiers spoke in their own foreign language. So, after a quiet look and a polite smile, he gently touched the mule's side and said, 'Anda, Lucia!' which means, when translated from the Spanish language—'Go on, Lucia!' The old man was simply talking to his donkey whose name happened to be Lucia. However, the soldiers did not know this, and thought that he had answered their question.

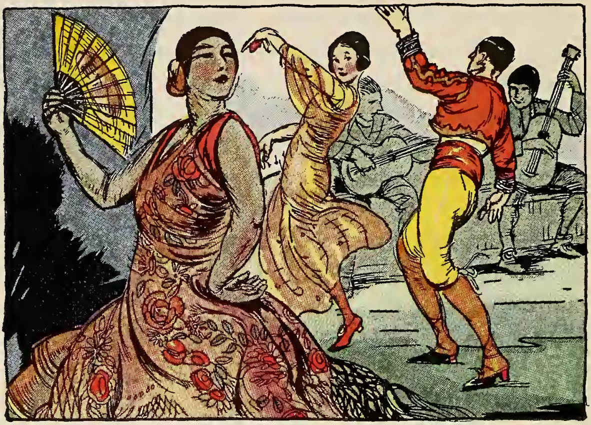
"'He says the land is called Andalucia,' they said to one another, and wrote it down on their map. 'What a pretty name!' By mistake they spelled the last part of the word with an 's' instead of a 'c,' and so the ancient province is called *Andalusia*, to this day.

"One other thing the Moorish soldiers

brought with them when they came to Spain from Africa—some of their own games and dances. Soon, our Spanish people were dancing Moorish dances. Later, when some of the people from Spain and from Africa went farther north, even as far as England, they remembered the Moorish dances and games, and played and danced them there. So, even today, you will find if you visit some parts of England, dances going on that resemble those of the Moors. The people in England have changed a few letters in the name and call them 'Morris Dances,' but the dances themselves are the same. These dances are very old, even in England, for Shakespeare is said to have taken part in them often. He mentions them in some of his plays, and old stories tell that Sir Walter Raleigh also often danced them."

"Did the dancers wear any special kind of costumes?" asked Louise.

"Yes," answered the Spaniard. "The costumes of the dancers in both England and in Spain, when dancing the Morris Dance, were much the same. The dancers wore gorgeous costumes made of gilt and silver leather, trimmed with many little bells, and they usually carried castanets in their hands. Even now, they tell me, when Morris Dances are made a part of some great festival in England, the same old folk airs are sung as were sung long years



ago. Now, too, the dancers wear bands of bells tied upon their arms and about their knees, while they often carry swords or wands in their hands, making with them, many pretty patterns as they move about. Sometimes they carry rich silk handkerchiefs in their hands, and wave these about in the air in time to the rhythm of the music, as they dance."

"I hope we can see that famous palace, the Alhambra, and all the wonderful arabesques," said Joseph, thoughtfully.

"I should like to see the Morris Dancers, too," added Louise.

"How many interesting things you have told us!" said both Joseph and Louise to their Spanish host, as he wished them good night, and showed them their sleeping rooms on the upper floor of the mountain home. "We will never forget our first night in Spain."

"No, indeed," added their father, "nor will we forget the kind hospitality of our first Spanish friend."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Gypsy Airs" (Romance Andaluza)—*Sarasate, Opus 22, No. 3.*
"Linda Mia"—*Spanish Folk Song.*
"Bobbing Joe"—*A Morris Dance.*
"Glorishears"—*A Morris Dance.*
"Moraima" (Spanish Caprice)—*Espinosa.* (Listen for the castanets and tambourines in this music.)

QUESTIONS

1. How did the Spanish folk, of whom you read in this story, show their love for music?

2. Of what part of Spain is the *jota* a favorite dance?

3. Describe the dancing scene in the Spanish mountain home.

4. What musical instruments were used?

5. What people had a special influence on the lives of the Spanish people?

6. How is this shown in the historic palace of the Alhambra and in Spanish music?

7. What is an *arabesque?*

8. From what do the old English *Morris Dances* take both their name and their steps?

9. Describe the costume of a Morris dancer.

10. What instruments that are used in a Morris Dance, or in Spanish folk dancing, are often heard in a modern symphony orchestra?

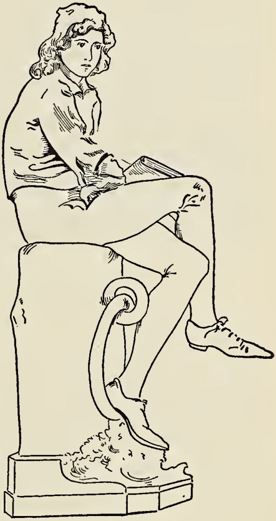
A BRAVE SAILOR

NEARLY five hundred years ago, there lived in a little stone house on a steep, narrow street in the city of Genoa, in Italy, a boy whose name was Cristóbal Colón. Cristóbal, or Christopher as he was called later, was the son of a poor man who earned his living by combing wool. Cristóbal's father took the tangled, matted wool that was sheared from the back of the sheep, and combed and straightened it so that the weavers could make it into cloth. There were no large factories then as there are now, and there were no great wonderful machines to use in making cloth, as there are today. All the cloth that anyone had was woven by hand on small looms. These were usually run in the homes of the weavers.

There were no fine schools in those days such as we have now in our land. The men who belonged to the Weavers' Guild, or Society, each paid a little money and together they hired a man to teach their children. It was in one of these Weavers' Guild Schools that Christopher learned to read and write. He also learned, while there, to draw fine maps and charts.

In those days, the whole world consisted of Europe, parts of Asia, and Africa. The maps which Christopher made did not include North and South America. The existing charts were really maps of the Mediterranean Sea, and were drawn mostly to help the sailors of those days steer their sailing-vessels safely through the rocks and islands, and past the sand bars of the great Mediterranean Sea.

As the city of Genoa was on the Mediterranean Sea, Christopher and the other boys would hurry down to the wharves when their school work was over, to watch the sailing vessels come in from the sea. They would listen while the sailors told them of exciting adventures at sea, and of the fine lands and cities they had visited.


"COLUMBUS AS A BOY"

One of Christopher's favorite stories was about a wonderful land in the East. This, the sailors all told him, was the land of Cathay (China), in which all the people were so rich that they lived in golden houses. The streets of these cities were said to be of marble, and the bridges over the rivers, of marble and gold.

"I should like to sail to Cathay," said Christopher, as the sailors told him about these wonderful places.

"But no ship can sail to Cathay," replied the sailors. "To reach it, men must travel on camels over long, hot deserts, and over lonely mountains."

When Christopher was older, both he and his brother served as clerks in a bookstore in Genoa. Printing had just been invented, and there were, as yet, only a few printed books in Italy. These were so very expensive that not many people could afford to buy them. Christopher's family was still quite poor, but, whenever he could, Christopher read in the books that were for sale in the store.

Some of these books told of the rich land of Cathay, of which the sailors had told. Still another book told a story of a man who had lived in Greece, long years before, and who said that the earth was not flat, but that it was round like an orange or an apple.

"That is very queer," said Christopher to his brother. "I should like to know more about this *round* earth."

Then, one day, Christopher read the wonderful story of Marco Polo, a brave man from Italy, who had traveled all the way across the deserts to Cathay. When Marco Polo came

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PREPARING RICE FIELDS IN CHINA

home to Italy, he had brought with him much money, gold, and many costly jewels.

"I should like to see that wonderful land of which Marco Polo tells," said Christopher.

When Christopher was fourteen years old, he went to sea in his uncle's sailing vessel! Here again he found charts, and he was often able to help the captain of the boat as he made charts of their voyage. When Christopher came home from that trip, he had decided what he wanted to do.

"There must be a way to sail to that rich land called Cathay," he said to his friends. "If the earth is really round, why not sail around it? Cathay is to the east of us, but if I should start from home and sail out into the Sea of Darkness (which was the name by which Christopher and all his friends called the Atlantic Ocean, as they did not know what they might find in it) I would surely come, in time, to the Indies (India). When I would reach the Indies, I would surely be able to find some way to sail to the golden land of Cathay, in the north."

Many of Christopher's friends thought that he was crazy even to think of such a thing, and he had to wait a good many years before he had enough money to buy ships and hire men to sail the ships on this long voyage.

But one fine day he at last set sail. This was on Friday, August third, 1492. He had only three sailing vessels. The largest was called the Santa Maria. It was only sixty-three feet long, twenty feet wide, and ten and a half feet deep. The other two ships were even smaller. Just as the sun rose, the three ships lifted their anchors. The morning breeze filled the loose sails, and the boats began to float out of the Spanish harbor of Palos, from which they started on their way into the Sea of Darkness.

On the twelfth day of October, Christopher landed on a new, strange shore. He thought this was India, so he called it the *Indies*. In reality, Christopher had discovered a part of our own land, America.

When the sailors lost courage after sailing a few days with no sight of land, they begged Columbus to turn back. Nothing was to be seen but unending sky and water! On two occasions, the sailors thought they saw land and the joyful cry of "Land!" came back on the breeze from the leading ship, but it was only a bank of dark clouds.

After that, some of the sailors said they would go no farther, and Columbus had a hard time in preventing the mutiny that threatened. That day, however, land birds were seen in the air as well as branches floating in the water. The branches were covered with clusters of bright red berries. Surely land was not far away!

That evening, everyone watched eagerly through the darkness for some sign of land. About ten o'clock, Columbus himself thought he saw a moving light in the distance. Then one of the sailors saw it also. About two o'clock in the morning there was a loud *boom* from the leading ship. It was the long-looked-for signal that land was actually in sight. There it lay, just a short distance ahead.

Then Columbus gave the order for all sails to be furled, and the ships came to a stop to wait for dawn before landing. What excitement there was on the ships that night!

When morning came, there lay the land

ahead of the ships just as it had seemed when first seen in the night. Soon, in company with the captains of the other two ships and the crews, Columbus set out for the shore. When they had landed, they fell on their knees and kissed the ground for joy. Then, they sang a hymn. Columbus called the new land San Salvador, taking possession of it by the right of discovery in the name of the king and queen of Spain.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Te Deum"—*Palestrina*. (This very old song is supposed to have been sung by Columbus and his men when they landed on San Salvador. It was thus the first piece of composed music ever sung in either North or South America.)

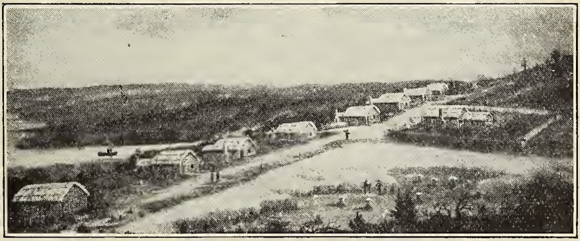
QUESTIONS

1. Why was it hard to reach China in the days of Columbus?
2. Compare the Santa Maria to the great liners of our present day.
3. Compare the music, the printing and books, the dress and customs of people in the days of Columbus, with those of today.
4. What song did Columbus and his men sing after landing on San Salvador?
5. What was the first composed music ever sung in America?

PILGRIM HYMNS

THE first composed music ever sung on the mainland of America—for Columbus and his men soon found that San Salvador was but an island—was done by the Pilgrims, who brought with them many of the old songs they had loved to sing in England.

Their favorite songs were the two Psalm tunes known as *Dundee* and *Old Hundred.*



©A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AT PLYMOUTH, 1622

Both of these were probably sung when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and on their first Thanksgiving Day. Both of these airs are still sung in America, though many people know the tune of Old Hundred better as the *Doxology.*

For several years, the Pilgrims had to get along without any hymnals at all, and then had just one or two precious books that had been brought over on later voyages of the Mayflower. But in 1640, twenty years after they first landed from the Mayflower, a hymn book was printed in America. This was called the Bay Psalm Book, as the Pilgrims had banded themselves together under the title of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. John Eliot, who was known as "the Apostle to the Indians" because he had been the first missionary to work among them and because he had translated the Psalms into their language, helped to prepare this famous book. There was no music at all in the first copies of the book, but just the arrangement of the Psalms so that they might be sung to the well-known tunes. Later, music was put into the hymnal, also.

How odd the Psalm tunes must have sounded at first to the Indians who always lurked about the new settlement! Then the Indians themselves learned to sing them. How strange it must have sounded to hear the Indians singing these old Psalms, yet we are told by Cotton Mather, a learned minister and writer of Pilgrim days, that "Eliot had taught them to sing ravishingly!"*

Here are the words of Psalm 107 as they were arranged to fit the old Psalm tune, *Dundee*.

---

* With extreme joy and delight.

Notice the odd spelling that was given many of the words in those early days.

O Give yee thanks unto the Lord,
  because that good is hee;
because his loving kindness lasts
  to per-pe-tu-i-tee.

So let the Lord's redeem'd say, whom
  he freed from th' enemies' hands;
And gathered them from East, and West,
  from South and Northerne lands.
—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
Psalm 107, Tune "Dundee"—*From Old Bay Psalm Book, 1640.*

QUESTIONS

1. What was the Bay Psalm Book? How is it especially important in the history of music in America?
2. What kind of songs were sung by the Pilgrims?
3. Who helped to prepare the Bay Psalm Book?
4. Name two well-known tunes that were sung to the Psalms printed in the first hymnal.

Love the beautiful,
  Seek out the true,
Wish for the good,
  And the best do!
—*Felix Mendelssohn.*

THE PILGRIMS CAME*

The Pilgrims came across the sea,
And never thought of you and me;
And yet it's very strange the way
We think of them Thanksgiving Day.

We tell their story old and true
Of how they sailed across the blue,
And found a new land to be free
And build their homes quite near the sea.

Every child knows well the tale
Of how they bravely turned the sail,
And journeyed many a day and night,
To worship God as they thought right.

The people think that they were sad,
And grave; I'm sure that they were glad—
They made Thanksgiving Day—that's fun—
We thank the Pilgrims, every one!

—*Annette Wynne.*

QUESTIONS

1. Of what kind of music were the Pilgrims fond?
2. Why were they fond of this kind of music?
3. Mention some of the things they used to sing.

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SUNDAY IN THE COLONIES*

THE first building used as a church at the Plymouth colony was the fort, and to it the Pilgrim fathers and mothers and children walked on Sunday reverently and gravely, three in a row, the men fully armed with swords and guns, till they built a meeting-house in 1648. In other New England settlements, the first services were held in tents, under trees, or under any shelter. The settler who had a roomy house also had the meeting often. The first Boston meeting-house had mud walls, a thatched roof, and an earthen floor. It was used till 1640, and some very thrilling and inspiring scenes were enacted within its humble walls. Usually, the earliest meeting-houses were log houses, with clay-filled chinks, the roofs thatched with reeds and long grass, like the dwelling houses. At Salem, is still preserved one of the early churches.

The second and more dignified form of New England meeting-house was usually a square wooden building with a belfry. This belfry served as a lookout station and held a bell, from which the bell-rope hung down to the floor in

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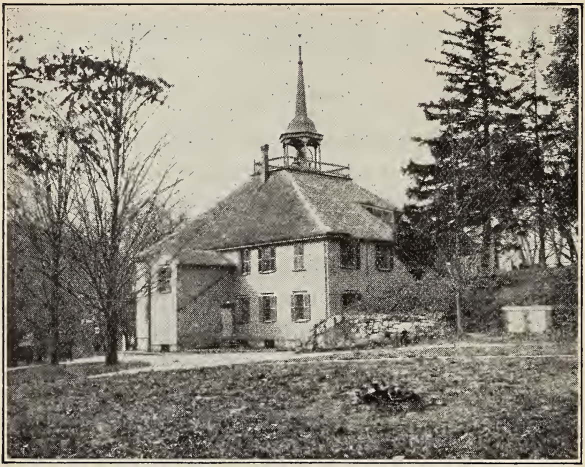
*Abridged from *Home Life in Colonial Days.* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, the Macmillan Company.



By C. P. Cushing, from Ewing Galloway

THE OLD CHURCH IN HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS
CALLED THE "OLD SHIP" CHURCH

the center of the church aisle. The old church at Hingham, Massachusetts, still standing and still used, is a good specimen of this shape. It was built in 1681 and is known as the "Old Ship," and is a comely and dignified building. As more elegant and costly dwelling houses were built, so were better meeting-houses. In all these, the main body of the edifice remained as bare and undecorated as were the preceding churches, while all the ambition of both builders and congregation spent itself in the steeple. These were so varied and at times so beautiful that a chapter might be written on New England steeples.

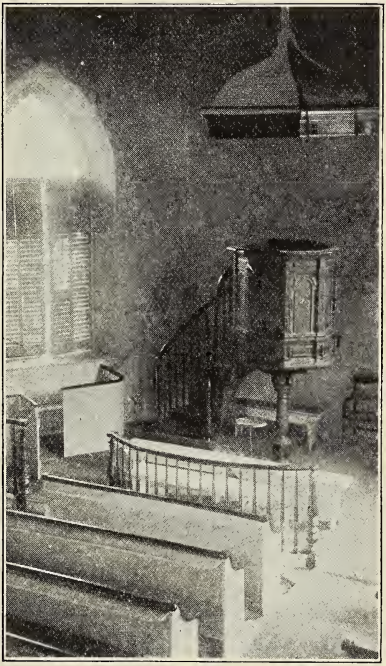
The earliest meeting-houses had oiled paper in the windows, and when glass came, it was not set with putty, but was nailed in. The windows had what were termed "heavy current side-shutters." The outside of the meeting-house was not "colored," or "stained" as it was then termed, but was left to turn gray and weather-stained, and sometimes moss-covered with the dampness of the great hemlock and fir trees which were usually planted around New England churches. The first meeting-houses were often decorated in a very peculiar manner. Rewards were paid by all the early towns for killing wolves; and any person who killed a wolf brought the head to the meeting-house and nailed it to the outer wall; the fierce grinning heads and splashes of blood made a grim and horrible decoration.

All kinds of notices were also nailed to the meeting-house door where all of the congregation might readily see them,—notices of town-meetings, of sales of cattle or farms, lists of town-officers, prohibitions from selling guns to the Indians, and so forth. It was the only meeting-place, the only method of advertisement. In front of the church was usually a row of stepping-stones or horse-blocks, for nearly all came on horseback; and often on the meeting-house green stood the stocks, pillory, and whipping-post.

A verse from an old-fashioned hymn reads thus:

> "New England's Sabbath day
>   Is heaven-like, still, and pure,
> When Israel walks the way
>   Up to the temple's door.
> The time we tell
>   When there to come,
> By beat of drum,
>   Or sounding shell."

The first church at Jamestown, Virginia, gathered the congregation by beat of drum; but while attendants of churches in the New World were in general being summoned to divine service by the ringing of a bell hung either over the church or in the branches of a tree by its side, New England Puritans were summoned, as the hymn relates, by drum, or horn, or shell. The shell was a great conch-shell, and a man was hired to blow it—a mournful sound—at the proper time, which was usually nine o'clock in the morning. In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the church-shell was afterwards used for many years as a signal to begin and stop work in the haying field. In Windsor, Connecticut, a man walked up and down on a platform on the top of the meeting-house and blew a trumpet to summon worshippers. Many churches had a church drummer, who stood on the roof or in the belfry and drummed; a few raised a flag as a summons, or fired a gun.



INTERIOR OF EARLY CHURCH SHOWING THE PULPIT AND OLD BACKLESS SEATS

Within the meeting-house all was simple enough: raftered walls, sanded or earthen floors, rows of benches, a few pews, all of unpainted wood, and a pulpit which was usually a high desk overhung by a heavy sounding-board, which was fastened to the floor by a slender metal rod. When pews were built they were square, with high partition walls, and had narrow uncomfortable seats round three sides. These narrow, shelf-like seats were usually hung on hinges and could be turned up against the pew-walls during the long psalm-tunes and prayers; so the members of the congregation could lean against the pew-walls for support as they stood. When the seats were let down, they fell with a heavy slam that could be heard half a mile away in the summer time, when the windows of the meeting-house were open. Lines from an old poem read:—

"And when at last the loud Amen
Fell from aloft, how quickly then
The seats came down with heavy rattle
Like musketry in fiercest battle."

A few of the old-time meeting-houses, with high pulpit, square pews, and deacons' seats, still remain in New England.

The seats were carefully and thoughtfully assigned by a church committee called the Seating Committee, the best seats being given to older persons of wealth and dignity who attended church. In the early meeting-houses, men and women sat on separate sides of the meeting-house, as in Quaker meetings till our own time. Sometimes a group of young women or of young men were permitted to sit in the gallery together. Little girls sat beside their mothers or on footstools at their feet, or sometimes on the gallery stairs. Boys did not sit with their families, but were in groups by themselves, usually on the pulpit and gallery stairs, where tithing-men watched over them. In Salem, in 1676, it was ordered by the town that "all ye boyes of ye towne are appointed to sitt upon ye three paire of stairs in ye meeting-house, and Wm. Lord is appointed to look after ye boys upon ye pulpitt stairs."

After choirs were established, the singers' seats were usually in the gallery.

If any person seated himself in any place which was not assigned to him, he had to pay a fine, usually of several shillings,* for each offence.

The churches were all unheated. Few had stoves until the middle of this century.† The chill of the damp buildings, never heated from autumn to spring, and closed and dark throughout the week, was hard for every one to bear. In some of the early log-built meeting-houses, fur bags made of wolfskins were nailed to the seats; and in winter, church attendants thrust their feet into them. Women and children usually carried foot-stoves, which were little pierced metal boxes that stood on wooden legs, and held hot coals. During the noon intermission the half-frozen church attendants went to a neighboring house or tavern, or to a noon-house to get warm. A noon-house or "Sabba-day house," as it was often called, was a long, low building built near the meeting-house, with horse-stalls at one end and a chimney at the other. A great fire of logs was built there each Sunday, and before its cheerful blaze noonday luncheons of brown bread, doughnuts, or gingerbread were eaten, and foot-stoves were filled. Boys and girls were not permitted to indulge in idle talk in those noon-houses, much less to play. Often two or three families built a noon-house together, or the church built a "society-house," and there the children had a sermon read to them by a deacon during the "nooning"; sometimes the children had to explain aloud the notes they had taken during the sermon in the morning.

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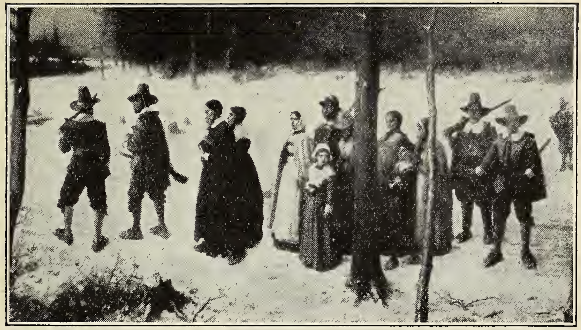
*A shilling is worth about twenty-four cents.

†The nineteenth century.

The services were not shortened because the churches were uncomfortable. By the side of the pulpit stood a brass-bound hour-glass which was turned by the tithing-man or clerk, but it did not hasten the closing of the sermon. Sermons two or three hours long were customary, and prayers from one to two hours in length. The doors were closed and watched by the tithing-man, and none could leave, even if tired or restless, unless with good excuse. The singing of the psalms was tedious and unmusical, just as it was in churches of all denominations both in America and England at that



From a Famous Painting

PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH

date. Singing was by ear and very uncertain, and the congregation had no notes, and many had no psalm-books, and hence no words. So the psalms were "lined" or "deaconed"; that is, a line was read by the deacon, and then sung by the congregation. Some psalms when lined and sung occupied half an hour, during which the congregation stood. There were but eight or nine tunes in general use, and even these were often sung incorrectly. There were no church organs to keep the singers together, but sometimes pitch-pipes were used to set the key. Bass-viols, clarinets, and flutes were played upon a later date in meeting to help the singing. Violins were too associated with dance music to be thought proper for church music. Still the New England churches clung to and loved their poor confused psalm-singing as one of their few delights, and whenever a Puritan, even in road or field, heard the distant sound of a psalm-tune he removed his hat and bowed his head in prayer.

Contributions at first were not collected by the deacons, but the entire congregation, one after another, walked up to the deacons' seat and placed gifts of money, goods, wampum, or notes in a box. When the services were ended, all remained in the pews until the minister and his wife had walked up the aisle and out of the church.

—From "Home Life in Colonial Days"
(Abridged) by *Alice Morse Earle.*

Music to Hear:
Psalm 100 (Tune "Old Hundred")—*From Bay Psalm Book.*

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the early New England meeting-houses and their furnishings.
2. What musical instrument was used to call church-goers together, before church bells came into general use in America?
3. What type of music was used in the first church-singing?
4. Where did the choir sit in old-time churches?
5. How were the psalm tunes started before the time of musical instruments in the church?
6. What musical instruments were first used in churches?
7. Describe the earliest written hymn music of America.

THE MAGIC FIDDLE

A RICH man once had a servant who always served him honestly and faithfully. He was the first to rise in the morning, and the last to go to bed at night, and if any difficult work arose, which no one else wanted to do, this man was always ready and willing to undertake it. Added to this, he never complained, but was contented with everything and was always very merry.

At the end of the first year, the servant's master paid him none of his wages, saying to himself: "This is the wisest way. I will tell him that his money is safe with me, and I shall have the use of it in the meantime. He will go on working for me, I am sure, just as well and as pleasantly as before."

The servant made no complaint, and during the second year went on working just as well and as faithfully as ever. At the end of the second year, the master again said to him: "I shall not pay you your wages now unless you insist. The money will be safe with me." To himself, the master said: "And I shall have the use of it."

Still the servant worked through the third year. But when it came to an end, he insisted that his master pay him.

"Dear master," he said, "I have worked for you now three years, and have done my very best to please you. But now I should like to have my money. I want to go out into the world and see all its beauties. Give me then what money is mine."

"Very well," answered the stingy master, when he saw that he would surely have to pay his servant. "You have served me well these three years, and so I will reward you liberally." So saying, the master put his hand into his pocket and drew out three shillings, and counting them into the servant's hand, added, "There are three shillings, one for each year. Everything else that you might expect I have used in furnishing you with board and clothing. That is as much as you could expect from the most liberal master in the land."

The young man, who really knew very little of the value of money, took up his earnings, and said to himself: "Now that I have my money and my pocket is full, I need trouble myself no longer with hard work."

Away he went, over hill and dale, singing and dancing with joy at his freedom, till he came to a road with thick bushes on one side.

Out of these bushes stepped a little man, who said to him: "Where are you going, you merry fellow? The cares of this world don't seem to trouble you very much so far as I can see."

"Why should I be sad?" answered the youth. "Have I not three years' wages jingling in my pocket?"

"How much is your wonderful treasure?" asked the little man.

"How much? Why three shillings, good coin, rightly counted."

"Listen to me," said the stranger, in reply. "I am a poor, destitute man, too old to work. But you are young, and can easily earn your living. Will you give me those three shillings?"

The young man had a kind heart and could not help pitying those who were old, so he offered the old man his money, and said: "Take it. I shall never miss it."

The little man took the money, then said: "I see that you have a kind and a generous heart. Therefore I shall grant you three wishes, one for each shilling, and each wish shall be fulfilled."

"Aha!" cried the youth. "You are a magician, I see. Well, if what you say is true, I will wish first for a gun which shall hit everything at which I aim. Second, I wish for a fiddle, which, when I play it, will cause everyone who hears it to dance until I stop playing. Third, I wish that no one shall be able to refuse me when I make a request."

"All of these you shall have," said the old man. Then he thrust his hand into the bushes, separated the branches, and there, as if waiting for the youth, lay a beautiful fiddle, a fiddle bow, and a fine gun.

He gave them to the young man, saying, "Whatever request you may make, no man on earth shall be able to refuse you."

"What more could I want now?" said the youth, as the man left him. And he continued on his merry way, feeling more lighthearted and gay than ever.

In a short time after this, he came upon a man who stood at the side of the road looking up into a tall tree. He had a long beard like a goat's and seemed to be listening to the song of a bird.

"How wonderful your gun is," said the man with the beard. "May I not borrow it. I wish to capture something that is escaping from me." So the youth kindly lent his gun to the old Greybeard, who, aiming into the tree, shot down the little songster. The little bird fell into the hedge of thorns at the foot of the tree. In a moment the Greybeard had lain himself upon the ground, and began to work his way into the bushes till the thorns held him fast.

The kind-hearted youth was so angry to see that the stranger had used his gun in taking the life of the little bird that he said, furiously: "I shall punish you!"

So he took up his fiddle and began to play.

In a moment Greybeard was on his feet, dancing and springing about in the bush, and the longer the violin continued to play, the faster the old man danced. And as the thorns tore his shabby coat, pulled at his long beard, and at last scratched him all over terribly, he cried out: "Master, master, stop playing! Please stop playing! I don't want to dance any more."

But the youth would not listen, or stop, for he thought: "You have been cruel to others yourself, often enough. Now you shall see how you like it yourself." And as he played, the old man danced higher and higher until his clothes were nearly torn off by the thorny bushes.

"Alas! Alas!" cried Old Greybeard. "Master, master, I will give you whatever you ask me—even my most precious purse of gold and my jewels—if you will only stop playing."

"If you are really going to be so generous," said the young man, "I will stop my music. But indeed I must praise your dancing. Your style is perfection." So saying, he put up his fiddle, took the purse of money and jewels, which he strongly suspected that the man had come by dishonestly, and went on his way.

Old Greybeard stood and watched him till he was out of sight. Then he screamed after him as loudly as he could: "You miserable man—you wretched fiddler! Wait until I catch you alone. I will hunt you and then torment you till you lose, maybe, even your life. I wager you did not have a cent to your name until you took my money from me." And so he went on calling the youth all the horrible names of which he could think, until at last he stopped for lack of breath. Then he made his way as quickly as possible to the next town, bought himself some new clothes with some other money that he had hidden about his person, and went before the chief magistrate.

"My Lord Judge," he said in a woeful voice. "I have been robbed and cruelly treated on the highway by a rascally young fellow who met me on the road. The very stones of the ground must have pitied me for what he made me suffer. My clothes were torn to rags, my body was all scratched, and my bit of money was taken from me. I trust you will have the young man found and put into prison."

"Was it a soldier," asked the judge, "who cut you about in this manner with his sword?"

"No, no," answered Greybeard. "It was just a young fellow who carried a violin by a ribbon that hung about his neck. You can easily recognize him."

So the judge sent the officers out to find the young man, and it was not long before they met him walking along quite wearily, and upon searching him, they found the purse of gold. When he was brought before the judge, and heard the accusation made against him, he replied: "I never touched the old man at all, nor his gold and jewels. But he gave me the purse of his own free will because I stopped fiddling when he asked me, and said he could not endure it."

Even the judge failed to believe this strange story. "It was not likely, or believable," said he, "that this old man would do such a thing."

Therefore the good servant was condemned to be hanged—as was the custom in that land—for having committed a robbery on the highway. As he was being led away to the scaffold, Old Greybeard screamed after him: "Now, foolish fiddler! You have justly paid for your conduct to me."

The young man paid not the slightest attention to the old man's abuse, but quite calmly ascended the steps to the scaffold, where he was to be hanged. However, just as he reached the last step, he turned and said to the judge in a quiet voice: "Grant me one request before I die."

"You must not ask for your life," answered the judge, who was a fair and honest man, according to the training he had received. "Any other request I will give you."

"I shall not ask for my life," replied the youth, "but only that I may play once more on my beloved violin."

Up sprang Old Greybeard with a loud cry. "I beg, I entreat you, noble judge, not to allow this." He almost howled in his terror.

But the judge only said: "I have promised. Why should we not grant the boy this one request? It is the last he will ever make, therefore it is granted."

Indeed the judge could not have refused the young man had he wished it, because of the power given him by the first old man whom he had met and to whom he had given the money from his three years of work. No sooner was the permission granted, than Old Greybeard shouted, "Oh, oh! bind me tight. Tie me fast!"

But it was too late. The young man had quickly turned his violin around, and at the first stroke of the bow, the man who had started to bind Greybeard let the rope fall. At once the judge, the clerk of the court, the officers, and all of the onlookers began to move and to tremble, and presently, as the full voice of the violin was heard, they all jumped up and began dancing with all their might. Even the hangman dropped his rope and joined in the dance, and he, with the judge and the old Greybeard, were soon the most lively dancers.

Soon the sounds of the gay fiddle music

reached the market place, and many who came from curiosity to listen to the music were soon among the dancers, fat and lean, young and old, capering madly about with the rest. Even the dogs that ran by stood upon their hind legs and began dancing about. The longer the youth played, the faster they all danced and the higher they all sprang into the air, till at last they began to scream as best they could, and to cry out. At length the judge, quite out of breath, managed to say: "I will give you your life if you will stop your fiddling."

The youth, on hearing this, stopped his playing at once, and hanging his violin again by the cord, about his neck, stepped down the ladder. Then going up to Old Greybeard, who now lay upon the ground, he said: "Confess, cruel and dishonest man, where you got that purse of gold that you gave me, or I will begin fiddling again."

"Alas! Alas! I stole it!" answered the old man, "And you earned it honestly."

Then was the old man taken before the judge and condemned to the gallows, from which the honest youth had been saved, and would have given his life there, had not the youth forgiven him, and used his magic power to make the judge let him leave town safely, after giving the money to the poor.

—*A Polish Fairy Tale Developed by Grimm.*

Music to Hear:
"Polovetzki Dance"—*Borodin.*

QUESTIONS

1. What three things did the young man ask for after giving away all his money?
2. How was Greybeard punished for shooting the bird?
3. On what instrument did the young man play to make Greybeard dance?
4. How did the young man later save his life?
5. Tell of some other story which you know that shows the power of music.

Over my shaded doorway,
  Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling
  And utter their loving words.
All day they are coming and going
  On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
  Sweet, sweet, sweet, O, sweet!
—*Selected.*

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
  Which gave the republic her station:
"United we stand, divided we fall!"
  It made and preserved us a nation!
—*Geo. P. Morris.*

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN OLD ENGLAND

IN Washington Irving's *Sketch Book,* the author tells of a visit he made, while on a tour in Europe, to an old-time English country mansion. Irving arrived at the home of his host on Christmas Eve. During that evening, and the next morning, he had the privilege of observing and taking part in many of the ancient Yuletide customs which have helped make Christmas dear to us all.

This story is one of the finest descriptions of old-fashioned Christmas hospitality that has ever been written.

CHRISTMAS MORNING IN OLD ENGLAND

When I woke the next morning it seemed as if all the events of the preceding evening had been a dream. While I lay musing on my pillow I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside my door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was—

Rejoice, Our Saviour he was born
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I rose softly, slipt on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house and singing at every chamber door, but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned an angle of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

After breakfast I walked about the grounds with Frank Bracebridge and Master Simon, or Mr. Simon, as he was called by everybody but the squire.

While we were talking we heard the distant toll of the village bell, and I was told that the squire was a little particular in having his household at church on Christmas morning, considering it a day of pouring out of thanks and rejoicing; for, as old Tusser observed,—

"At Christmas be merry, *and thankful withal,*
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great
with the small."

As the morning, though frosty, was remarkably fine and clear, most of the family walked to the church, which was a very old building of gray stone, and stood near a village about half a mile from the park gate.

©*Ewing Galloway*

A VILLAGE IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND

I have seldom known a sermon attended apparently with more immediate results, for on leaving the church the congregation seemed one and all possessed with the gayety of spirit so earnestly enjoined by their pastor. The elder folks gathered in knots in the churchyard, greeting and shaking hands, and the children ran about crying *Ule! Ule!* and repeating some uncouth rhymes, which the parson, who had joined us, informed me had been handed down from days of yore. The villagers doffed their hats to the squire as he passed, giving him the good wishes of the season with every appearance of hearty sincerity. I heard blessings uttered by several of the poor, which convinced me that, in the midst of his enjoyments, the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas virtue of charity.

We had not been long home when the sound of music was heard from a distance. A band of country lads, without coats, their shirt-sleeves fancifully tied with ribbons, their hats decorated with greens, and clubs in their hands, was seen advancing up the avenue, followed by a large number of villagers and peasantry. They stopped before the hall door, where the music struck up a peculiar air, and the lads performed a curious and intricate dance, advancing, retreating, and striking their clubs together, keeping exact time to the music; while one, whimsically crowned with a fox's skin, the tail of which flaunted down his back, kept capering round the skirts of the dance and rattling a Christmas box with many antic gesticulations.

The squire eyed this fanciful exhibition with great interest and delight and gave me a full account of its origin, which he traced to the times when the Romans held possession of the island, plainly proving that this was a lineal descendant of the sword dance of the ancients. "It was now," he said, "nearly extinct, but he had accidentally met with traces of it in the neighborhood, and had encouraged its revival."

The whole house indeed seemed abandoned to merriment: as I passed to my room to dress for dinner, I heard the sound of music in a small court, and, looking through a window that commanded it, I perceived a band of wandering musicians with musical pipes and tambourines. A pretty coquettish housemaid was dancing a jig with a smart country lad, while several of the other servants were looking on.

There was a quaintness mingled with all this revelry that gave it a peculiar zest: it was suited to the time and place; and as the old manor-house almost reeled with mirth, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long departed years."

— Abridged from the "Sketch Book" by
Washington Irving.

Music to Hear:
"The First Nowell"—*Old French Christmas Carol.*
"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen"—*Old English Carol.*

QUESTIONS

1. Relate any old-time Yuletide customs of which you know.
2. Tell of any Christmas carols which you have sung, mentioning, also, the lands in which they were first sung.
3. What dances of Spain and England are similar to the Christmas morning dance given before the squire's door?
4. What instruments did the wandering musicians carry?

CHRISTMAS AT FEZZIWIG'S

THIS story of a Christmas Eve dance at Fezziwig's warehouse in old London, is a part of Dickens's delightful "Christmas Carol." The "Christmas Carol," written by Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, became the most popular book in all England. The story took a strange mastery over Dickens as he was writing it, the characters in it becoming as real to him as living people. He "laughed and wept over the story," and, one night, he "walked nearly twenty miles about the black unlighted streets of London, thinking of it."

CHRISTMAS AT FEZZIWIG'S

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo Ho! my boys! No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick! Christmas Eve, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows

Courtesy Pathe

THE COACHING DAYS OF OLD ENGLAND

went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from his high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for ever more; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

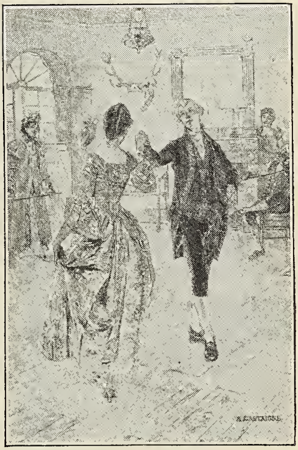
In came a fiddler with a music-book and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master, trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow.

Away they all went, twenty couples at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of grouping, old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them.

When this result was brought about, old

Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!"

There were more dances, and there was cake, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley."* Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.



AN OLD-FASHIONED MINUET

But if they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it.

---

*An old English country dance, very similar to the Virginia Reel.

And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, hold hands with your partner; bow and curtsey; corkscrew; thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas.

—Abridged from "A Christmas Carol" by
Charles Dickens.

Music to Hear:
"Virginia Reel"—*Old Dance.*
"Holly and the Ivy"—*Old English Carol.*
"Good King Wenceslas"—*Old English Christmas Carol.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who supplied the music at Fezziwig's Christmas Eve party?
2. What instrument did he use?
3. Describe some of the people who attended the party.
4. Give the name of the big dance of the evening.
5. What American dance is similar to this old dance?

Music is the poetry of the air.

—*Richter.*

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS

MANY of the quaint Christmas customs of people who lived in Europe, long ago, are told in the Christmas carols that they sang. Christmas carols are songs or ballads especially composed or "made up" to tell the story of the season. There are also Easter carols, summer carols, and carols for many special occasions, but the carols of the Christmas season have always been the favorite ones.

This old carol is one that was sung in England each Christmas morning, and is still sung there by the boys and girls as they go from house to house calling greetings to those who live within.

"Here we come a-carolling,
  Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-carolling
  So fair to be seen.

We are not daily beggars,
  That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbor's children
  Whom you have seen before.

God bless the Master of this house,
  Likewise the Mistress too;
And all the little children,
  That round the table go."

The old Christmas carol which we know as the "March of the Three Kings" is founded upon a very old legend of France. It was the custom in France, each year, for the boys and girls to be out on the road early on Christmas morning in the hope that they might be able to see the Three Wise Kings pass. The Three Wise Kings were expected to come riding out of the East again on camels, all hung with gorgeous scarlet trappings, and making the air musical by the tinkling and jingling of their little silver bells. It was the belief in the south of Europe for centuries that the Three Wise Men rode again, each year, as they did on the first Christmas, and although no one was ever able to prove that they had been seen, many people were sure that they heard their bells ringing softly in the distance. So sure are the children that they will sometime see the Three Wise Men, that each boy or girl always takes with him some wisps of hay for the camels, and little cakes for the Wise Men.

It was this same old folk song that was used by the Crusaders of the Middle Ages as a marching song, and it was this same air that Bizet, the famous French composer, took for a theme for his composition for orchestra entitled "Farandole."

Another French Christmas carol tells of musical instruments of early days. The *haut-*

boy† mentioned in the first verse of the old carol was a wooden musical instrument used in early days. It had a very high tone. The modern musical instrument which most closely resembles the *hautboy,* is the oboe. The *gleeman* mentioned in the second verse was a singer, usually a boy or man, who sang unaccompanied songs. The gleemen usually went about in groups, and sang songs arranged in at least three parts. The *grange,* mentioned in the third verse, means the manger, in which Christ was born. This carol was translated into English by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I hear along our streets*
Pass the minstrel throngs;
Hark! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs!
  Let us by the fire
  Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the street their merry rhymes.
  Let us by the fire
  Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

---

† *Hautboy* is pronounced *hō'-boy.*

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Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.
  Let us by the fire
  Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

Christmas carols are also sung and played in Italy at the holiday season. In many cities in Italy, pipers come down from the mountains, where they have been watching their flocks, and play Christmas airs on the street for several days before and several days after Christmas. They are given many coins and are invited into the houses to share in the feasts.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Noël"—*Old French Christmas Carol.*
"March of the Three Kings"—*French Carol.*
"God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen"—*Old English Carol.*
"We Three Kings of Orient Are"—*Old Carol.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a *carol?*

2. Tell of countries in which carols are very popular.

3. Give the name of one old French carol. Who used to sing this carol?

4. What French composer used this carol?

5. What is a *gleeman?*

6. What instrument used in the symphony orchestra most resembles the *hautboy* mentioned in the old French carol?

CHRISTMAS IN ARMENIA

"HOW did you celebrate Christmas when you lived in Armenia?" asked Albert of his new schoolmate and friend, who had lived in far-off Armenia at one time.

It was the day before Christmas, and both boys had been having a very jolly time looking into the windows of the city's stores, and guessing what they would receive for presents the next day.

"Christmas was quite different in our country," answered his friend. "We had no Christmas trees and no Santa Claus, but we lighted candles and set them, while burning, in the center of our table.

"Each child always had a present for each of his friends. Then when these had been exchanged, we would all go around to the homes of our aunts and uncles, or older friends, taking apples with us. Each of our older friends, when we wished them a Merry Christmas, would give us a present by sticking a small piece of money into the side of the apple we were carrying. We always had a very jolly time seeing who would get the most apples stuffed with the precious coins.

"Sometimes we collected presents from those whom we knew wished to give us Christmas gifts, in another way. We would climb upon the housetop and then lower a basket, tied to the end of a long rope, down the neighbor's chimney. The people in the house had already heard us climbing onto the house and were ready for us. They would fill the basket with candy and other home-made gifts, and when we thought it was all ready for us, we would pull it up through the chimney again.

"Your Santa Claus is supposed to come down through the chimney. This was our way of playing Santa Claus to ourselves and to our friends."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to hear:
"Pamp Vorodan"—*National Hymn of Armenia.*

QUESTIONS

1. How is Christmas celebrated in Armenia?
2. In what ways is the Armenian Christmas different from the American Christmas?
3. Which do you prefer? Why?

We see that several airs and tunes do please nations and persons, according to the sympathy they have with their spirits.

—*Lord Bacon.*

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN ARMENIA*

THE Armenian countryside is beautiful indeed; peace and quietness reign there. And a visitor will find the Armenian farmer very hospitable; he will put out all his good things before his guest, insisting that he enjoy them and feel at home. His industry springs from a sincere love of the soil, a firm attachment to it. From early in the morning he works until after sunset, and his work, rough yet pleasant, is begun with a prayer. He ploughs the ground with oxen and a wooden plough, always singing or whistling the while. We have many songs of the plough, but I shall give only one most characteristic of the spirit of the Armenian farmer:

"Lo! the golden sun is risen,
Warm and clear is the day,
Plough, plough, lovely oxen,
Quickly plough the field
So that our neighbors do not say
Lazy are my oxen.

"When winter comes we shall have no fears;
Happily will pass our days;
Plenty shall be our provisions,

---

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Full and satisfied we shall be;
Plough, plough, deeply plough, my dear oxen."

The Armenian farmer thirsts for education, and each and every Armenian village or town, no matter how poor, has its own schoolhouse. The schoolmaster, although his pay is trivial, is nevertheless the most prominent person in the village; usually he has his own land upon which he works during his spare time, so as to supplement his income. The Armenian farmer is not only hospitable, industrious, and a lover of education, but above all, he is religious. . . .

The farmer's wife is just as industrious, and works as hard as her husband. It is indeed a wholesome picture to see her churning the milk in a skin bag or wooden jug hung from a wooden tripod; her daughter sitting on a little stool, milking the cow, and her son bringing the cattle from the fields at dusk.

There is no farming machinery on our farms. Sowing, reaping, and all the rest is done by hand. Quite often, at harvest time, I have watched the farmer reap the wheat with his sickle and scythe, large drops of sweat rolling down his cheeks, the water-boy whisking the pail from reaper to reaper. It has always been a source of inspiration to me to watch the farmer work and sing in his fields.

Ours is a farmer who sows the seed by hand from his apron. When the wheat is ripe, it is reaped by a hand sickle and made into trusses to be set upright in the field row by row. Dried bunches of wheat with the chaff are then spread upon dry ground, and the oxen drag over the grain a shaft, the bottom of which is covered with sharp flints. By this method, the farmer pulverizes the straw, which is later thrown up with a wooden shovel against the wind; the heavier grain falls to the ground by force of gravitation, and the lighter chaff is driven on a little farther by the wind. He repeats this process until all the grain is freed from the chaff. The chaff is saved to feed his cattle and horses, while the grain, after being washed and the stones and dirt removed by a sifter, is stored

Armenian Children

away in large underground wells and securely covered for the winter.

The Armenian shepherd is a very picturesque person, brave and carefree. He loves his herd, his big watch-dog, and his flute (*serink*) made of reed. At noon this flute calls the herd to water, and in the evening it gathers them together and leads them home. While the herd is grazing, shepherds play for their own amusement. They are generally quite musical.

I was very fond of the flute, and often with my boy companions have I gone to the shepherd and asked him to play on his flute. A jolly good fellow, he would never refuse my request. Sometimes these shepherds would come to the city, and earn a few coins by playing the flute in the market-places, bazaars, and city squares. The Armenian shepherd lives out in the open in a little hut, leads a very simple life, and eats simple food.

Our cities differ greatly from American cities. Our streets are crooked and narrow, with narrow sidewalks made of cobblestones; on rainy days they are very muddy, and on other days very dusty. Almost all the Armenian houses are built of sun-baked mud bricks, square in shape, flat-roofed, and usually do not rise above three stories in height. The houses are joined to each other or separated by a narrow lane, so that one can easily jump from housetop to housetop. Many a time, while flying a kite—they were especially convenient for this purpose—I have run a distance of two or three blocks over housetops. Because I used to fly kites and sing in the meantime, I was spoken of in the neighborhood as "the happiest boy" in our section.

—From "When I Was a Boy in Armenia"
by *Manoog der Alexanian.*

Music to Hear:
"Duee, Duee"—*Native Singers.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell what you know of the song sung by the Armenian farmer.
2. Describe the Armenian farmer. His wife.
3. What instrument does the Armenian shepherd use?
4. In what way does a city in Armenia differ from a city in our country?
5. Why would it not be wise for the American farmer to use the same methods as the Armenian farmer?

Music is as a voice,
A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,
To the green fields in the gay summer time;
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,
. . And they go on, while stars look at them,
And the winds call to them.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE PAINTED DESERT

IN the southwestern part of the United States, in the state of Arizona, there is a tract of land called the "Painted Desert." If you should ride across this desert, you would not fail to notice the many colors of the ground. On each side as you looked about, you would see large patches of colored earth, or sand. Some of these patches are many miles long while others are quite small. The sand in these different strips of earth is green, yellow, black, tan, orange, or red in color. It was because of these colored sands that the Spaniards, who captured the land in very early days, gave it the name of "The Painted Desert."

There are two large tribes of Indians who live in this Desert. They are the Hopis and the Navajos.

The Hopi Indians are a very quiet, peaceful people. They live in villages high on the hill, or *mesa,* as the Spaniards called it, and they often own and manage large farms in the valleys. On the right of their valley is a very high platform of rock which can be seen for many miles. This rocky platform, which glows with many colors when the sun shines upon it, has always been called the "Enchanted Mesa." Here the Indians of early days lived, high above the plains, so that they might see their enemies first, should other tribes of Indians try to steal up on them. No Indian would then dream of being anywhere but up on the Mesa at night, although he would come down in the daytime to care for his crops which grew in the valley.

The Hopi women use pretty, flat-woven baskets in which to carry things as they go about their work. They weave all these baskets themselves, out of grasses. They love beautiful colors, so they color the grasses with which they work. So greatly do they like pretty colors, that even when they put their seed corn away for the winter, they hang it in rows of white, yellow, red, and blue ears, according to its color.

The Navajos are the "gypsies" of the desert and have for their homes simple adobe houses. These houses are made of limbs of trees which are first tied or nailed together, then plastered over with mud. In recent years, these adobe houses have been better built than they were in early days. Now, some of them are built so well that they last for many years.

The Indian boys and girls who live in this "Painted Desert" amuse themselves with jolly games just as do other boys and girls.

Among the girls, much pleasure is taken with dolls. We would think them very funny looking dolls, for some are whittled out of soft cottonwood with designs painted on them for clothes, for eyes, for noses, and for mouths. Some dolls are made of stone and clay. The clay is shaped while wet and soft, and then laid out in the hot sun to dry.

Among the boys, tops are always popular. They are usually carved out of wood and are spun on the hard stone shelves of the mesa, or on animal hides spread out on the ground.

Both boys and girls play a game much like our "Button, Button, Who Has the Button?", only the Indians use a pebble or a piece of bone instead of a button. Whenever they play this game, those who are playing it and those who are watching, as well, sing a short game song over and over.

Pueblo Indian children have much fun with their toy drums and other musical instruments. There are really four kinds of instruments with which they play. The first one is the box drum, which has skin at each end laced together with thongs, over a box. Another kind of drum which they like is much like a tambourine in its appearance. It is quite flat, and is beaten with a long stick. For a rattle, with which to keep time to a dance, the Pueblo boy uses a painted gourd. Besides this rattle, the Pueblo boy often gathers empty turtle shells and hoofs of goats or sheep, and fastens these to his knees with thongs. Then, when he dances, they rattle together and make a jingling sound.

Indian children are famous for the pretty games that they make up, or invent. One of their favorite games is to invent a pretty dance or game to play with a feather and their own shadows.

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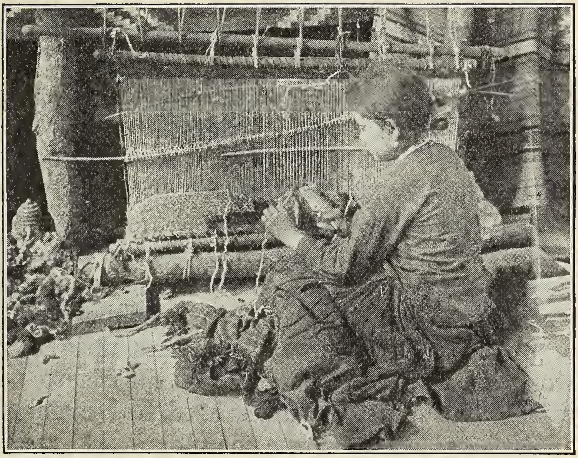
THE INDIAN SHADOW AND FEATHER GAME

When the boys are a little older, they learn the wonderful dances of their fathers. To learn these, the children are gathered into the middle of the circle when their fathers are dancing. In this way they hear the Indian tribal songs, and learn both songs and dances by imitating them.

A favorite dance with the Pueblo Indians is the Eagle Dance. At the beginning of this dance, the dancers hide themselves in an underground room. Then, when the singing is begun by those who wait outside, the dancers, who wear great eagle wings on their shoulders and imitate the poses of this bird as it flies, allow themselves to be guided from their hiding places. Then they follow lines of sprinkled corn that have been strewed on the ground, and at last they do the great Eagle Dance.

One of the favorite amusements of these Indians of the "Painted Desert" is story-telling. They love to gather, at night, about an open fire in one of the adobe huts, sit on the floor, lean back against the wall, and then hear and tell great stories of brave warriors of other days. The young people of the tribe are taught to listen silently and with courtesy to the older men. While the older men talk, the women and girls may work at their porcupine quill embroideries, or at their weaving. However, most of the weaving, for which these Indians are so noted, is done out-of-doors, and this is one of the Indian's strangest ways of telling a story.

More than three hundred and fifty years ago, the country which is now a part of the Navajo Indian reservation, was ruled by Spaniards. When the Spaniards came to that country, they found the Indians already there, busy at work weaving stories into beautiful rugs. Ever since, the Navajo Indians have been famous for their woven rugs, which are made today in almost the same manner as they were so long ago. A real Navajo rug is supposed to tell a story, just as a pictures does, and into it the weaver puts pictures of the moon, the lightning, and maybe the rocks or hills about her home.



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A YOUNG INDIAN GIRL WEAVING A RUG

Before the weaving can be started, the wool for it must be prepared. The Navajos raise large flocks of sheep and goats, and these are watched by the boys and men while the women and girls do the weaving. Many of the goats or sheep wear bells tied about their necks, and it is both a pretty sight and sound to see and hear the flocks coming home at night, their bells jingling as they move slowly along over the desert sands and rocks.

The men usually do the shearing of the wool, after which it is well beaten to shake out all the sand and burs. Then it is washed and dried in the sun. After it is dry, it is carded with a wire-wool comb, then twirled and wound many times, until it has become smooth and strong enough to use in weaving.

No two patterns are ever alike, for the old-time Navajos believed that blindness would come to anyone who copied his neighbor's rug, or blanket. So each weaver makes up a new story, or pattern, for each rug that is to be woven. As it is sometimes hard to remember all the details of the story, the Indian girl is very apt to run out to the desert and collect some colored sand. These sands of different colors are then scattered about on the floor or on the ground until a model of the new pattern is complete. Then the weaving begins.

The frames, upon which the rug is to be woven, are usually made of four cottonwood poles cut from trees that grow beside the nearest stream. Two of these are set upright, and two others are tied across them for cross-beams.

The shuttles with which the weaver works are simple pieces of whittled sticks.

The Navajo sheep furnish wool that is brown, black, gray, and white. If the weaver wants to use other colors, she must dye her wool. The weaving is always done from the bottom up, and as she weaves, the girl sings.

Thurlow Lieurance, an American composer, has used an Indian tribal song in which the Navajo girl tells of the picture she is weaving into her blanket, and, by the addition of other themes and an accompaniment, has made of it, an *art song* as beautiful as the work of the Indian weaver. This song is called *Her Blanket.*

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Her Blanket"—*Thurlow Lieurance.* (From a Navajo Melody.)
"Chant of the Snake Dance"—*Hopi Indian Dance Song.*

QUESTIONS

1. By whom was the "Painted Desert" given its pretty name? What is the meaning of the name?

2. Name two tribes of Indians that live in the "Painted Desert."

3. What are the occupations of these Indians?

4. Tell of one way in which the Indians of the Navajo reservation make pictures and tell stories.

5. What does the Navajo weaver use as a model when she weaves her blanket?

6. How do Indian children learn the tribal dances?

7. Tell what you know of four musical instruments liked by the Indians. To what "family" of the orchestra do these instruments belong?

THE DANCING LESSON*

A warm and drowsy hush is over all,
As shines the noontide sun on 'dobe wall,
When through the pueblo streets is heard the thrum
Of old Pedro Kī-eé-te's ancient drum;
And singing, too, a childish voice is heard,
And pat of feet keep time with every word:
"Hi! Yi! Yi! and Ho! Yo! Yo!
  Shake the rattle high then low;
  Pat the ground with buckskin toe;
  Standing straight and bowing low;
  Sometimes fast and sometimes slow;
  Back and forth and round I go."
The old men stop and nod and smiling say,
"He'll be the greatest dancer of our tribe some day."

—*Grace Purdie Moon.*

Music to Hear:
"Chant of the Eagle Dance"—*Hopi Indian Tribal Song.*

Song shall glorify the human race and make our country great.

—*Robert G. Cousins.*

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A VISIT TO AN INDIAN VILLAGE

ONE sunny afternoon, three boys were sitting with their father on a porch step in a small town in Vermont.

"I should like to go to some large city today, where I might see tall buildings and great apartment houses," said Malcolm, who was very interested in making and building things.

"I should like to hear some pretty music," said Robert, who already played the flute very well.

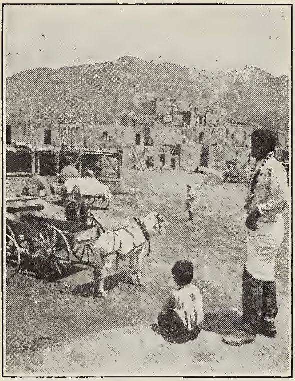
"*I* should like to go West and see some Indians," said Everitt, who had been reading some interesting stories of travel and adventure.

"I know a village to which you might all go, and see or hear the very things for which you have all wished," answered their father.

"Not all in one place?" asked Everitt eagerly.

"Yes, all in one place," was his father's answer. "I will tell you about it.

"This village of which I speak is an Indian village, near Täos, New Mexico, and not more than ninety miles north of the old city of Sante Fé. From it, the Rocky Mountains are plainly seen. This village is very, very old, and it is sometimes called by the name which the Spaniards gave it when they first came to this country. This Spanish name is *pueblo*, a Spanish word for town. In it, the houses are built one above another, pile above pile, and because of this odd custom of the early Indians, this village is the first town in America to have had an 'Apartment' house. All the walls are made of stone, mud, and clay. The Indians who live in the upper houses reach their homes by means of ladders which are set against the lower walls.



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THE INDIAN PUEBLO AT TAÖS, NEW MEXICO

"In this Indian village there are two large pueblos, as the piled-up dwellings have come to be called. One of them is built on each side of a little river that comes down from the mountains. The river is crossed, here and there, by small bridges made of branches of trees that are run between the houses.

"Near the pueblos are corrals. These corrals are really nothing but high mud walls, and inside them the Indians thresh their wheat and other grain by driving the goats or burros over it. Not far away, are the out-door ovens made of mud. Here the women of the tribe do all the family baking.

"These Pueblo Indians sing and keep time with their own music whenever they work. Such songs are called 'working songs,' and these tunes are quite different from the war songs that the tribe has known for hundreds of years, or the game songs. The Pueblo Indians have music on all their holidays, and at such times they often sing the same song over and over again for hours.

"One of the most important holidays of these Indians takes place near Christmas time. Then they have a Fire Dance festival. For this festival the men light huge fires on top of the seven-story adobe pueblo, and keep them burning all night. Other Indians take turns in watching the fires so that they shall not go out and, as they watch through the night, they wave red blankets above the fires and sing.

"These Indians have drums, rattles, and flutes as their favorite musical instruments. Some of the flutes they make are of wood, and with them, the boys make such beautiful music that even the birds or owls that they often imitate are fooled, thinking that other birds or owls are calling.

"As these Indians never write down their tribal songs, we who live so far from them might never hear them, if it were not for the skill and courage of men who have visited the Indians, and made records of their music.

"When one composer* first visited the village of Täos, and asked the Indians to sing for him so that he might either write down the songs in notes, or make records on some soft wax discs that he had with him, old Chief Ventura was very angry. He would not let the Indians sing. 'If you sing for him, you give away your spirit, and will be poisoned and die before sundown,' he said.

"But some of the younger Indians knew that this was not true. So, that night, they visited the composer outside the village, and sang for him. He made some very fine records on his little recording machine, without the old chieftain's knowledge. Then, one night, he came again to the Indian village and gave Chief Ventura a surprise concert by playing these records on a little phonograph which he carried with him.

"Chief Ventura was very pleased with the concert. He was so proud of the records, that he had them played over and over to him and the concert lasted almost until dawn. After that he was very kind and friendly, and helped the visiting musician in every way that he could.

"Indian tribal, or folk music, is quite different from that of any other people. Many of the

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*Mr. Thurlow Lieurance.

CHIEF VENTURA AND THURLOW LIEURANCE, THE COMPOSER

Indian songs recorded are very short, as most Indian songs are, but they are very odd and very beautiful.

"Many composers have used these short Indian folk-airs as *themes*. By a *theme*, in music, is meant the main tune or musical idea upon which a whole piece of music is built. Compare this with compositions which you write in grammar or English. There, the title of the composition is the *theme*. Many of the Pueblo airs have been made into songs having English words, or into music for great orchestras to play.

"So," said the boys' father, "you see I was quite honest when I said that there was a village in which one could see high buildings and apartment houses, find Indians, and hear much interesting music."

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Aooah" (Pueblo Love Song)—*Thurlow Lieurance.*

"A Sioux Serenade"—*Thurlow Lieurance.* (In this song, the flute plays a long introduction. Then, throughout the song, it plays an obbligato.)

QUESTIONS

1. What three kinds of songs have these Indians?
2. What is a *theme*, in music?
3. What three instruments are favorites with these Indians?
4. How has Indian music been recorded?
5. Why are records of Indian music so valuable?
6. Tell of any Indian music with which you are familiar.

HOW A PLANT HELPED TO MAKE MUSIC

"BOOM! Boom! Boom-Boom-Boom!" sounded the drum as the band went marching by. Over and over it sounded, but each time a little softer than before until at last it died away in the distance.

"How wonderful it must be to be a drummer," said Russell, "and make all those men march!"

"Yes, but you haven't even a drum let alone knowing how to beat it," answered his cousin Walter, who was visiting him.

"One can always buy a drum, or borrow one," replied Russell.

"Not always," said his uncle, who had been sitting on the porch with the boys watching the parade of the soldiers. "I once spent several months in a land where there were no drums to be bought or borrowed, and there was not even a tree from which to get wood to make a drumstick."

"Oh, tell us about it," shouted both boys at once, for they knew that no one told better stories than their uncle.

"Yes, I can tell you about a drum that was made by a boy just your size, and of a plant that helped it make music. All this took place far out in the western part of our country.

There, in the states of Arizona and New Mexico, there live, as they have lived for hundreds of years, a tribe of Indians whom we know as Pueblos. The land in which they live is not green with forests, as are lands in other states, and many of their homes would seem very odd to us. To go into many of them, one must still—as in days gone by when this was one way to keep out enemies—climb to the roof on rude ladders, and then enter the rooms from the top.

"One day, an Indian boy who lived in this pueblo country, or 'Sky Land' as it is sometimes called, decided that he wanted to own a drum. He could not buy one. First of all, there was no store within twenty miles at which he could buy one; and if there had been, he had no money.

"'I must make it myself,' said this bright Indian boy.

"So he begged his father for some skins, and a hollow piece of an old stump that had been brought to the pueblo many moons before, and which had been drying out on the sands ever since.

"From the side of the skins he cut long strips of leather. 'These shall be my lacings,' he said, 'when I make my drum.'

"At last he was all ready to make the drum. He laid one half of the skin on the ground, set the hollow piece of a stump on it and put the other half of the skin on top of that. He had cut little holes in the edge of each skin, and he now began to lace the two skins together over the stump with his leather strips. He left the lacings quite loose until they were all in.

"Then he began to tighten the two skins by drawing their edges near together with the leather lacings. Every little while, he would tap on the skin that lay on top of the drum and listen.

"'No, it is not tight enough yet,' he would say to himself. Then he would tighten the skins some more. But after a while, as he stopped to tap and listen, he seemed very pleased, and tied the ends of the thongs carefully to keep them from slipping.

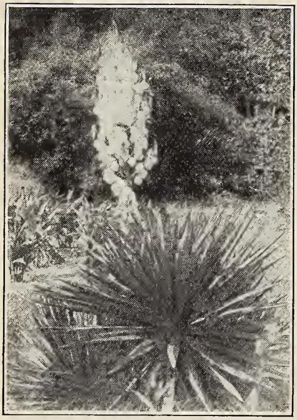
"'Boom! Boom!' said the drum very gently, as he tapped upon it.

"'But I want my drum to speak more loudly,' said the boy. 'I must have a drumstick.'

"When he asked his father for a drumstick, he was told to look about him and find one. 'There are drumsticks growing all over this desert,' said his father. 'Hunt until you find one,' he added.

"So the boy ran for hours over the desert, looking for a drumstick. What had his father meant?

"You probably know that in this desert land on which some of the Indian homes are built, there blooms each year a beautiful desert plant known as the yucca. This lovely flower, which often reaches up into the air for many feet, has been given many different names by the tribes who have lived on the desert. To some, it is known as the 'Spanish Bayonet.' To others, it is the 'Sword Plant.' Because of a whitish juice that flows when the stalks are cut, and which can be, and is used by the Indians for cleansing, it is sometimes called the 'Soap Plant.' The prettiest name of all was given to the plant by the Indians many hundreds of years ago, when they called it 'The Candlestick of our Lord.'



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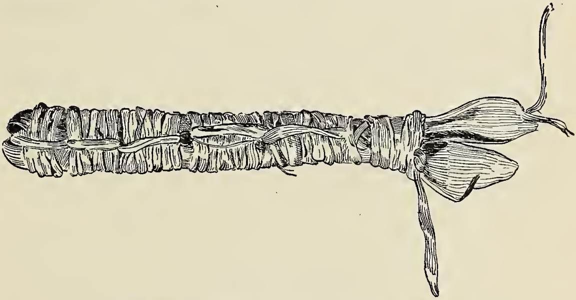
A YUCCA PLANT AND BLOSSOM

"As the Indian boy roamed the desert that day in search of a drumstick, he passed clumps of the yucca several times, and each time he paused to admire the pure white blossoms as they hung, like bells, from the tall central stalk.

"'What tough, hard leaves it has!' he

thought, as he tried to break off one of the dry, fibrous pieces of green that grew about the base of the flower's stalk. 'Why, this is just the thing!' he shouted, and immediately he set to work.

"When at last he had three or four of the clumsy, stubborn stalks cut off, he doubled them and folded them, as you would a piece of paper. Then, after he had split them into narrow strips, he took other pieces of yucca stalk and braided these about the strips he had folded together. Here a knot and there a knot, a little more braiding, and a few more knots, and the drumstick was finished!



A DRUMSTICK MADE FROM YUCCA LEAVES

"'Now they shall hear my drum!' he said, as he waved his new drumstick in the air, and he hurried back to the pueblo where he had left his drum.

"'BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!' now resounded

his drum, and all the women came out of the pueblos to see what was going on.

"'Well, my son,' said his father. 'Where did you find your drumstick?'

"'Just where you said, Father,' replied the Indian boy. 'It was growing out on the desert just as you told me it was.'

"After that he played with his drum for many days, but he did not forget that it was a beautiful plant that helped the drum to make music."

—*H. G. K.*

Music of the Drum to Hear:
"Yankee Doodle"—*Old National Air.*

QUESTIONS

1. Of what Indian tribe does this story tell?
2. How did the Indian boy make his drum?
3. Why did he find it difficult to make a drumstick?
4. In what way did he finally succeed?
5. What is the plant called, from which he made the drumstick?
6. What did the Indians call this plant?

I am what I am because I was industrious; whoever is equally industrious will be equally successful.

—*Johann Sebastian Bach.*

FOREIGN CHILDREN*

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied, *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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THE LITTLE MAGICIAN OF MUSIC

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was a great and famous composer, of whom many wonderful stories have been told. He belonged, when very young, to a group of pianists and composers whom people called "wonder children."

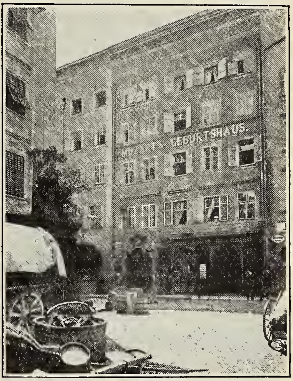
When Wolfgang's father was growing up, he was urged by his family and by all of his friends to become a bookbinder. However, he liked music better than anything else, and so he devoted his life to it. After he had finished his studies with teachers in various cities, he moved to the city of Salzburg, in eastern Austria. He became a great favorite as a violinist, and finally became Chapel Master to the Duke of Salzburg, Court Musician, and Court Composer.

Here in Salzburg it was that his son Wolfgang was born. Wolfgang grew up to be the greater musician and composer, and was even called the "Little Magician of Music," but he always said that he could not have done many of the wonderful things that he did, if it had not been for the kind and skillful help of his musical father.

Wolfgang had a sister, Anna, called "Nannerl" at home, who was about five years older than he. When the children were both very young—Wolfgang but four years old—the father began to give them both music lessons.

Both children played like artists. Little Wolfgang was so charmed by the sweet sounds that came from the keys of the old harpsichord, that it was with difficulty that his father or mother could keep him from playing all day long.

By the time he was five years old, Wolfgang had begun to compose little pieces, and many boys and girls now enjoy playing the delightful minuet which he wrote at that time. Of course, he was not able at that time to write the piece down, but he had a true ear and formed the piece correctly, after which his father set it down on music paper.



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THE HOUSE IN WHICH MOZART WAS BORN, IN SALZBURG, AUSTRIA

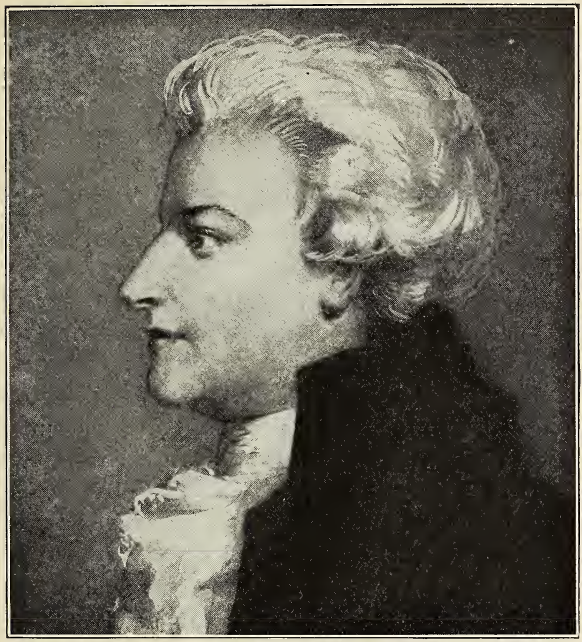
One time, before Wolfgang was able to write, his father found him hard at work completing a "composition." He had found a sheet of blank music paper, and had covered this with many strange and very black marks. Asked what it was, he answered proudly that it was a concerto.

"It is very difficult," he said. "Everyone will need to practice hard to be able to play it!" and he then sat down at the harpsichord and surprised his family by playing a dainty bit of music which he had secretly worked out.

When Wolfgang was eight years old and Nannerl was thirteen, "Papa" Mozart, as he was affectionately called by friends of the Mozart family, took the two talented children on a concert tour. It was a great adventure. They went down the Danube River on a boat, and in every place they visited, Wolfgang made many friends by his gentle manner and his almost magical skill in music. The concert tour lasted for over three years, and nearly all the principal capitals of Europe were visited during that time.

In the city of Vienna, the children played before the Empress Maria Theresa, and became warm friends of little Marie Antoinette, her daughter. In London, they played before the king and queen in Buckingham Palace. At the beginning of each concert, their father would lead them upon the stage, after which each played alone, and then in duets with each other.

While they were in London, the family happened to meet Johann Christian Bach, a son of the great Johann Sebastian Bach. Johann Christian Bach was also a good musician. He



WOLFGANG MOZART

admired the talent of the two children so much that he once entertained them at his home. He took Wolfgang, who was still quite small, on his knee, as he sat before the harpsichord, and began to test him on his sight-reading of music. Soon the two began to play a sonata. Bach would play a measure of it first, and then the music would be taken up by Wolfgang without losing a count. Back and forth the two players alternated, to the close of the sonata, and so cleverly did Wolfgang imitate the older player, and so accurately did he read the notes on the page, that no one in the room could tell by listening, which of the two was playing.

"Little Mozart," as he came to be called, and his father and sister returned home to Salzburg at last, taking with them much money and a box full of jewels and valuable gifts, all of which had been presented to them by their many admirers.

Salzburg is an enchanting city. It rises above the fast-flowing Danube river in three distinct levels. On the highest level there is a very old castle. The older part of the town, in which the Mozarts lived, has narrow winding streets, and here in a house which we still may see, and which is now marked by a bronze tablet, the young composer wrote many of his finest compositions.

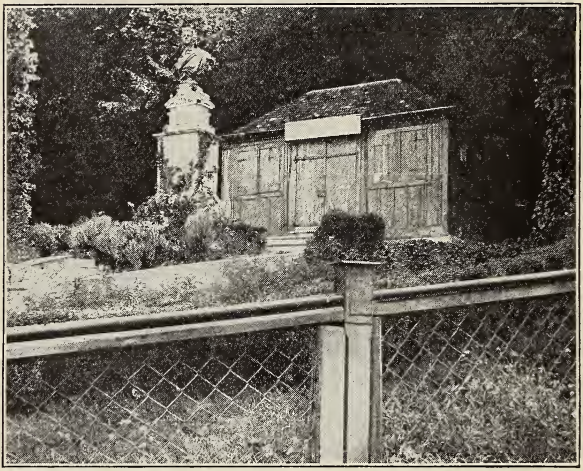
Up in a high tower in Salzburg there is set a chime of bells, called a *glockenspiel*, and all through the day and night these bells tinkle their sweet music. Many of the airs they play are by Mozart, by his father, or by some of their musical friends.

Soon after his return from the concert trip, Mozart began writing larger pieces of music. The first symphony, said to have been written when he was only ten years old, was but a beginning. At the same time, he kept up his concert playing, and after being heard by the Emperor in Vienna, he was invited to become one of the court musicians.

Many wealthy people, and many great festivals now invited Mozart to write music especially for them. When a little older, he was asked to write a new opera for a festival. When the day before the festival arrived, the opera was all completed with the exception of the overture which the orchestra was to play.

That night, Mozart and his young wife sat up very late so that he might finish the work, but poor Mozart was so tired that his wife had to tell him fairy stories to keep him awake. Finally, she told him to go to sleep and rest but promised that she would wake him at a certain time. So Mozart slept. When he was awakened, he was fresh and rested, and so completely was he master of the art of composition that, in two hours, all the music was finished. This music so oddly brought to a finish was the overture to the opera "The Marriage of Figaro."

Mozart's favorite of all his own compositions was the opera "The Magic Flute." Most of this opera was written in a quaint little garden house still to be seen in the city of Salzburg. The story of this opera is woven about an enchanted flute which has the magic power to control men, animals, birds, and even the air. Not only is the story one of enchantment, but Mozart wrote in it for the flute, music of such delicacy and brilliancy that it is not to be wondered at that it was his own favorite of all his compositions.



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MOZART'S GARDEN MUSIC HOUSE, WHERE HE COMPLETED "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

Mozart himself conducted the opera many times, until at last he came to know even the number of minutes and seconds that were needed to sing or play each part of it. With the coming of his last sickness, Mozart was, of course, not able to conduct any longer. An opera company was singing the "Magic Flute" in a theatre not far from his home. Each night, as he lay in bed, Mozart would watch the clock and tell by the number of minutes that had passed, just what songs were being sung in the opera.

Mozart was only thirty-five years old when he died, but in that short time he completed more than six hundred splendid pieces of music.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear (Compositions by *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*):
"Menuetto" from Symphony in G Minor.
Overture from the opera "The Magic Flute."
"Cradle Song."

QUESTIONS

1. What early signs of love for music did Mozart show?
2. Who helped young Wolfgang Mozart with his music?
3. In what city was Mozart born?
4. What compositions by Mozart have you heard?
5. What, of his own compositions, was Mozart's own favorite?
6. Where was this composition written?
7. How old was Mozart when he died? How many compositions did he write?
8. What other great composer often played duets with his sister?
9. Tell what you like best about the Mozart music that you have heard.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

LONG ago, in the days of myths and legends, there dwelt in the land of Thessaly, in Greece, a good king named Aeson.

This good king's happiness was soon disturbed, however, by his own brother Pelias, who, with the help of a large body of soldiers, forced good King Aeson and his family to flee from the country.

Of all his family, there was no one that the good king loved as well as his young son Jason. That Jason might be safe from the wicked king Pelias, Aeson took him one day to a great cave in the mountains, and there gave him over to the care of a Centaur,* by whom he was to be taught all manly and useful arts.

After many years had passed and Jason had grown up, he was told of the wrong done to his father Aeson.

"I should like to go back to Thessaly," he said to the Centaur.

"And what would you do when you had arrived in Thessaly?"

"I would demand the kingdom and the throne from my cruel and wicked uncle," was Jason's brave reply.

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*A Centaur was supposed to be half man and half horse.

And so it came about, not long after this, that Jason set out for his father's kingdom. Before he went, the Centaur, who had come to love the boy dearly, talked with him long and earnestly.

"Many things will happen before you reach Thessaly," he said to Jason, kindly, "so be brave, honest, and never refuse to do a kindness to someone weaker than yourself. If you start anything, be not discouraged should the task prove heavy, but labor on to its completion."

So, he sent the boy away.

Not long after he left the cave of the Centaur, Jason came to a wide and deep body of water. Near the bank, he saw sitting an old and withered woman.

"Carry me across," she begged him, and Jason, remembering the Centaur's words, dared not refuse her aid. Gladly the old woman climbed upon his back, and the two started across the body of water. The load grew heavier and heavier and the distance seemed longer, but true to the Centaur's advice Jason struggled on. Thus it was, so the old legends say, that Jason found, when he had at last crossed the stream, that he had been carrying a goddess. The only harm that had been done him was that he had lost one of his sandals, and must now walk on over the stony ground with one foot bare.

So it came about that Jason, the son of the former king, appeared in Thessaly before his uncle, wearing but one sandal. He did not know that the wicked king had been warned, in a strange vision, to beware of a stranger who should come wearing but one sandal.

The king was much surprised and frightened when Jason came before him to demand the return of his father's kingdom.

"He shall never have the kingdom," said the wicked king, when Jason made this demand. "The boy must be killed but I dare not kill him myself. Instead, I shall appeal to his sense of bravery and to his strength, and send him away to some place from which he can never return."

Then the king pondered for many days.

One fine morning he called Jason to him.

"I have decided," he said, "that the kingdom must be yours. However, you must first prove your right to it. None but a strong man and a brave one shall ever sit on this, your father's throne. Are you willing to do something that is very dangerous?"

The young Jason was pleased that the king should so easily give up the kingdom, and he gladly promised to do anything that his uncle might suggest.

"Go then," said his uncle, "to far distant Colchis Strand,* and bring back to me from there the Golden Fleece, a treasure which hangs from the limbs of a giant tree. There it is guarded by a terrible dragon which never sleeps. Kill the dragon and bring back the Golden Fleece, and the kingdom shall be yours."

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*A district east of the Black Sea.

Then, according to the old legend, Jason was told what the Golden Fleece really was. Years before, a winged and golden-fleeced ram had been sent to rescue two Greek children and carry them to Colchis. The ram flew, with the two children on its back, over sea and water. *Helle,* one of the children, became frightened just as they were passing over a body of water. She let go her hold on the fleece and fell from the ram's back into the water, and was never seen again. Her brother, upon his safe arrival at Colchis, followed the custom of the times by sacrificing the ram, hanging its golden fleece upon the branch of an oak tree, and setting the dragon to guard it.

* * * * *

Gathering together a band of brave men, who helped him build a strong wooden boat which they named the *Argo,* Jason set forth. One old story says that Orpheus, the sweet singer, was one of fifty men who sailed with Jason, and that he sang and played his harp constantly during the voyage, so that the rowers might row evenly and in rhythm.

When Jason and his men reached the Colchis Strand they found many adventures awaiting them. Any one of the tasks that Jason had to face would have frightened and discouraged an ordinary boy, but Jason was both brave and determined. Besides, he remembered the last words of the old Centaur—"If you start anything, be not discouraged should the task prove heavy, but labor on to its completion."

First, before Jason could approach the tree upon which hung the famous Golden Fleece, he had to capture and tame two fiery wild bulls, harness them, and plow up a great field, in which he should then sow some dragon's teeth. He must conquer the giants that would spring up, and last of all, he would have to kill the guardian dragon that never slept.

Jason caught the fiery bulls, plowed the field, and sowed it with the dragon's teeth. Immediately, a whole army of glittering swords and helmets began growing out of the ground, followed by giants in full armor. Jason was very much frightened, but stood his ground even when the giants began to march toward him. When they were quite near, he threw a handful of dust into their eyes. Blinded with the dust, each giant attacked another, and in a short time the entire army was destroyed.

Jason next hurried to the old tree, where the terrible dragon kept guard over his treasure.

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SHEEP GRAZING IN A MOUNTAIN PASS,
LAND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

So great was his strength and skill that Jason soon killed the dragon, took the Golden Fleece from the branch from which it had hung for so many years, and sailed for home in his boat, the Argo.

* * * * *

The Colchis Strand, upon which grew the old tree which supported the Golden Fleece, is a real place in Caucasia, a land east of the Black Sea and north of Persia.

The mountain range of the Caucasus, which gives this wild country its name, extends for a distance of over seven hundred miles. It is so great a barrier, that many people who live on one side of the range of mountains, never even dream of crossing to the other side. There is but one way through, and that is by way of the famous Dariel Pass, about which are told many old tales.

Long, long ago, it is said that Alexander the Great marched through this Pass. Many great generals have tried to pass through it, only to be defeated by those who defended it. The Pass is sometimes called a "doorway," as it has high, straight walls of stone which reach upward nearly four thousand feet. On its top are the ruins of an ancient castle. It is said that even in the olden days, before the time of great and powerful guns, a very small army of men could hold the Pass from the castle on the height against a strong enemy, because of the narrow opening between the walls.

Many brave and fearless warriors have led their followers to the foot of the Caucasus mountain range, but, on finding it so great a barrier, have given up crossing it and have returned home. Often though, parts of these armies would remain at or near the Pass, until there are now living there people of many races and customs.

Many of the men of these tribes are shepherds who raise huge flocks of sheep and goats. The wool from these animals is used by the tribes in the weaving of valuable rugs, famous throughout the world. Some of the most beautiful rugs in the world came from this "land of Jason," and are in themselves a Golden Fleece.

The people of these tribes learn the art of weaving when they are little children. The rugs, or sometimes shawls, are all made in their homes for no one there ever heard of a factory. These homes are either rude huts in the little mountain villages, or, in the case of the traveling tribes which move very often, the homes are nothing more than great black tents made of goats' hair blankets stretched on poles.

Some of these tents are oval shaped, and are made of the black goats' hair in exactly the same way in which they were made more than nineteen hundred years ago, when Paul was a tentmaker in the same country.

Courtesy Graham Romeyn Taylor

A CAUCASIAN SHEPHERD

Here, at the age of six or seven years, the children begin to learn the secrets of weaving, first by winding the balls of bright-colored yarns which are to be hung across the top of the loom. The loom itself is usually very simple. Two horizontal poles are fastened up, one a foot above the floor, and the other about six or eight feet above that. Upon the upper pole are coiled the threads, or warps, which form the foundations of the rug. Then, when the lower ends of these threads have been tied to the lower pole tightly, the weaving may begin. The pattern is worked in with the threads that go the other way—across the rug. Small bobbins of wool, or goats' or camels' hair are used for this, and the colors are tied in with great skill and speed. When one row across is completed, it is hammered down closely with a kind of wooden comb, and the next row is then started.

One of the eastern districts is wild and beautiful, with deep gorges dividing large plateaus or flat table-lands. Here on these table-lands the wandering shepherds pasture their sheep and goats. This province is peopled with a race divided into many clans. They may fight among themselves, and often do, but they always unite against an enemy from the outside. On one occasion, the Caucasian hero Shamyl, led the whole Caucasian people against Russia.

A great Russian musician who lived for many years in the city of Tiflis, in Caucasia, has told in a suite, the story of these wild mountains and the people who live there. This suite is known

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THE CHILDREN OF THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS WITH THEIR HOMES

as *Caucasian Sketches*. The composer is Ippolitow-Ivanow. In his "March of the Caucasian Chief," which is one of the Suite, and one of the most stirring marches ever written, the composer has pictured a tribal chieftain. The melodies of the "March" are those which the mountain chief and his soldiers often sing as they sit about their camps at night, the only light being that which comes from the campfire or from flaming wooden torches stuck into the ground. As the "March" begins, one can hear, but softly as though at a distance, the beating of drums. Then the chieftain and his soldiers seem to march by, keeping step to the rhythm of the shrill folk song of the mountaineers.

Other pieces from the same suite—which is called "Caucasian Sketches"—tell of the life in the mountain villages, and each of the pieces displays the quaint and unusual music of the Caucasian people.

—*A Greek Legend* (Adapted).

Music to Hear:
"March of the Caucasian Chief." } from "Caucasian Sketches"
"In the Village" } —*Ippolitow-Ivanow.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell in a few words the story of Jason.
2. To what country did he go for the Golden Fleece?
3. What kind of people now live in this country?
4. In what way do they live? What do they make?
5. Who has told the story of these mountain people in music?
6. What is the name of the Suite?
7. What is the stirring march called that forms part of this suite?
8. Whose life is pictured in this march?
9. How do the industries of the people who live in this land influence their folk music?
10. What is the nationality of the composer of the "Caucasian Sketches"?

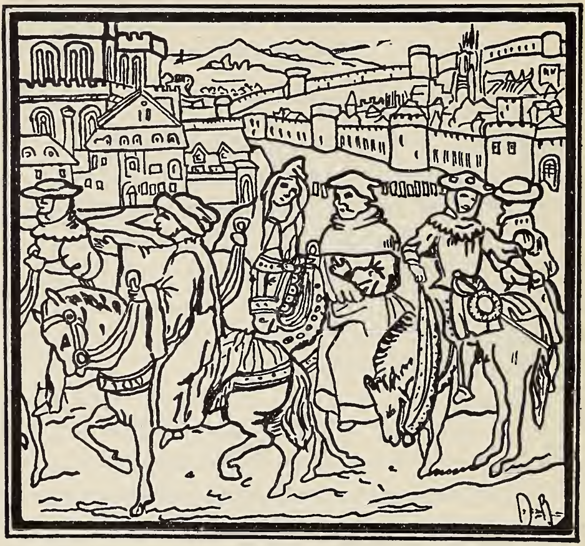
THE KING AND THE BRAZEN HORSE

MORE than five hundred years ago, a company of about thirty pilgrims in England went on a long journey from the city of London to the city of Canterbury. At Canterbury, there was a very old and beautiful cathedral, and to this cathedral, hundreds of people from England and from other lands made pilgrimages each year.

The pilgrims, of whom this story tells, traveled all the way on horseback. The journey was long and tiresome in those days, and so, to entertain each other, each of the pilgrims was to tell two stories. One of these stories was to be told on the way to Canterbury; and the second one was to be told on the way home.

Among these pilgrims was an English gentleman named Geoffrey Chaucer, who, as he heard the interesting tales that were related, wrote them down and made them into a book so that other people might know them, too. These stories have always been known as the Canterbury Tales and are thought by many people to be the greatest stories ever written.

Some of these Canterbury pilgrims were very musical. The Miller, said by Chaucer to be famed for his strength, could play well on the



THE PILGRIMS OF CHAUCER'S TIME WITH CITY WALLS IN THE BACKGROUND

bagpipes, and it was to the sound of his merry tunes that the little company paraded as they started on their way.

The young Squire, who hoped soon to be made a knight, was another of the pilgrims. He not only told good stories but made up jolly songs and would play for hours on his flute as he rode along. As the roads over which the travelers had to pass were little more than muddy lanes, they could not travel more than about fifteen miles a day. The story-telling and the music provided by the pilgrims helped to pass the time away and to make the journey more pleasant. This story of the "King and the Brazen Horse" is one told by the *Squire.*

THE KING AND THE BRAZEN HORSE

Once upon a time, in the land of Tartary,* there dwelt a king named Cambuscan. He was a noble and an upright man, and a brave, bold warrior. In spite of all the battles in which he had taken part and the many hardships that he had to undergo while away from his castle, the king was handsome and strong, and when at home, lived in such royal state as one could find nowhere else in the world.

This noble king had two sons and a beautiful daughter named Canacee.

At last, the time came when the good king Cambuscan had ruled over his land for twenty-one years. Messengers were sent out all through Tartary, asking the people that the thirteenth of March, the King's birthday, should be celebrated in every part of the land. When the day had come, the skies were bright and clear, the sun was pleasantly shining, and all the birdlings that flitted through the trees sang their merriest lays. They, too, seemed to be rejoicing that the good king was still alive and well.

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*An old district, supposed to stretch from a river in Russia as far as Japan.

There was to be a great feast at the palace that night, and when the hour had come, Cambuscan put on his crown and his richest robes and took his seat on a raised platform before his guests. Then came the feast, and never before in all the world were so many good things brought in to one table for all the guests to eat.

The dinner was but partly over, and the king still sat among his noble guests listening to the music of the minstrels as they played and sang, when suddenly, through the huge doorway of the hall, there came riding a knight seated on a horse of brass. In his hand there was a shining crystal mirror, and on his thumb gleamed a gold ring. By his side hung a broad sword. The music stopped. Not a word was spoken. Every one in the great hall gazed quietly at the strange knight who came uninvited to the feast. He rode straight up to the table and made a low bow to the king, then he bowed to the Queen and to each of the lords and nobles. Then, turning with rare grace to the king, the strange knight delivered the message that he had brought.

"My lord and master, the King of Araby and of India, sends you greetings on this your festal day. He also sends you by me, your servant, this horse of brass, that in an hour can carry you to any place in the world to which you may wish to go. If you should take a fancy to rise high in the air as the lark or the eagle flies, this horse will carry you there, up, up, as high as ever you may wish to go. He will also move so gently that you could, if you wished, sleep on his back. When you are ready to descend from the skies, just twirl a certain wooden pin, and the magic brass horse will come down as gently and as easily as he went up.

"The magic mirror that I hold in my hand is also a present to you. It is of much value, for in it you may see whenever trouble for your kingdom is at hand. It will tell you who is your true friend and who is your secret foe. This mirror is to be used, as well, by your fair daughter the Princess Canacee, to whom my lord sends, also, this gold ring. If the Princess wishes to know the speech of birds and of all green things that grow, then let her wear this ring or carry it in her bag, for truly, there is no bird that flies under the wide heavens whose language cannot be understood by the owner of the ring. She shall also be able to answer each in its own language. There shall not even be a blade of grass growing out of the ground that will not have a voice and a message for her ears.

"The broad sword that hangs close by my side has value, also, and is sent by my king to you. If, with this sword in your hand, you strike a blow, it will cut and pierce through all the armor of your foe, though that armor be as thick and strong as an oak tree. More than this, the wound will heal only when you choose to stroke it with the flat side of the sword. All this is a strange story, but it is no idle boast. While the sword remains in your possession, its power shall never fail."

Again the knight bowed low before the King, then turned and rode boldly out of the hall into the courtyard. The brazen horse shone in the sunshine like the flash of many fiery flames and stood as motionless as stone. Then the knight dismounted, and gave the sword and the mirror to some officers of high rank, who took them up into the high tower for safe keeping. The ring was presented, with due ceremony, to the Princess Canacee. As for the horse, there was no question as to what should be done with it, for try as they might, not all the servants in the palace could move it an inch.

Of course the story of the king's magical gifts spread like wild-fire, and within an hour people from the country round had come to see the wonderful brazen horse.

"No horse so strong has ever been brought into the kingdom," said one of the men. "The marvel is how a horse of brass can move, as this one has shown that it can," said another. "It is the work of a wizard," said still another, and offered all sorts of explanations.

Then each one in the crowd told of some fable or old tale he had heard and of marvels of other days. "It must be the winged horse, Pegasus," suggested one. "No," answered a wise old man, "It is more like the wooden horse of Sinon, the Greek who brought about the downfall of Troy. Only it is made over in brass," he added. "I believe there are armed men in that horse," then suggested one timid youth, with a frightened look, "and they will try to take our city. The King and his nobles ought to be told of this and so be on their guard." "It is but a juggler's magic trick," decided most of the men, at last, and so they all wondered, as many ignorant people do when they cannot understand what they see.

Then they had almost as much to say of the mirror and the sword. Some wondered how people could see, with the mirror, such things as those of which the knight had told. Others could talk of nothing but the wonderful sword that could cut through any kind of armor.

So they talked and fancied until, at last, the King rose from the table. All the guests, of course, rose, too. The minstrels, still playing, went before the King till he came to his throne room, where were displayed his handsomest hangings and his richest and most valuable ornaments. Then there was such exquisite music that any one who heard it might well have thought himself already in heaven.

The King seated himself upon his throne. Now was the time for the merry dancing. The stranger knight bowed low before the Princess and led her out to the dance. On went the music. No one could describe to you the grace of all the dancers, as they curtsied and bowed, glided, and dipped. So I will say no more, but leave them to their pleasure till the hour for supper had come.

Meanwhile the Princess Canacee and the knight from India had finished dancing, and while it was yet daylight, had gone with the King out into the courtyard to examine the wonderful brazen horse. Then the King asked the knight to tell him just how to manage the steed.

The knight replied, "Sir, there is really very little to learn. When you wish to go anywhere, twirl the pin in the horse's ear, and tell him the name of the place to which you wish to go. That is all there is to it. When you have come to the place where you would stop, twirl this other pin and tell the horse to descend, and he will descend at once. He will then stand exactly where you leave him, and even if the whole world should try to move him, they would not be able to stir him from the spot. If you wish to send him away from you, twirl this other pin, and he will vanish from sight. When you want him again, you have but to call him in a way in which I shall teach you when we are alone. So, dear King, you are now able to ride wherever you wish."

The brave and noble king soon learned from the knight the secret of the pins. He had the bridle carried into the tower to be kept with the mirror and the sword among his most precious jewels. Then, rejoicing that he possessed such a rare treasure, he commanded the horse to disappear. In the twinkling of an eye it was gone, and all the little company found themselves standing looking at an empty spot in the courtyard where, a moment before, the bronze horse had stood.

Well-satisfied with the marvelous powers of his strange gift, the king returned to the throne room, where, all through the night and almost to the coming of day, Cambuscan and his guests feasted in merriment and jollity, and the minstrels played on and sang, ever more and more gayly.

—*Retold from "Canterbury Tales" by Chaucer.*

Music of the Fourteenth Century:
"Crusaders' Hymn"—*Old Hymn.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who wrote the stories told by the pilgrims when on their way to Canterbury?

2. Who was the musician among the pilgrims?
3. What instrument did he use?
4. Which member of the party sang?
5. What story did the Squire tell?
6. Who supplied music for the King's court?
7. What instruments did they probably use?
8. Name the gifts that were brought to the King and the Princess.
9. What could be done with each gift?
10. Learn to know at least one piece of music that was sung in the days of the Canterbury pilgrimages.

The busy lark, messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morning gray;
And fiery Phebus riseth up so bright
That all the Orient laugheth with the light.
— *Chaucer.*

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle.
—*Poe.*

KING ARTHUR AND THE MAGIC SWORD

IN the fifth century there lived, in England, a king whose name was Uther. King Uther reigned for many years and all the people came to love and honor him greatly. Finally, when he was quite old, the king died. Then, along with the sorrow that was felt by all his loyal subjects, there was a great deal of wonder as to who should be the next king.

"Who will we have to reign over us now that King Uther is dead?" the people asked one another. "There is no one in all the kingdom, except Merlin the Magician, who knows who has a rightful claim to the throne. He has been the trusted friend and counselor of the king all these years. Maybe he can tell us."

Merlin did know the secret of the king's heir. The way in which he had come to know the secret has been told in legends or sung in ballad for centuries.

Some years before King Uther's death, so the old legend said, a baby boy had been born in the royal palace. The King had many enemies and, being afraid for his little son's safety, had hidden him away. He had given the baby to Merlin when but a few days old.

"Take him," said the King to Merlin. "Hide him safely so that no one can find him. That is the only way in which I can be sure of his safety."

So Merlin had taken the baby and had in turn given him into the care of a famous knight of the land. The knight did not know or even guess the name of the child but took him to his home as Merlin directed. Here he was brought up as a well-loved son.

When King Uther was dead, Merlin knew that the time for keeping the royal secret was at an end. He also knew that, if he simply said that a certain young man was the heir to the throne, there would be many who would not believe him.

"He must prove his birthright by some great sign," said Merlin to himself. Then he hurried to the Archbishop of Canterbury and asked him to send out a command that all the lords of the realm, the gentlemen of arms, and all the knights were to come together at the Christmas season. Here they would meet and be shown just who was the rightful heir to the throne of England.

The command was sent out, and as Christmas week drew near, the roads were thronged with horsemen, for all the knights and lords of the realm wished to be present when the new king was chosen.

After everyone had arrived a church service was held. When the service was over, and the knights had left the church, they found a great white stone standing in the center of the churchyard that had not been there, they were sure, when they went into the church. The stone seemed to be marble. On the top of it there rested a huge anvil made of steel, through the center of which had been plunged a gleaming sword. About the base of the anvil were carved these words, "Whoso pulleth this sword out from this stone is lawful born King of all England."

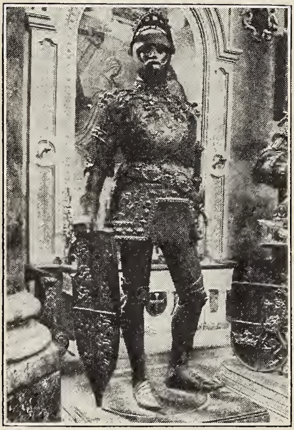
The people all gazed at the strange stone and anvil with awe, for there could be no doubt that this was a sign sent from Heaven.

When they had read the words carved in the stone, some tried to pull the sword out from the anvil. But soon they found that they could not even move it. They also found out that not even the Archbishop knew who should be the king. Finally, it was decided that all the knights should draw lots. Those who should draw the lucky lots were then to choose ten knights who had the best record for strength and courage.

When all this had been done, each of the ten knights who had been chosen in this way approached the magic stone and tested his strength by pulling at the sword. But not one of the ten knights could move the sword in the anvil.

Each day for a week, this test was repeated. Still no one seemed able to move the magic sword. As New Year's Day came, and no one had been able to move the sword, everyone in the company felt that it would be of no use to try any more.

"What are we to do for a King?" each asked the other. "There is not one among us who can pass the Archbishop's test."



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A STATUE OF KING ARTHUR

Having given up all hope of being able to move the magic sword, all the knights and lords who were gathered together, proceeded to make merry that New Year's Day. That afternoon they all rode out to a great tournament.

Among those who rode were Sir Hector—one of the finest men in the realm—his son, Sir Kay, and Arthur, a younger lad whom he had raised as his own son. Sir Kay discovered, only after the party was on its way, that he had forgotten his sword, and asked his younger brother to return to the house for it.

Arthur very willingly rode back for the sword. When he reached the great stone house, he found that all the doors were locked. Since his brother *must* have a sword, Arthur, who did not happen to know anything about the strange prophecy, stopped as he rode by the churchyard and easily pulled the sword that he saw there from its sheath of steel. Then he galloped back to his brother and father and presented the sword.

As soon as they saw the sword which Arthur had brought, both Sir Hector and Sir Kay recognized it.

"How came you by that sword, my son?" asked Sir Hector.

"Yes, how, my brother?" echoed Sir Kay.

Then Arthur explained to them both just how he had galloped back for Sir Kay's forgotten sword and how, on reaching the house, he had found all the doors tightly locked.

"I had to take this sword from the anvil, because there was no other sword to be had," he said, in finishing his explanation.

Then the lad was very much surprised and a little bit dismayed by what immediately happened, for both his father and his brother quickly dismounted from their horses and bowed themselves low before him.

"Why do you this?" he asked them both in wonder.

He was very much excited when Sir Kay explained to him the prophecy about the stone and the magic sword and assured his brother that he had now proven his right to the throne of England and the kingdom that went with it. But whatever joy this strange announcement may have brought was soon drowned in the great sorrow that followed, when Sir Hector informed him that he could no longer claim him as his son.

Back to the churchyard the little party slowly rode. There Arthur put the sword in its place in the anvil. Then Sir Hector and Sir Kay each tried to pull it out again without success; but Arthur pulled it out, put it in, pulled it out, and put it in again, with ease.

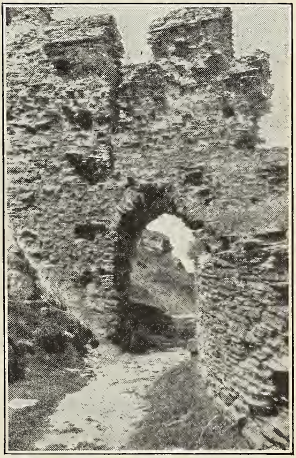
Then Sir Hector told the two boys of the strange visit of Merlin, the king's friend and counselor, to his home, one dark and stormy night, many years before, and of the little boy he had brought with him.

"You, Arthur, were that little boy," he said. "And ever since that day I have tried to be a good father to you."

After one more trial of the sword, all three went to the Archbishop with the strange tale. The Archbishop was very glad that at last there was some one who was able to prove his royal rights, and so he hurried to call all the knights together.

"At last, noble knights," said the Archbishop, when they had reached the churchyard, "the chosen heir to the throne and the kingdom has been found."

But many of the knights, who had tried so hard to win the great honor, became very envious. They refused to accept Arthur as their king and put off the coronation ceremony week after week, while they tried their own strength at the sword and anvil. Of course, they were not able even to stir it. Then they tried to cheat and began to plan a way to loosen the sword with heavy blows. In this way, weeks and weeks passed by until half a year was gone.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RUINS OF AN OLD CASTLE DOOR, KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE, IN CORNWALL, ENGLAND

"This cannot go on," said the Archbishop. "We will have a final test, and that must settle the matter."

Until the time of the final test, he and some of the older knights, who had attended King Uther when he was alive, set a guard of honor about both Arthur and the magic sword.

At last the great day came. There Arthur stood before the large gathering. All of the greatest and best men of the kingdom watched him as he took out the sword and put it back into the stone three times. He could have done it as many times as they might have asked him, but, when he pulled the sword out for the third time, the Archbishop took it from his hand and, laying it upon the altar, cried, "Arthur is King!"

To this the people present replied, "Arthur is King!"

Then they all took a solemn oath to guard and obey their new king, and they knelt together to pray for mercy and guidance.

Arthur, in turn, swore to his lords, knights, and people, to be a true king, and to love and serve his people and his country with faith and loyalty as long as his life should last.

* * * * *

This, and other legends about King Arthur, have come down to us through quaint ballads that were sung, year after year, by the minstrels who walked through England and the continent of Europe.

King Arthur, after he was chosen, set himself to show kindness to all people and to deal justly with all who might dwell within his realm.

Presently, King Arthur founded the famous Order of the Round Table, the members of which took three solemn oaths. The first of

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RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY, WHERE, IT IS THOUGHT BY MANY PEOPLE, KING ARTHUR LIES BURIED

these was that they would always obey the King. The second was that they would always show mercy to any who might ask for it. The third oath required them to defend those who were weaker than themselves.

One old legend relates that King Arthur never died, but that he sailed away one day, when he was much older, in a strange barge. He never returned from this mysterious journey. They say that when he sailed away, he went in response to a call brought by a glittering sword which appeared one evening, just above the surface of some waters near the royal palace.

But whether dead or not, the beautiful spirit of King Arthur, which we know as Chivalry, still lingers on the earth.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Blow, Trumpet, for the World is White"—*Tennyson-Nevin.* (This is called the "Song of King Arthur's Knights.")

QUESTIONS

1. Who was King Arthur, and who was his father?
2. What great sign, of which the legend tells, was thought to prove Arthur's right to the throne? What other sign, does legend say, called King Arthur away?
3. What was the Order of the Round Table?
4. What were the three pledges taken by the Knights of the Round Table?
5. When you hear this music, notice the fanfare of trumpets similar to that of King Arthur's time, used to announce the coming of a royal personage. Do you think this a fine custom?

Music is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful.

—*Plato.*

DAVID AND THE SILVER BELL

MANY, many years ago, there lived near a small mountain village in the land of Wales, a boy named David. David's father and mother were not very rich, and often had many worries about crops and money. At last, they began to raise great herds of the black cattle for which some parts of Wales are still famous. When the cattle were ready to be sold, they would be driven—sometimes for many miles—over the highways to the city, where they would be exchanged for gold that would pay for the clothes and the food that the little family needed.

One day, when David was still very young, his father took sick on the very morning that he was to start to London with the cattle.

"Let me go, father," pleaded David. "I will be careful of them and will bring safely home to you all the gold that is given me."

His father finally consented and David set out over the lonely highway with the great herd of black cattle. It was not hard work, he thought, as he trudged along after the cattle.

Presently, the cattle began to be hungry and strayed away from the road to eat of the green grass that grew along the way.

"I must have a good stout stick," thought David, and so stopped at a hazel-tree that grew by the road and cut from it a long switch. This he used many times, in the course of the long journey, and at last brought the cattle safely into the city where he sold them for a good sum of money.

"Before I go home, I want to see the famous London Bridge, of which the old song tells us," said David to himself, after he had settled for the cattle. Singing softly to himself, "London Bridge Is Falling Down," David sauntered over to old London Bridge. How interesting it all was! David stood for hours watching the people hurry by. There were so many kinds of people, and they carried with them so many kinds of packages. Then, for awhile, he watched the birds, as they fluttered around hoping to be fed by the passersby. The many bells in the towers not far away began to chime, and it was right then that David's real adventure began.

As he was listening to the sweet music of the bells, a stranger who had been watching David for some little time, came closer to him and said, "Where is your home, my young friend?"

David had been told not to talk to strangers, and he was especially suspicious now that his pockets had in them the gold paid him for his father's cattle. So it was not strange that he answered the stranger in a rather short and curt manner.

"In my own land," he said.

"And where might your own land be?" asked the stranger, although he could well tell, by David's speech, that he had come from Wales.

David did not answer.

"Where might your own land be?" asked the stranger again. So David answered him.

"Is that the place from which you brought that stick that you carry?" the stranger asked, for David was still carrying with him the branch of the hazel-tree that he had cut to use in driving the cattle.

David answered that it was.

"Can you remember the exact spot from which you took the stick?" asked the stranger. To which David answered that he was sure that he could.

"Then, my boy," said the stranger, "your good luck has overtaken you. I am a diviner (by which he meant that he was one who could see far into the future and understand many strange things), and if you can take me to the exact spot where you cut that switch, I can make you the richest person in all Wales."

Now, I am sorry to say, that besides being an honest boy, David was also a very greedy one, and this time temptation was very surely going to make it easy for him to be so greedy that he might forget to be strictly honest. So out onto the highway the two new friends hurried. As they walked they talked, and presently, as they grew better acquainted, they even sang together as they went along.

At last, after many hours of walking, they came to the place where David had cut the switch from the hazel-tree.

"This is the place, and this is the exact tree," said David.

"Then we must begin to dig," said the stranger, whose name David still did not know. With pieces of stone and wood that they picked up, and with their bare hands, they both dug, and dug, and dug. At last when they were both becoming very tired, they came to a great flat piece of stone that neither of them could move alone.

"We will lift it together," said the older man. With one big tug they lifted one end of the stone and laid it back onto the earth. To David's great surprise, they had uncovered a flight of narrow stone steps, which seemed to him to be leading down almost to the center of the earth.

"Let us go down and see what we may find," said the stranger, and so he and David descended until they came to a great stone door which was closed against them.

"Are you afraid to go farther?" asked the

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A TYPICAL WELSH COTTAGE

stranger of David, but David was by this time so excited that nothing could have stopped him, so he answered—"I am no coward!" and would have rushed right through the doorway.

"Wait a minute," said the stranger, stopping him. "Now is a time when you must be very careful, for great danger lies before you. As we go through the end of the passageway that lies just behind this stone door, you will see hanging there a great silver bell. It will be hung from the ceiling near the final entrance to a large, well-lighted cave. No matter what shall happen there, David, you must remember one thing. *Don't touch that bell!*"

Then the two went through the doorway and into the passageway that led to the cave. It was just as the stranger had said. There hung, from the low ceiling of the passageway, a large and quaintly carved silver bell, which swung so easily from its chains that a breath of air, David thought, would make it ring. He was very careful as he went by it, and even held the corners of his jacket tightly around him.

What a vision lay before them as they turned into the cave! The walls seemed to be made of pure gold, and from the high ceiling hung brightly shining chains that ended in most unusual ways. Some of them had at their ends shining jewels, which seemed to light the darkness of the cave about them. From others there were suspended great branches of trees, that looked to David as though they had been cut fresh that very morning. Strangest of all was the sight that met his eyes as he looked toward the end of the cave!

There, on a throne-like chair sat a massive figure of a man, who, even in his sleep, clutched tightly in his hand a marvelous silver sword. All about him—lying on the floor, or leaning upon the great round table that was set there before the king—slumbered many brawny knights, most of them were still in armor. Not one of them made a sound, and yet, so certain was David they were but asleep, that he began to tremble violently.

"Do not be afraid," said the stranger kindly, when he saw how the unusual sight was disturbing David. "They are really fast asleep and will not waken or hurt you, unless you happen to touch the bell; but when that rings, you must—if you are here—be perfectly still. When one of the men asks if it is "*the day*," you must answer, quickly and clearly, that it is not. Only thus can you hope to escape."

Just then David chanced to catch sight of the most dazzling sight of all. It was a great pile of gold pieces which lay uncovered in a corner of the room. To reach it, he would have to pass by all of the men, and even come near to the sleeping king—for such David felt the man on the throne to be.

"Oh, may I have some of that gold?" he asked. "Who is that man?" he added, pointing with his finger to the sleeper.

"That, my boy, is the long-famed King Arthur," answered the stranger. "You must remember that there is an old legend which says that King Arthur never died, but is waiting, somewhere where no one ever sees him, for the day to come when Wales will again need him. On that day, he and his warriors will again appear and drive away the enemy of the land."

David looked at the strange scene wonderingly. "Was it really the King of myth and fable, of whom he—and all other boys of England—had always heard?" he thought.

Stronger than his wonder was David's greedy desire for the shining gold pieces. So, stepping carefully and softly, he approached the pile, and kneeling down, proceeded to fill all his pockets and even his cap with the glittering coins. When he had all that he could carry in any way, he came carefully back to the entrance, near which the stranger still stood looking at the scene all about him.

"I am ready to go," said David, for all the world as though he felt it necessary to be in a hurry lest someone should waken and take his new-found riches from him.

"Do not forget about not touching the bell," warned the stranger, as they began to move toward the stairway. Even so, they somehow happened to touch it. At once the bell began to peal. Clear and sweet was the sound, which grew louder and louder, until the cave was filled with the sound of its voice.

Up sprang one of the warriors! *"Is it the day? Oh, King! Is this the day?"*

Quickly the stranger answered: "No, the day has not yet come. Sleep on, brave knight! Sleep on!"

The warrior sank back to his place on the floor, and David and his new friend hastened up the stairway, never stopping to look behind or about them until they had pushed the heavy stone into its place over the stairway.

"Now David," said the man kindly, "go home. Tell no one what you have seen and never come here again. You have enough gold to last you and your family for many years, and you might not escape so fortunately another time."

In a flash the stranger disappeared. When David started to answer and thank him, he was gone.

David picked up his stick and trudged on home, never stopping until he had hidden the gold in a safe place. People wondered for weeks where the family had obtained the money that made them suddenly so rich, then forgot all about it.

David did not forget. "True," he thought, many times, "we have enough money now, but why should I leave all the rest of it in that lonely cave. I might better have it myself."

Thus it was that he went many times, and secretly, to the entrance by the hazel-tree, and digging until he came to the broad flat stone, entered the narrow passageway to the cave, and brought out more of the gold pieces. Each time that he went, he became more greedy to possess all of the pile, and more careless about the great silver bell.

There came a day when David forgot all

about the bell. That was the day on which he took with him a huge sack.

"I shall get it all, today," he said to himself as he left home. "I will not leave one piece."

Down he went into the cave as usual. He filled the great bag, feeling carefully around in the corners of the room to see that he had left nothing behind. The sack was so full and bulged so that he staggered when he tried to lift it to his shoulders. At last he had it balanced, and out he started with never a look behind. Carelessly he hurried through the passageway, only caring that he might reach home with the gold before anyone had seen him.

Poor greedy David! As he staggered along through the narrow passage his bulging sack struck against the silver bell! A long clear peal came from it, and in the twinkling of an eye, one of the warriors was on his feet, calling in a deep loud voice—

"*Has the day come? Oh, mighty King, has the day come?*"

Up started the king, grasping still more tightly his magic sword, and after him, all the other warriors.

Filled with terror, David was unable to say a word, even when he saw them all coming toward him.

"Our gold is gone! Our gold is gone!" shouted one of the men.

"It is a robber! The day has *not* come!" shouted the King.

There was an awful sound as of crashing rocks and groaning timbers! The stone doorway of the cave settled into its place, leaving no way of escape for the greedy boy. . . . And some of the warriors again fell asleep. All was again silent in the cave of King Arthur.

Above and without, on the hillsides of Wales, people hunted for days and for weeks for even one sign of the lost boy. All they ever found was an old shovel which lay near the roadside beneath a hazel-tree. David had vanished never to be seen again.

King Arthur—magic hero of myth and story—and his brave warriors, still wait in slumber the call of the magic bell that shall wake them when comes the day when Wales again needs a fearless leader.

—*Retold from an Old Welsh Folk Tale.*

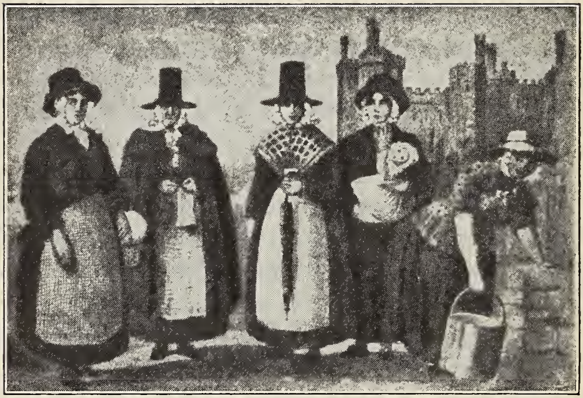
Music to Hear:
"Ash Grove"—*Old Welsh Air.*
"Dream of Rhys"—*Welsh Folk Song.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell the story of David's visit to London.
2. Why did the stranger wish to know if David could remember from where he cut the stick?
3. What musical instrument did David and the stranger find in the cave?
4. What happened when this was struck?
5. Who was the sleeping King supposed to be?

THE THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

THE first day of March is always celebrated as a holiday in Wales. This is the anniversary of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, and on this day, patriotic songs are sung, and children dress in the quaint old costumes worn by Welsh people of olden days.



Quaint Costumes Worn, at One Time, by the Women of Wales

The Three Jovial Welshmen

There were three jovial Welshmen,
  As I have heard them say,

And they would go a-hunting
  Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
  The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house
  With the chimney blown away.

And all night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
  A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
  The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
  With half of it cut away.

And all day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find,
But a hedgehog in a bramble-bush,
  And that they left behind.

The first said 'twas a hedgehog,
  The second he said, nay;

The third it was a pin-cushion,
  With the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
  And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
  The second he said, nay;
The third said it was a calf,
  And the cow had run away.

And all day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find,
But an owl in a holly-tree,
  And that they left behind.

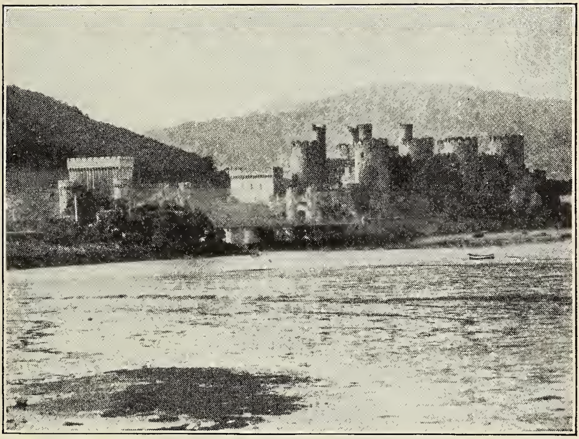
The first said it was an owl,
  The second he said, nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
  And his beard was growing gray.
—*Unknown.*

Music to Hear:
"The Dove"—*Folk Song of Wales.*
"All Through the Night"—*Folk Song of Wales.*

Song dispels worry.
—*Old Proverb.*

A LAND OF SONG

WALES has always been a "land of song." Hundreds of years ago, before America or the New World had been discovered, there existed an order of bards, men who, like the minstrels of England, sang their heroic tales in all parts of the land. These bards were favored visitors in great castles and in humble homes, who, after the feasts were over, entertained their hosts with poetry and song.



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CONWAY CASTLE, IN WALES, WHERE SINGING FESTIVALS WERE OFTEN HELD

In records of the tenth century, which may still be seen, we find some of the laws which gave special rights to the bards. They said:

"In case of fighting, the bard shall play the 'Monarchy of Britain' before the battle. His land shall be free; he shall have a horse from the king. He shall have a harp from the king and a gold ring from the queen, when he is appointed. The harp he shall never part with."

The harp was a favorite musical instrument of all Welsh bards. It is still dear to the Welsh who mention it even in their national anthem. Some of the verses and the chorus, or refrain, run as follows:

LAND OF MY FATHERS

O land of my fathers, the land of the free,
The home of the Telyn* so soothing to me;
Thy noble defenders were gallant and brave—
For freedom their heart's life they gave.

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is in Wales;
Till death be passed by my love shall last,
My longing, my yearning for Wales!

Though slighted and scorned by the proud and
the strong,
The language of Cambria still charms us in
song;

---

* Telyn—harp.

The Awen* survives, nor have envious tales
Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is in Wales;
Till death be passed by my love shall last,
My longing, my yearning for Wales!

The famous marching song of Wales is said to have been composed about five hundred years ago. History tells us that at that time the king of England sent an army against the mighty castle of Harlech in Wales and demanded that its keepers surrender it to him. David Einion, its defender, would not give it up and sent back to the king this bold and fearless message: "I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now all the old women in France shall hear how I defend this castle." He made a long and brave attempt to defend the castle and save it from capture, but in the end he was forced to give up because of lack of food. This song, which is now a national air of Wales, is said to have been composed by the Welsh warriors during the long siege.

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech, march to glory,
Victory is hovering o'er ye,
Bright-eyed freedom stands before ye,
  Hear ye not her call?

---

*Awen—The muse.

At your sloth she seems to wonder,
Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,
Let the war-cry's deafening thunder
Every foe appall.

Echoes loudly waking,
Hill and valley shaking;
Till the sound spreads wide around,
The Saxon's courage breaking;
Your foes on every side assailing,
Forward press with heart unfailing,
Till invaders learn with quailing,
Cambria ne'er can yield.

—*Old Welsh Song.*

Music to Hear:
"The Men of Harlech"—*Welsh Air.*
"Land of My Fathers"—*Welsh National Anthem.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why is Wales called the *land of song?*
2. What instrument is mentioned in this song?
3. Who carried this instrument with him always?
4. Why was he always welcome in great castles and wherever he went?
5. Give the name of a famous marching song of Wales.
6. Tell how this song was composed.

MARCHING MUSIC

MARCHING music has always been very popular. There are military marches, church marches, wedding marches, funeral marches, and other marches which have been written especially for great ceremonies or for occasions of triumph.

Besides these, there is much music written in march rhythm, but which is meant to tell a story rather than to be marched to. Such marches are said to be "idealized" marches, or "art" music.

One of the earliest marching songs of which we know is the famous "March of the Three Kings." This is an old French Christmas Carol which the seventy thousand boys and girls of the Children's Crusade sang, as they marched through France on their way to Jerusalem so long ago.

Soldiers have always sung as they marched, because singing helps to keep everyone cheerful and to march together in step. The most popular of such songs are those which have a swinging rhythm. "The Long, Long Trail," "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and "Over There" are fine examples of such marching songs.

In the Middle Ages, before there were fine military bands and such wonderful instruments as there are now, soldiers always sang, and many of the airs they sang were old folk songs.

A strange story is told of one old marching song, now more than fourteen hundred years old. It was in the sixth century that the Saxons drove the Britons, or Welsh from their ancient homes in what we now call England. A part of the Britons retreated to the mountains of Wales, while others fled across the water to the north of France, where they and their descendants lived for hundreds of years in Brittany.

Several hundred years later, in the year 1758, soldiers from England crossed the English Channel to France and landed at St. Cast in the province of Brittany. The Bretons (which is the name given to the people who live in Brittany) learned that the invaders were coming and sent a large army to drive them back.

As the two armies came in sight of each other, the soldiers of Brittany were amazed at what they heard. A section of the English army, composed of Welsh troops, were singing as they marched, and the song they sang was a marching song of Brittany! The Bretons were so surprised that they forgot they had come to fight and joined in with the enemy in singing the chorus of the old song.

The officers on either side, however, did not forget their duties and ordered the soldiers to

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VILLAGE MUSICIANS IN BRITTANY

fire. Imagine the surprise of both sides when they realized that the orders of the officers had been spoken in the same language! Afraid to fire lest they harm friends, the officers gave the command to the soldiers to lay down their weapons, and then they themselves walked empty-handed toward the center of the field. As they talked, they found that they were all descendants of the same people, the Britons, who had been driven from their homes more than a thousand years before. The marching song that both armies had been singing had been known to the Welshmen all those years as

"Captain Morgan's March," and to the Bretons it was known as "The Battle of St. Cast." The soldiers could not fight against their own people and so, because of the magic of a song, they became fast friends.

There are many other true stories that might be told of marching songs. No story tells more truly of the magical power of music than a story of the old Scottish marching song *The Campbells are Comin'*. The words of this song are very rhythmic, and if you will read the verses aloud, with steady swing, you will find that even without the music, you feel almost as much like marching as when you hear the playing of the Scotch fifes and bagpipes.

The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!
The Campbells are comin', to bonnie Loch
 le-ven;
The Campbells are comin', O-ho! O-ho!

Great Argyle he goes before,
He makes the cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!

The Campbells, they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
With banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho!

Many years ago, in India, there was a terrible and cruel war, known as the Indian Mutiny. During this rebellion Lucknow, one of the oldest cities in India, was the center of the fighting. The soldiers in Lucknow had been besieged by a large number of the natives for many months. At last the soldiers, whose food was nearly gone, were about to give up. Men and women lay starving in the streets. Every line of the city's defences had been taken by the natives, and the soldiers were fighting in the last ditch. Everyone thought that the end had come, when Jennie, an old Scotch woman, whose other name has been forgotten, and who was lying on the ground almost dead from hunger, sud-

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A SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER PLAYING THE BAGPIPES denly raised her head and shouted loudly, "Dinna ye hear the bagpipes? *The Campbells are comin'!*"

The starved and tired soldiers paused for a moment in their fighting to listen, and, far in the distance, thought they could hear the faint *swirl* of the bagpipes and the rhythmic tread of marching men. A moment more, and the music of the Highland bagpipers playing "The Campbells are Comin'" told their delighted countrymen inside the city that help was at hand. The soldiers sprang to the trenches with renewed courage and fought so bravely that they still held the city an hour later when Sir Colin Campbell, the commander-in-chief, marched into Lucknow with his Highland regiment to the tune of the old marching song.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Captain Morgan's Song"—*Welsh Folk Song.*
"The Campbells are Comin'"—*Scottish Air.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name several kinds of marches in music.
2. Which is one of the earliest marching songs of which we know?
3. Mention some marching songs used by soldiers in recent years.
4. Tell of a Welsh marching song. Of a Scottish marching song.
5. How did this Scottish marching song help to save the soldiers in India?
6. What is meant by *rhythm?*

MARCHES THAT TELL A STORY

MANY marches have been written to tell the story of some great battle. One of the finest of these is the "Turkish March" from *The Ruin of Athens* by Beethoven. This march had a strange origin.

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THE PIANO USED BY BEETHOVEN IS STILL TO BE SEEN AT HIS HOUSE IN BONN

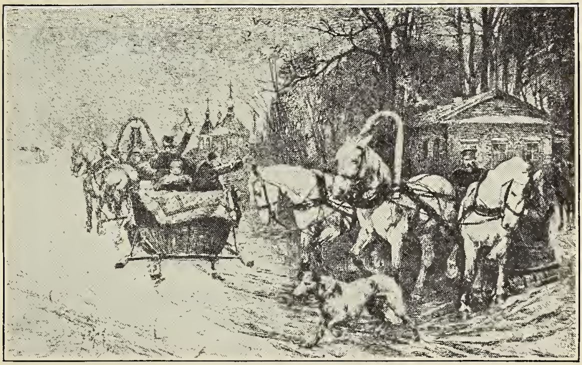
At one time, when Beethoven the great composer was hard at work at his home in Vienna, finishing a set of *Variations* that he was writing, he heard the roar of cannons quite plainly not far from his home. These were the cannons being used by Napoleon who was fighting not many miles away. The roaring sound made such an impression upon Beethoven that he at once wrote a march-like tune and put it into the music which he was writing.

About two years after this, Beethoven was asked to write some music for a drama called *The Ruin of Athens*. This drama told of the war fought between Greece and Turkey during the years 1821 to 1829. During this war, the beautiful city of Athens was captured and occupied by the Turks.

When Beethoven began to write the music for this drama, he thought at once of the march-melody that he had included in his set of *Variations*. He took it out again and rewrote it, this time making a stirring oriental march out of it. As Beethoven arranged the music, it was written to be played by an orchestra.

One cannot listen to the music of *The Ruins of Athens,* better known as "Turkish March," without noticing the steady beat of the Turkish drums as they keep time to the marching feet of the soldiers. As it is usually played, it suggests first of all the roll of the drums. Then we can hear the marching soldiers, the music becoming gradually louder as the imaginary army comes closer and closer. Then we seem to hear the soldiers marching by right before us, after which the music grows softer and softer as the soldiers march away in the distance.

Not very many years later, Anton Rubinstein, a famous Russian composer and pianist, heard this music for the first time. He liked Beethoven's march-melody so well that he made it over or rearranged it into a piano solo and played it in many hundreds of concerts all over the world.



A WINTER SCENE IN RUSSIA

Another great "idealized" march which was suggested by a war is the very wonderful "Marche Slave" by Peter Tschaikowsky. This march is often played by great symphony orchestras.

Over fifty years ago, a great concert was held in the city of St. Petersburg (Leningrad) to raise money to help care for wounded Russian soldiers. Nicholas Rubinstein who was a brother of the great pianist, Anton Rubinstein, was in charge of this concert and made all the plans for it. One of the first things that he did in planning for the concert was to ask Tschaikowsky to write something new for the orchestra to play. The composition that he wrote was this splendid "Marche Slave."

In "Marche Slave," Tschaikowsky used old Russian folk songs as themes, just as he had done when he wrote the "Overture 1812" and the beautiful "Andante Cantabile." The "Marche" begins with a slow and dismal chant, played by the bassoons and double-basses of the orchestra. This is followed by a jolly Russian folk song, played by first one and then by another instrument, and finally by the whole orchestra. Later in the "Marche," the old national anthem is played, bringing the composition to a triumphal close.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Ruin of Athens"—*Beethoven-Rubinstein.*
"Marche Slave"—*Tschaikowsky.*
"Overture 1812"—*Tschaikowsky.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who composed *The Ruin of Athens?*
2. What story does this music tell?
3. Tell how Beethoven came to write this music.
4. What instruments can one hear in this music?

5. Who rearranged this music for the piano?

6. Give the name of a famous Russian composer mentioned in this story.

7. What great march did he write?

8. For what purpose did he write it?

9. Name several instruments heard in the "Marche Slave."

10. Tell what you know of this march.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

The shepherd boy a kingdom rules,
An emerald hill his throne;
Crown'd with golden sunshine,
He reigneth there alone.

His goats, court-players are;
Each wears a tinkling bell,
And the birds' sweet pipings,
A royal concert tell.

And the piping and the bells,
With the brook's soft rhymes,
Lull the drowsy king to sleep,
While gently nod the pines.

—*Heine.*

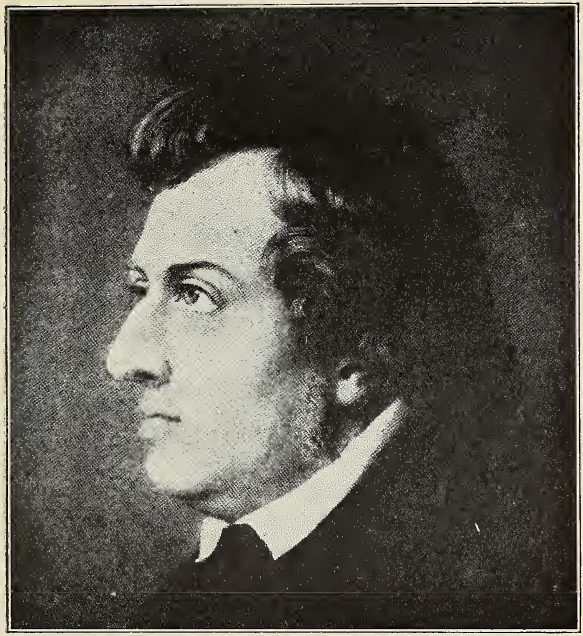
FAMOUS FUNERAL MARCHES

IN very early times, marches were always thought of as a part of war. Even before there were many instruments upon which to play, warriors used drums to excite soldiers who were about to go to war, or to help them march on their way.

After a time, it came to be that there were gay marches to be sung as the warriors came home victorious, or sad ones to be sung at a time of death or great sorrow. It is from these early mourning songs that the idea of a funeral march first came.

Presently, great composers came to write famous funeral marches. One of the greatest of these is the "Dead March" by Handel. This march is a part of Handel's first oratorio, "Saul," and has been played, during the many years since it was written, at the funerals of some of the most famous men and women of the world. Beethoven also wrote a "Funeral March" as a part of his Sonata, Opus 26, and it is very solemn, beautiful music.

Probably the best known funeral march in the world is the one written by François Chopin, the famous Polish composer. This music was written for the piano but is very often played



Brown's Famous Pictures

CHOPIN, THE GREAT COMPOSER AND PIANIST

by a military band. As it is so often played by itself, many people do not know that it is one of the parts of a sonata. When played by a military band, it is often accompanied by beatings on a muffled drum. This suggests the tramp of feet, but not in the gay, stirring way that is suggested by the drums in "The Ruin of Athens" march. In the middle of the "Funeral

March" is a quiet but beautiful song-like melody. This melody is said to be one of the sweetest and yet saddest melodies ever written. When a band plays this air, the trumpet and the cornet play it in a lower octave. One octave, or eight tones, above them, the same air is played by the clarinets. Still another octave higher, the same air is played by the shrill piccolos. Anyone who has ever heard this music played in this way by a marching band is sure to be thrilled by it and will never forget it.

—H. G. K.

Music to Hear:
Dead March from "Saul"—*Handel.*
"Funeral March" from Sonata, Opus 35—*Chopin.*

QUESTIONS

1. For what was march music first used?
2. Name three great composers who have written beautiful funeral marches.
3. Of what great oratorio is one of these a part?
4. Which of these funeral marches is the most famous?
5. When played by a band, what instruments play its melody in a lower octave?
6. What instruments play the melody in a higher octave?
7. What instruments play it in the highest octave?
8. How, in your opinion, does this add to the effect of the music upon the hearers?

WEDDING MARCHES

OF wedding marches, there are two which are best known and most often played or heard. These are the "Wedding March" from Mendelssohn's fairy opera, *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and the "Bridal Chorus" from the opera, *Lohengrin,* by Richard Wagner.

The play for which Mendelssohn wrote the music of his opera is Shakespeare's and is in itself a fairy play. It was not written, as were most of Shakespeare's other plays, for the public stage but was written for the fête or festival which was a part of the wedding of the Earl of Derby. It was afterward, of course, given to the public. Music was an important part of the play itself, even before it was made into an opera. Toward the close of the play *Oberon, the King of the Fairies,* and *Titania, Queen of the Fairies,* come upon the stage with their fairy followers, saying:

Oberon: Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania: First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Mendelssohn wrote the music for the opera about two hundred fifty years after the play was written. With the exception of the Overture, which he wrote when he was but a young boy and played for his father's friends in his father's garden house, the whole opera was written in 1843. It was finished in the latter part of July and was first performed in September. Only a small orchestra of six first and six second violins accompanied the singers at that first perform-

VILLAGERS IN BRITTANY DANCING ON MARRYING DAY ance, but parts for a larger orchestra were soon written. Everyone who heard the music joined in its praise. The two favorite parts of it were the "Overture" and the fairy "Wedding March."

Richard Wagner wrote both the words and the music of the opera, "Lohengrin," in which a stirring story is told of a knight in shining armor, who arrives at the Court in a boat drawn by a swan. Once at Court, the knight defends *Elsa*, the heroine of the opera, in battle. After he has won the victory, he is wedded to her. The singing of the "Bridal Chorus" is an important

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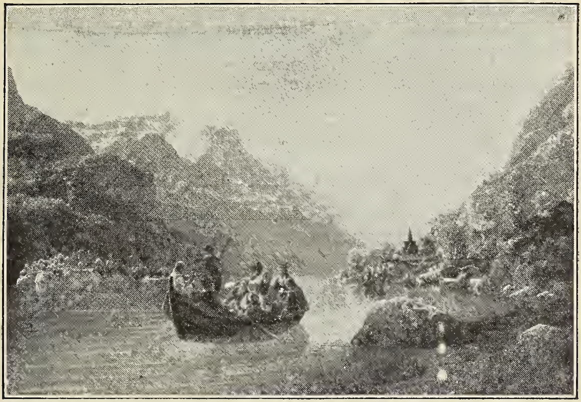
MARRYING DAY AT PLOUGASTEL, BRITTANY

part of the court wedding festivities. The music is now often played, but not sung at weddings.

Still another famous wedding march is the piece of music called "Norwegian Bridal Procession," written by Edward Grieg. This is a piece of music written *about* a wedding and not music intended to be played at such a ceremony. It is a musical picture of home life and wedding customs of Norway. In Norway, more than in almost any other country of Europe, we may still see many of the old-time picturesque costumes and customs of early wedding days. In many parts of the country, the wedding party and all of the guests go to the church service by boat. When this is done, those in the first, or "lead" boat, often start singing. Then the people in the boats behind them take up the songs and the wedding procession is really a procession of music. When the trip to the church is made on land, the wedding party often goes on foot. The little procession is led by the village musicians, usually a group of fiddlers.

In Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession," a story of a procession by land is told. The listener may imagine that he is sitting on the grass by the side of a country road. Suddenly he hears, away in the distance, a soft strain of music, so far away that probably very little more than the steady beating of the drums and the rhythm of the simple tune can be heard.



Courtesy American-Scandinavian Foundation

A BRIDAL PROCESSION IN NORWAY

This simple tune is repeated many times. The procession, and the people who are singing and playing the song are gradually coming nearer and nearer, so the melody is heard more clearly. As the procession comes into sight, the music seems to grow louder and clearer at the same time. Presently the musicians and the bride and groom with all their friends go right by, and the listener can hear the instruments very plainly. Then after a little, the procession moves away in the distance, as it goes on its way to the country church. The music grows gradually softer and softer until at last it seems to die away entirely.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Wedding March" from "Midsummer Night's Dream"—*Felix Mendelssohn.*

"Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin"—*Richard Wagner.*

"Norwegian Bridal Procession"—*Edward Grieg.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name five kinds of marching music. Give an example of each.
2. Name at least two marching songs, and tell a story connected with each.
3. What famous march includes folk songs and the national hymn of a European nation? Who wrote it?
4. Why were marching songs so often used in the Middle Ages?
5. Name three composers who have written special wedding marches. Which composer wrote music *about* a wedding?
6. Describe the customs in Norway, in regard to a wedding procession. How can music suggest the marching of a procession?
7. Which is your favorite of all marches? Why?

He who composes great music is the equal of him who writes great works: Beethoven, Handel, and Wagner are worthy compeers of Shakespeare, Milton, and Burns.

—*Andrew Carnegie.*

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

ONE day, while Antonio a little old carpenter was working in his shop in Italy, he picked up a square piece of wood that he needed to make a new leg for a table. Just as he lifted the ax to begin chopping it into shape, he heard a tiny voice that seemed to come out of the wood itself. It said, "Please do not hit me so hard!"

Antonio looked all about him, but he could not see anyone in the room, so he started to chop the piece of wood again. Just then, Geppeto, the maker of marionettes, came to visit Antonio. The talkative piece of wood teased both the old men, saying first one thing and then another—which each of the old men thought was being said by the other—until they grew very angry with each other.

When Geppeto went home, he took with him the piece of wood that Antonio had given him. There he carved it into a fine wooden marionette and called it Pinocchio. Pinocchio was a very lively marionette. He ran away from home and stayed out of school without telling Geppeto. Then he sold his book for four pennies with which to buy a ticket into the "Grand Theatre of Marionettes."

THE ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

Harlequin and Pulcinello are two marionettes who have quarreled. Harlequin is beating Pulcinello with a stick.

HARLEQUIN (*stops reciting his part to point toward the rear of the theatre*). Look! Look! Who is that standing there? Am I awake or am I dreaming?

PULCINELLO. Who is it that you see?

HARLEQUIN. It is Pinocchio!

PULCINELLO. It *is* Pinocchio!

ROSA (*screaming loudly*). It is! It is!

ALL THE MARIONETTES (*jumping about on the stage*). It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!

HARLEQUIN. Pinocchio, come up here to me. Come and join your wooden brothers!

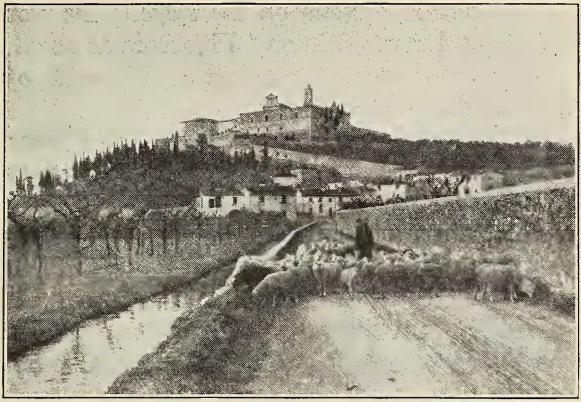
(*Pinocchio rushes up to the stage and all the marionettes crowd about him. There are shrill shrieks of joy, warm embraces, and many friendly greetings.*)

THE AUDIENCE (*which is becoming impatient*). We want the play!

(*The marionettes do not pay any attention to the audience but take Pinocchio on their shoulders and carry him about the stage.*)

THE MARIONETTES. Hurrah for Pinocchio! Hurrah for Pinocchio!

(*All the marionettes are suddenly motionless and silent. The Director comes on the stage and looks very sternly at Pinocchio.*)



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A BEAUTIFUL SCENE IN ITALY

THE DIRECTOR. What do you mean by coming here and making all this excitement in my theatre?

PINOCCHIO. Believe me, most esteemed sir, the fault is not mine!

THE DIRECTOR. Enough from you! Do not say another word! I will settle you very soon! (*The marionettes go on with the play.*)

THE DIRECTOR (*who has gone back to the kitchen behind the stage but who can still be heard by the audience*). Harlequin! Pulcinello! I have no wood for my fire! Bring me the strange marionette. He looks as though he were made of a fine piece of wood. I am sure he would make a good fire and a warm one. (*Harlequin* *and Pulcinello hesitate on the stage.*) Do you hear what I say? Bring me Pinocchio at once!

(*Harlequin and Pulcinello drag Pinocchio off the stage toward the kitchen.*)

PINOCCHIO (*heard from the wings*). Oh, Father, dear Father, save me! I don't want to be burned!

THE MARIONETTES (*who huddle about on the stage*). Poor Pinocchio! Poor Pinocchio! If only the Director had not found him here!

THE DIRECTOR (*who is really not so cross, but who wishes to frighten Pinocchio*). So you do not wish to be burned! Well, I will not burn you tonight, only promise me Pinocchio that you will never again disturb my players.

PINOCCHIO (*who gladly promises*). Then I am free?

THE DIRECTOR. Yes, you are free.

THE MARIONETTES (*on the stage*). Pinocchio is free! Pinocchio is free!

HARLEQUIN (*rushing back to the stage with Pinocchio*). Light all the candles!

PULCINELLO (*who follows them to the stage*). Let's have some music!

(*As the lights are all lit, the orchestra leader starts the music.*)

ALL THE MARIONETTES. Hurrah for Pinocchio! Hurrah for Pinocchio! (*They all begin to dance and sing, and the play is forgotten.*)

—*From "Pinocchio" by C. Collodi* (Adapted).

Music to Hear:
"The Dancing Doll"—*Poldini.*
"Funeral March of a Marionette"—*Gounod.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is the name of the marionette in the story?
2. What are the shows given by these marionettes called?
3. How does Pinocchio nearly lose his life?
4. What is a favorite pastime of boys and girls in Italy?
5. How is the movement of a marionette, or wooden doll, suggested in the music?

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet or sad
As we choose to fashion the measure;
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.
—*Selected.*

WHAT IS AN ART SONG?

THERE are many kinds of songs. The oldest kind is the *folk song.* People of every land have loved and sung their folk songs for many hundreds of years longer than there have been printed books or music. Folks songs are nearly always short. Some of them, like the song "On the Bridge at Avignon," have not only been sung but also have been danced. Such songs are called folk dances, also.

Many people, especially in England, often sang and played *singing games.* Two of the favorite singing games were *London Bridge* and *Round and Round the Mulberry Bush.*

Besides the folk songs and the singing games, the people of early days had *ballads.* These were longer songs which were sung in different parts of Europe by the wandering minstrels. Strange stories of kings and queens, as well as legends and history, were woven into these ballads. Such ballads were sung about Robin Hood and his Merry Men, about King Arthur, and about many other brave heroes of old.

Following folk songs, singing games, and ballads, the singers of the old world began to sing "composed songs." By "composed songs" is meant songs especially written by men who have been trained in the art of music. Most of these earliest composed songs were written almost entirely for the singer. The only accompaniment added, after the part for the voice was completed, was a very simple set of chords for the minstrel to play on his guitar or harp.

Presently, the great composers began to write still longer songs. When the first oratorios and operas were written, many parts of them were written to be sung by choruses or groups of people. The parts written to be sung by single voices were then called *arias,* or *airs.* But even in these larger pieces of music, the accompaniments were still very simple, and would not have sounded very complete or beautiful if they had been played alone without the melody of the song.

An *art song* differs from all these songs. In a folk song or a ballad, all the verses are sung to the same tune or melody, no matter what the words of each verse may tell about. There is no attempt made to have the music help tell the story of the song. In an art song, each line of the music is composed to help tell what the words tell. The music must correspond to the meaning of the words of the song, whatever that may happen to be.

The accompaniment of an art song is not just a series of simple chords like those played by the wandering minstrels on their simple harps.

Instead, the accompaniment of an art song is similar to the tune or melody of the song and is said to be *composed throughout.* This means that the accompaniment is so written as to tell the story of the song as completely as do the words. Sometimes the main melody is even taken away from the singer and given to the accompanist. For that moment the singer sings a less important air.

Franz Schubert was one of the greatest composers of art songs. His song, *The Erl King,* is said to be the greatest art song ever written. The accompaniment of "Whither" or "The Brooklet," another art song written by Schubert, very clearly suggests the never-ending murmuring of the shallow water of a brooklet as it ripples along over its stony bed. The words of the poem, for which Schubert wrote his song, tell of the murmuring of a little stream of water which was so clear and beautiful that a wanderer who was passing by turned from his path and followed the brooklet instead.

"I heard a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;

But I felt I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim stave;"

As the water in the little brook goes on without stopping, so does the rippling accompaniment which Schubert has written to these lines,

"Downward and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside;
While ever fresher murmured
And clearer ran the tide."

Then the wanderer asks a question of the brooklet:

"Is this the way I was going?
Whither, O Brooklet, say!
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
My senses charmed away.

This verse suggests that the wanderer thinks the little song of the brook to be so sweet and charming that water nymphs must be the singers.

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays to me."

"Let them sing, my friend, and wander
And murmur merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear."

The rippling accompaniment which Schubert has written is so perfect an imitation of the murmuring of the waters that anyone who has read the verses could pick out the song at the first hearing, if three or four songs were played and neither words nor names were given to any of them.

Among the best art songs written by American composers, one should be sure to hear "Will o' the Wisp" by Charles Gilbert Spross and "The Boat Song" by Harriet Ware.

The *Will o' the Wisp* describes the will o' the wisp which is something that is never caught and is only seen at night. It tells how the swift "dancing light" leads to "fairy rings 'neath a forest tree," or to a land where one "never again sees the light of day." Each bit of the music exactly fits these words of the poem, and the bright dainty staccato accompaniment which dashes quickly about—as does a will o' the wisp or a firefly—completes the story.

The Boat Song is a very different kind of a song. This song is sung *to* the little boat instead of *about* it. The singer asks it where it will take him "all on a summer's day,"

"Where will you take me, little boat,*
All on a summer's day?
Shall I dream, and let you float,
Whither away?

---

* Used by the courteous permission of the composer and of The John Church Company.

Carry me down the rippling tide,
Where waterlilies bend and bide;
Take me whither the song birds hide,
All on a summer's day.
Oh, I am dreaming, little boat,
Rock me to sleep, and float, and float;
Far away sounds a feathered throat,
All on a summer's day!"

The singer then tells of the nodding grasses, the flowing waters, the blowing breezes, and the fleecy clouds that "sail to and fro." When you read the poem or hear it sung, you will notice that the words *are very musical* and that they seem *to sway* with rhythm.

In the song, this rhythmic sway is increased by the addition of a beautiful *swaying* accompaniment. Miss Ware, the composer of the song, lived in the East, quite near the Atlantic Ocean, when she wrote this charming song. She was asked, one day, if the waving and swaying of the song's accompaniment had been written in imitation of the surge of the ocean's waves, which she saw every day from the windows of her home. To the great surprise of those who had asked this question, she replied that the swaying and waving motion of the accompaniment had been suggested to her by the waving and restless motion of great fields of wheat, as a breeze passed over them. She had often watched such waving fields when she was a child in Iowa and Illinois. When she came to write the song she thought of them, instead of real waves of water.

There are some art songs so written that the story is told, not only by the words and the musical accompaniment that has been written by the composer, but also in part by an *obbligato* or independent solo accompaniment that is played by still another musical instrument. An *obbligato* is a necessary part in any song for which it is written.

Two beautiful art songs by Sir Henry Bishop, which tell of birds and their sweet songs, are both written with flute *obbligato*. These two songs are *Lo, Here the Gentle Lark,* the words of which were written by William Shakespeare, and *Pretty Mocking Bird,* the words of which were written by Morton. Both of these songs are delicately ornamented by many brilliant trills and runs.

In both of these songs, the voice of the singer and the voice of the flute alternate. The singer tells of the birds, and the charming music of the flute completes the story by imitating the bird songs. In *Lo, Here the Gentle Lark,* the flute imitates the song of the lark as it leaves its grassy nest near the ground and begins its morning flight into the sky. In *Pretty Mocking Bird,* the singer speaks the words, "Pretty mocking bird I hear," and the flute follows with the mocking bird's song.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Will o' the Wisp"—*Spross.*
"Boat Song"—*Harriet Ware.*
"Lo, Here the Gentle Lark—*Shakespeare-Bishop.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name five kinds of songs.
2. How is an art song different from all the other kinds?
3. Name a famous composer of art songs and two art songs written by him.
4. What is meant by *composed throughout?*
5. What is an *obbligato?*
6. What musical instrument is most appropriate for use in playing an *obbligato* which imitates the singing of birds? Why?

Listen attentively to all folk-songs; these are a treasure of lovely melodies, and will teach you the characteristics of different nations.

—*Robert Schumann.*

Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master hand alone can reach.

—*Pope.*

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
  I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
  But I go on forever.

—*Lord Tennyson.*

Music to Hear:
  "The Brook"—*Tennyson-Dolores.*

A STORY OF A JOYFUL SONG

MANY years ago, the great English poet, Robert Browning, wrote a story about a town in sunny Italy.

The name of this town, which was sometimes called the "City of Silk," was Asola. Here all day, the great wheels in the mills turned round and round, making silk cloth. There were so many of these mills and so many wheels in each of them that most of the men and women who lived in Asola were needed to tend them, and the *hum, hum,* of the wheels could be heard in the streets by day and by night.

Even the little children who lived in Asola helped with the silk. The bigger boys and girls would thread upon the bobbins or would help at the looms. The boys and girls who were too little to help, even in these ways, would often leave their play to come to the windows of the mills and look at the whirling wheels and listen to their loud humming. Sometimes they would sing quaint folk songs in time to the turning wheels.

Whenever it happened that they saw ladies walking on their streets or passing in carriages, dressed in silk, they would say to each other proudly, "That silk was made in our own mill in Asola."

Browning tells of a girl named Pippa in his story. Pippa worked every day in the mills, winding silk on the whirling spools.

Once a year the people who worked in the mills were given a whole day's holiday. Pippa dreamed for days beforehand of this great event, and when the great day finally came, she was very happy. She forgot that people might be listening to her as she went through the streets of the town, singing. Her song was so full of joy, says the poet, that wherever she passed, people stopped their games or their work to listen. A sad poet heard the song and was made happy again. Children danced in the streets when they heard her. Lame people felt so strong, after they heard the song, that they tried to walk, and the blind stopped their complaining.

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH
AN AMERICAN COMPOSER

Best of all, Pippa's song floated far outside the village, and as the words were heard by some men gathered on the old castle wall, they were inspired to do a great and noble deed.

When you have read the words of the song which Pippa sang, as she passed through the Italian town, you will be able to understand how happy she was and why others were made happy by hearing her.

Here are the words of Pippa's song, as Browning wrote them:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled·
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

Many years after the words were written, a noted American composer, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, promised to write a song for a program to be given by the Browning Club in Boston, her home city.

One evening, Mrs. Beach, who had been visiting friends in New York City, took the evening train for Boston. As the train left and began to speed along through lower New York City into Connecticut, Mrs. Beach sat looking from the car window. She was thinking of many things. Suddenly, as she herself tells, the thought of the song which she had promised to write came to her mind.

As she watched the shadows gathering, and lights beginning to show in the windows of houses in the villages past which the train was speeding, she repeated the words of Pippa's song over again to herself,

> "The year's at the spring,
> And day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven;
> The hillside's dew-pearled;"

The words kept time to the motion of the train and the rhythmic clicking of the car wheels on the rails. Then a melody began to add itself to the words, and by the time she reached Boston, a few hours later, the song which we know as "The Year's at the Spring" was all finished except for writing it down.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Year's at the Spring"—*Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.*

QUESTIONS

1. What happened when the people of the village heard Pippa singing her song?
2. Why was Asola called a "City of Silk"?
3. What American composer set this poem to music?
4. What suggested the rhythm to the composer?

A GHOST STORY TOLD IN MUSIC

THERE is an old legend of the middle ages which tells of a curious carnival or dance which was said to take place each Halloween.

Halloween, as you know, is a time at which ghosts and other weird people are supposed to be seen. This old legend tells that at midnight, on every Halloween, all the ghosts leave their graves and hold a wild dance in the cemetery. This party, and all of the weird music and the dancing which are a part of it, continues until morning, when, just as the cock crows, the ghosts all vanish into their tombs to sleep for another year.

This strange ghost story has been told for hundreds of years and in many different ways. At first it was told as a simple folk story before the days of printing, one person learning it from another by hearing it told. Then old-time artists began to paint the story and pictures of it may be seen in several of the art galleries of Europe. Poets also told the tale in verse.

However, the most interesting way of hearing this superstitious old tale is to hear it in music as it is told by Camille Saint-Saëns, the noted French composer, in his "Poem for

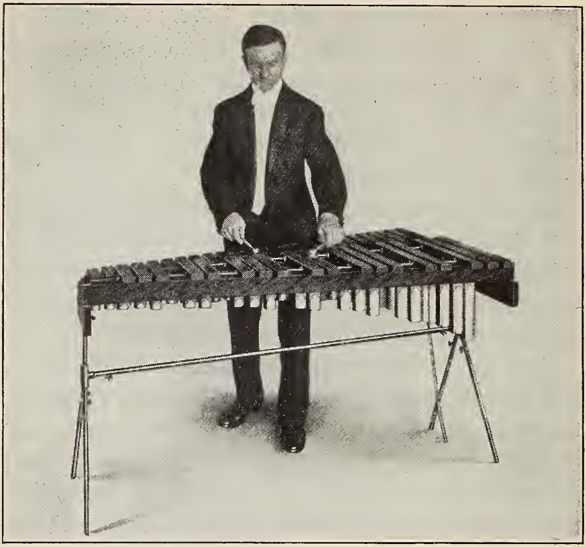
Orchestra" which is called "Danse Macabre" or the "Dance of Death." The composer has used all the instruments of the orchestra in the music so as to produce ghostly effects.

Such music is called "program" music because it tells a story.

In the opening measures of this music we can hear the church bells in the steeples as they toll out the hour of midnight. Immediately at the close of the tolling, the figure of Death appears and begins to tune his fiddle.

A violin is always supposed to be tuned to *A*, but in this piece of music Death very carefully tunes his fiddle "out of tune" by tuning the strings—not to *A*, then to the *D* below it, and so on—but to *A-flat* and *D*. This is one of the first ghostly things done in this music. Then Death raps on a gravestone as though to wake all the sleepers, and, as they come out of their graves, he begins to play.

The skeletons begin to dance, and the rattling of their bones is heard. This rattling sound is made in the orchestra by the xylophone which was at that time a curious instrument made out of plates of wood laid upon bands of straw. This instrument which was played by being struck with two small hammers was sometimes called a "straw-fiddle." It was often played by peasants of Russia, France, and Germany. Its tone quality clearly suggested the rattling of



Courtesy Victor Talking Machine Company

THE XYLOPHONE

dry bones.* It is said that Saint-Saëns' introduction of the xylophone into his "Danse Macabre" was the first time that the instrument had ever been used as a first class orchestral instrument in a serious piece of music.

The dance music is written as a waltz, and the tune or theme is that of a very old hymn called the "Hymn of Death."

On and on the ghosts dance, and all the time

*Instruments known as xylophones are sometimes made with steel bars, but the real xylophone consists of a series of wooden bars of different lengths.

the music keeps growing faster and faster and wilder, when suddenly—just at the first peep of dawn—there is a sudden silence. A cock is heard crowing very faintly, as if away off in the distance. This cock-crowing (which in the orchestra is played on the oboe) is a signal to Death and all the ghosts that they must disappear.

"Now crows the cock with feathers red;
Back to the earth must go all the dead."*

As the ghosts disappear, the church bells are heard striking the hour. A moment later, all the ghosts have vanished beneath their tombstones, there to sleep for another year.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Danse Macabre" (Dance of Death)—*Camille Saint-Saëns.*
'Valse Triste"—*Jan Sibelius.* (This is another composition for orchestra that tells a story of ghostly dancers.)

QUESTIONS

1. Tell of at least four ways in which the legend of the Ghosts' Dance on Halloween has been told.
2. By whom has it been told in music?
3. What is the name of this composition? By what group of musicians is it played?
4. What is the nationality of this composer?
5. What orchestral instrument was used for the first time, in the "Danse Macabre," as a first-class

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*From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

instrument in a symphony orchestra, rather than just as an instrument of percussion?

6. For what purpose was it used?

7. What was the effect of tuning the violins to *A flat* and *D* instead of to *A* and then to *D?* How has Saint-Saëns effectively used it in this composition?

8. What composition by another composer tells a similar story?

I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play.

—*Browning.*

Every day that we spend without learning something is a day lost.

—*Beethoven.*

He who would do a great thing well must first have done the simplest thing perfectly.

—*Cady.*

Of all the arts, music is the one which most influences us, and which the lawmakers ought the most to encourage.

—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

A FAMOUS FRENCH COMPOSER

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS was a Frenchman who lived a long and useful life. Many times during his life he traveled to all parts of Europe, Africa, and the United States, where he not only gave piano recitals but also conducted great symphony orchestras.

Like many other great musicians, Saint-Saëns began to show a liking for music when he was very young. Many of his relatives were musicians, and the little boy would sit for hours listening to them play or sing. His uncle who was an artist was so fond of music that he built a small organ in his home with his own hands. Upon this instrument, the young musician often played, his first music lessons having been given him by his mother and his aunt.

In writing about his love for music, Saint Saëns said: "Not only did I love music, but every sound that was to be heard. I would, when I was very little, listen to every noise. I would open and close doors to make them creak and would often "plant" myself in front of clocks to hear them strike. When they had struck, I could then name the pitch they had sounded and would hurry and play the corresponding key on my little piano."

It was Saint-Saëns who wrote the very popular little classic called "The Swan." This short piece, which has been arranged as a solo for almost every instrument of the orchestra, as well as for duet and trio, was one of a set of short pieces called *The Carnival of the Animals.* Each short piece from this suite is a musical description of some animal, but "The Swan" is, in all ways, the most beautiful of the pieces. When played as a solo, "The Swan" has a beautiful singing melody and rippling harp-like accompaniment that suggests the rippling of waters.

Of the many compositions by Saint-Saëns, a great favorite with many people is the "Bacchanale," a wild Oriental dance which is a part of the last act of his opera, *Samson and Delila.* This opera tells in music the story of Samson, the strong man. Samson had been captured by the Philistines who were enemies of his people. For many days after they had taken him prisoner, the Philistines tried in many ways to learn the secret of his great strength. At last, he foolishly told Delila, whom he loved, that if his long hair were cut off he would become as weak as other men. She told Samson's secret to the Philistines. When he had fallen asleep, the Philistines crept in and cut off his long locks of hair, and when Samson awoke his strength was gone. Then his enemies put out his eyes.

One day the Philistines held a great festival in their heathen temple. The great building was filled with people, and as a further insult to Samson they brought him into the temple and tormented him. He was chained to two of the great pillars of the temple. While his enemies were taking part in a wild pagan dance, Samson prayed for a return of his strength so that he might avenge himself on the Philistines. His request was granted. Samson exerted his strength "and the house fell upon all the people that were therein."

Thus Samson and all his enemies were destroyed at one stroke. The "Bacchanale" which tells of the wild dance in the temple has for its theme a real oriental melody and ends in a wild frenzy of sound as the temple is destroyed.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Swan"—*Saint-Saëns.*
"Bacchanale" from the opera "Samson and Delila"—*Saint-Saëns.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name a suite of pieces by this French composer, and describe one of the compositions which is a part of the suite.

2. Tell of an opera by Saint-Saëns. From what source did the composer take the story upon which the opera is founded?

3. How does the composer bring the opera to a close?

THE "ERL KING"

A VERY old German legend tells of a race which a father and his sick son have with the Demon of Death.

The Demon of Death was known as the Erl King, in those early days. The father mounted on his big black horse, with his sick son in his arms, is hurrying to town in the dead of night through the dark and shadowy forest, in the hopes of finding a doctor. In this poem, Goethe has told the story of this terrible race.

THE ERL KING

SPECTATOR:
Who rides by night in the tempest wild?
It is the fond father with his child;
He holdeth the boy close in his arm,
He clasps him firmly, he keeps him warm.
FATHER:
"Why hidest thou, child, thy face with fear?"—
THE CHILD:
"See'st thou not, father, the Erl King near?—
The Erl King, with his crown and train?"—
FATHER:
"My son, 'tis the fog hanging o'er the plain."

THE ERL KING:
"Thou sweet, dear child, come go with me!
Such pretty games will I play with thee;
The banks with sweet flowers are blooming there,
My mother hath many gold robes to wear."
THE CHILD:
"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erl King is whispering in my ear?"
FATHER:
"Fear nothing, fear nothing, my darling boy;
'Tis the winds which the withering branches toy."—
THE ERL KING:
"O wilt thou, fair boy, go along with me?
My daughters shall prettily wait upon thee;
In the revels of midnight dances they sweep.
They'll rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep."—
THE CHILD:
"Dear father, dear father, oh see'st thou not
The Erl King's daughters in yonder dark spot?"
FATHER:
"My son, my son, as clear as by day,
I see the old willow trees glimmering so grey."
THE ERL KING:
"I love thee, with rapture thy face I survey;
And if thou'rt not willing, I'll tear thee away."

THE CHILD:
"O father! O father! He's seizing my arm!
O save me! The Erl King will do me much harm!"

SPECTATOR:
The father rides swiftly in doubt and alarm,
He holds the sobbing child close in his arm.
He reaches the house with fear and with dread:—
Alas! in his arms his child is dead!

Many years later, the great Franz Schubert set this poem to music, making it into a song which is said to be the greatest art song ever written.

When Franz Schubert was only eleven years old, he began to sing in the Emperor's choir. There he showed such talent that he was given a place in the Emperor's Imperial School, in which the boys sang each day. He also played much good music in the school orchestra. One of his friends at this school was a boy named Spaun, and it was he who told in his diary of how the *Erl King* came to be written. One day, several years after Schubert had finished school, although he was but eighteen years old, this friend Spaun went to visit him. That night Spaun wrote in his diary:

"I went to see Schubert this afternoon and found Franz in his room in a very wild state of excitement over Goethe's ballad of the Erl

King, which he had just seen for the first time. He had only read it through a time or so when he became inspired with a longing to set it to music, and he was still pouring it (the music) down on paper when I arrived. Indeed, it was already entirely done but a bit of filling in of the accompaniment. And all of this had taken less than one hour!"

That evening the two friends took the song over to the Imperial School, where all the boys played and sang it many times. They were fascinated as much by the marvelous accompaniment which Schubert had written as by the melody to which he had set the words. For introduction he had written a series of octaves and chords to suggest the galloping of a horse.

A different and particular kind of accompaniment is written for the voices of the Spectator, the Father, the Child, and the Erl King.

The song was later sung in a concert in Vienna, and it became so well liked that Schubert's friends joined together to raise enough money to have it printed. At the next public concert the song was sung again, and at an auction that followed one hundred copies of it were sold! From that time on, everyone admitted that the young Franz Schubert was one of the greatest composers that the world had ever known, and that the *Erl King* was the world's finest *art song*. —*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Erl King"—*Franz Schubert.*

QUESTIONS

1. What old German legend is told in the art song "The Erl King"?
2. By whom was it set to music?
3. Tell what you know of this composer's life.
4. What four characters speak in this song?
5. Listen to the singing of this art song several times, and read the poem at the same time, silently. How has the composer, through the piano accompaniment, suggested the different voices of the characters in the old legend?
6. Tell how the song came to be written.
7. How long did the composer take to write it?
8. Where was *The Erl King* first sung? How was it first published?

Let not a day pass, if possible, without having heard some fine music, read a noble poem, or seen a beautiful picture.

—*Goethe.*

Music is fundamental—one of the greatest sources of life, health, strength, and happiness.

—*Luther Burbank.*

A YOUNG MUSICIAN AND HIS SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD, a French composer who has written many songs, operas, and pieces of instrumental music to which we love to listen, was born in the city of Paris. The boy's father was a fine painter who was once appointed professor of painting in the royal household by King Louis XVIII of France. His mother was a very splendid pianist, and it was from her that Charles had his first lessons in music.

When Charles was but five years old, his father died, and after that his mother had to earn their living by teaching classes in drawing and by giving music lessons. That she might have more free time to work, the boy was sent each day to a boarding or day-school not far away.

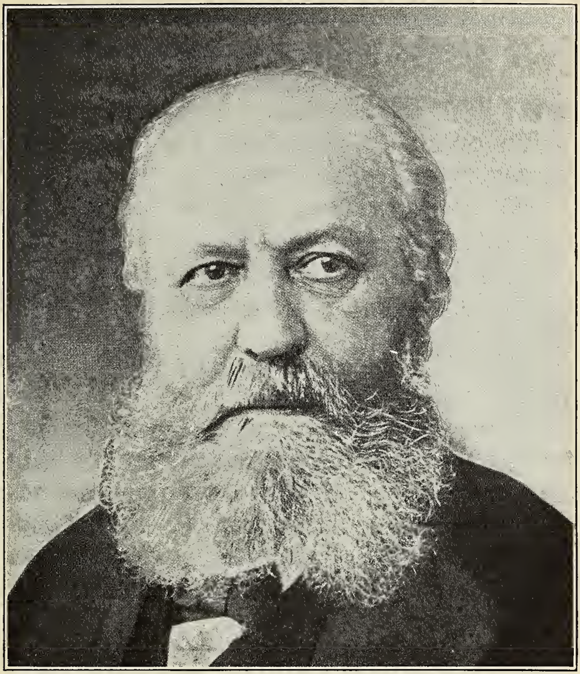
Because he was very musical and because he heard so much good music at home, little Charles soon showed many signs of great talent. He could name the *pitch* even of a dog's bark, and when but a tiny lad he could read musical notation faster than he could read the words in a printed book. When he was about seven years old, his mother took him with her one day to see an opera. This great occasion was never forgotten by the boy. When he returned to school his teachers noticed that he wrote music instead of his school-exercises, and many times he was severely punished on account of poorly prepared lessons.

Many years later, the great composer himself wrote out an account of his first real musical composition. It was written at about the time he was thirteen years of age. He was then a pupil at the Harcourt School and had, as he relates, the hard discipline of seeing his mother out in all kinds of weather, in both cold and heat, earning money to pay for the education of her children. Charles longed to help her. But his ideas of how he should help and the ideas of his mother did not agree. She wanted him to go on through the university, while he felt that only through music could he live his real life.

His mother was determined. "You must continue in school," she said, "and also study for the profession of being a soldier in the regular army."

"I will stay in school if you wish it," the boy replied, "but on one thing I am determined. I will never become a soldier."

"Do you mean that you will not obey the French law which calls for so many years of service from each boy in the land?" asked the mother.



Brown's Famous Pictures

GOUNOD, THE FRENCH COMPOSER, FAMOUS FOR HIS OPERA "FAUST"

"No," Charles replied, "but I mean that the law shall be a 'dead letter' and of no importance in my case. I will study music so hard that I shall win the Prix de Rome (which was a wonderful honor, carrying with it enough money to care for the winner for a term of years while he studied in Rome), and this will free me from the necessity of becoming a soldier."

His mother saw that he was in earnest, and so she went to the school principal to talk the matter over with him. Then the pleasant old gentleman sent for the boy.

"So, my boy," he said, "you plan to spend your life among musicians."

"Yes, sir," replied Charles.

"But music—is that a profession?" asked the instructor.

"What about Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber?" replied Gounod.

The good principal was dismayed, for very few people would have taken the liberty to include themselves in the same group as these men.

"Oh, Mozart! That is a different matter entirely," he said. "He gave proof that he was a genius when he was only your age. But you, what can you do? Let us see."

With these words he scribbled on a piece of paper a ballad beginning with the words—"When my childhood was past." He handed the sheet on which the words were written to Gounod.

"Come, let us have some music for these words," he said.

The boy ran off, and two hours later came back with his first musical composition.

"Good gracious!" said the old gentleman, who had been fancying for the whole two hours that he had put a stop to all the boy's strange notions, "You are a most determined lad. Well, go ahead and sing your little song to me now that you have written it."

"Sing without a piano?" asked the boy, for there was no instrument in the room.

"What do you want a piano for?"

"To play an accompaniment. It is impossible to show the beautiful harmonies of my piece without an accompaniment," pleaded Charles.

"Nonsense," replied the teacher. "I do not care for the beauties of your harmonies. What I want to know is whether you have any musical ideas or not and real musical talent. So go ahead."

The boy began to sing, and when he had finished he glanced timidly at his teacher. To his great surprise, tears were in the old man's eyes, and more rolled down his cheeks. The old man was so amazed by the beauty of the little song that he threw his arms about the boy.

"It is beautiful, beautiful, my boy," he said. "We will surely make something out of you. You shall become a real musician, for you have the talent."

And so the first step into the realm of music was taken. His mother was persuaded to let him study music, and three years later he won the coveted Prix de Rome.

Throughout his long life, Gounod endeavored to write only beautiful music. His best known opera is *Faust*, which tells the story of an old man who sold his soul and his honor to the devil, receiving in return a renewed youth and fancied happiness. Two airs from this opera, which every boy or girl should learn to know, are "Even Bravest Heart" and the famous "Soldiers' Chorus."

Gounod also wrote much religious music and had a pipe-organ built into his home so that he might be able to play and compose much music appropriate for church services in a church-like surrounding. Two of his best known pieces of church music are the "Ave Maria" (which uses the Bach Prelude for its accompaniment) and the chorus "Praise Ye the Father." He also wrote many short pieces for orchestra, one of the favorite ones with boys and girls being the Funeral March of a Marionette.

Few musicians have won so many honors in their own land as did Gounod, but to the end of his life he remained very gentle and humble. He was made Officer of the French Legion of Honor. A street in Paris—the city in which he was born—was named for him, and in one of the city's parks there stands today, a handsome statue erected in his honor.

—*H. G. K.*

Music by *Charles François Gounod:*
"Soldiers' Chorus"—From *Faust.*
"Praise Ye the Father."
"Funeral March of a Marionette."
"Ave Maria"—*Bach-Gounod.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell all that you can about the boyhood of this French composer.
2. From whom did he have his first music lessons?
3. What great prize did he earn when he was a little older?
4. Tell some of the ways in which the boy's talent for music was shown when he was still very young.
5. Tell the story of his first musical composition.
6. Tell of some of the honors paid Gounod by the French people.
7. Name an opera written by Gounod. What other pieces of his music have you heard? What was your favorite? Why?

Think more of your own progress than of the opinion of others.

—*Mendelssohn.*

The beginning is half of the whole, and we all praise a good beginning.

—*Plato.*

Learn all there is to learn, and then choose your own path.

—*Handel.*

THE VILLAGE OF THE RED-ROOFED CASTLE

"MANY years ago," said the old shepherd, "when I was young and lively as you are, I lived away over the sea in a little mountain village in Switzerland. The name of our village was La Gruyere, and the way in which it came to have so odd a name is in itself a good story.

"Our village, which still looks much as it did hundreds of years ago, is a quaint little place. Just imagine, if you can, all the fairy stories of enchanted castles you have read and think of all the charming pictures of old-time castles you may have seen. Put all the beauty and mystery of all these together, and you have in your mind a good picture of the Castle of La Gruyere.

"This quaint castle has been standing on the Swiss mountainside for more than five hundred years and is always said to be the most beautiful castle in Switzerland. The castle stands high on the hill, by itself, with all the houses of the village clustering about it. The village is surrounded by a high stone wall through which one enters only by a large double gate. All along the wall are towers of stone, just the shape of round pepper boxes, and it was in these

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

THE VILLAGE SQUARE, GRUYÈRES

towers that the watchmen used to hide and keep a lookout for the enemy.

"After one climbs the steep, pebble-paved road up the hillside to the town, and passes through the gate in the wall, he finds that there is still a second wall about the castle. From the outside, all that one can see are the red roofs and dormer windows of the castle towers and the shining weathercocks that stand on the corners of the roof.

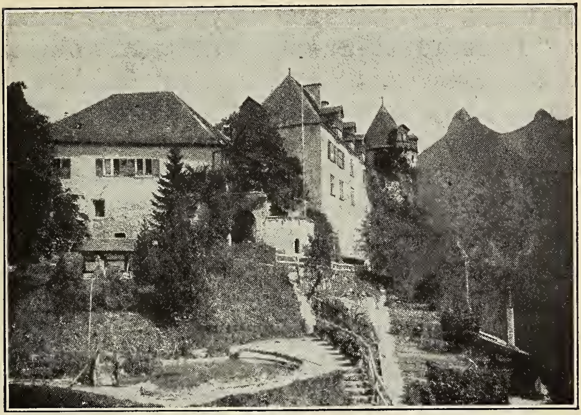
"Many hundreds of years ago, a great duke lived in this castle. He used to ride forth with all his followers to fight the robber-knights who sometimes tried to steal the castle and his village from him. After one such battle which he fought to protect his people, he came riding home bringing with him a heron bird that he and his men had captured. The Swiss word for heron is "gruye," pronounced "grew," and since the duke and his men had been victorious that day, they took the bird as their mascot, a sign of good luck.

"Soon after this home-coming, a heron with wings outstretched was set on the coat-of-arms of the castle and, from that day until this, both castle and village have been called La Gruyere, meaning Castle of the Heron.

"There is a very old legend that is told in the village about the castle. Many times as I sit here in the evenings, I think of the torchlights of Castle La Gruyere, as they were described to me by my father. In the early days there were, as you know, no electric lights or even any lamps. All the light that people could have at night was made by burning home-made candles, or by burning torches made of split wood that had been dipped in grease.

"At one time after the Battle of the Heron, the men of La Gruyere had all gone away again on a war-like expedition. Only the women and the children were left at home in either the castle or the village.

"In the middle of the night, an enemy, knowing that at least a part of the warriors were away, attacked the village. Watchmen on the wall saw them coming and awakened the women



Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF GRUYÈRES

who at once set about to save their homes and themselves from capture.

"All the boys and girls were called and everyone set to work. Quickly collecting all the goats which were kept inside the walls, the women tied a burning torch to each horn of every goat. Then, with a burning torch in each of their hands, the women and children driving the goats before them rushed out through the gate in the wall toward the soldiers who were climbing the steep hill.

"The enemy, thinking by the number of lights that were coming toward them, that a mighty army, after all, had been hidden behind the walls, turned and ran for their lives in terrible fright. The castle and the village were saved.

"There are neither knights nor warriors living in the castle or in the village now. Quiet Swiss families live there today. The castle is filled with many beautiful treasures, some of them being wonderful pictures which famous artists have painted to tell of the historic days of old. On the mountainside, the goats still graze by day, and at night they still sleep within the walls. The leaders of each flock all wear little silver bells tied about their necks, and the music that they make as they move about is very pretty. No longer are watchmen needed on the walls." —*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Rufst du mein Vaterland"—*Swiss National Air* (The melody of this air is the same as that of the British "God Save the King," and of "America").

"Alpentanz"—*Swiss Country Dance.*

QUESTIONS

1. In what ways does this story suggest patriotism?
2. What do you know of Swiss music?
3. How were folk songs learned before there was printed music?
4. Of what Swiss village does this story tell?
5. How did it receive its name?

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue.
—*Krummacher.*

A BRAVE MOUNTAINEER

THERE is an old story which is often told by the people who live in the Hasle Valley of Switzerland. This is the story of how the beautiful country of Switzerland came to be settled.

The story tells us that the Swiss who live in this district were originally descendants of a band of Swedes, who, many centuries ago, were driven from their native land in the north of Europe.

There was at that time a terrible famine in Sweden. So many people were without food that something had to be done at once. The men, therefore, drew lots, and every tenth man was forced to take his family and leave his old home.

In this way, a great army of men and women and their children moved southward and crossed the Baltic Sea into Germany. They wandered across Germany until they came to the forest-covered mountains of Switzerland. Here they stopped, settling in the valley where the River Muotta flows between wide green meadows. They built themselves homes and founded the old village of Schwyz. After a time, some of the families moved to and settled in other parts of

Switzerland. Century after century passed, and the brave mountaineers lived on in their villages and homes, happy and undisturbed.

High up among the Alps, in the very heart of Switzerland, are three districts, or Cantons, which came to be known as the Forest Cantons. These forest cantons are famous in history, for here lived a race of mountaineers and free men who were proud of their independence.

In a canton over in the valley of the River Rhine lived the Hapsburg family, whose leaders were very rich and very powerful. Some of the men in this family became dukes of Austria, and one of them became Emperor Albert the First.

As soon as he became Emperor, Albert declared that all the Swiss highlands belonged to him by right. Then he sent a band of soldiers to Switzerland to govern the people there.

One of the men sent by Albert to be governor was Hermann Gessler, and as a tyrant he had no equal. He was cruel and oppressed the people in many ways, especially by making them pay very heavy taxes. Even the lesser offences of the Swiss people were severely punished.

In one of the forest cantons, there lived at this time a mountaineer named William Tell. There was no man in all Switzerland who knew its lakes and its mountains so well, and there

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

HAYMAKING IN THE SWISS ALPS

was no one in the whole nation so skilled in the use of the bow and arrow. This was in the days before the general use of guns and firearms, and hunting was always done with bow and arrow.

All the time that Gessler was taxing the people and punishing them severely for each little offence, the Swiss leaders were planning how they might rebel and free their land.

One dark night, a number of them met in a lonely meadow and took a solemn vow to work together for freedom. For more than a year they held their secret meetings. They made many plans and gathered provisions and arms which they hid away safely for future use.

Just at this time, Gessler decided that he must show his authority over the Swiss in some new manner. pau. So he had a tall pole set up in the market place of the village of Altdorf. On the top of the pole he hung his hat, then had bands of soldiers announce that every Swiss man, woman, or child who passed by, must bow to his hat on the pole as they would to the Emperor.

On the day when the pole was set up in the market place, William Tell chanced to come down from his home higher up in the mountains to do some trading. His young son, Walter, came with him, and when they neared the Square, the boy said to his father, "Oh, look at the tall pole, Father! See the man's hat on it!"

William Tell did not know then why the pole had been set up, and he walked on across the Square without giving it any more notice. When one of the soldiers on guard stopped him, he refused to bow, and was at once arrested.

Gessler had heard of William Tell. He hated him already because of his independence. Now he offered to release Tell if he would do just one thing, and that was to shoot an apple off the head of his own son.

You can imagine how William Tell felt when the tyrant asked him to do this. He loved his son dearly. If he should shoot, and his arrow should fail to strike the apple, he would kill the boy. Because of this, William Tell, who had never been frightened before, was afraid to try the shot. The little boy, though, was as brave as his father.

"You won't miss it, Father!" he said. "I shall stand *so* still."

"Do you think I fear an arrow from my father's hand? Not I!
I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink!
Quick, Father, show them that thou art an archer!
He doubts thy skill—he thinks to ruin us."

The soldiers placed the apple on Walter's head, and William Tell aimed so well that he shot the apple into two pieces.

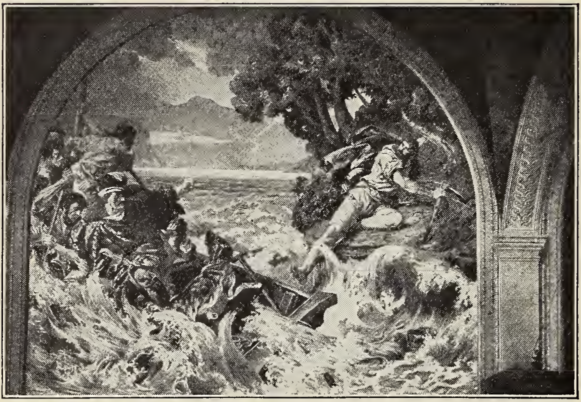
When he saw that his son was safe, Tell dropped his bow beside him. Gessler, who had been watching all the time, noticed that another arrow lay by the bow on the ground.

"For whom is the second arrow?" he asked.

"For you, tyrant, had I killed my son!" answered the fearless William Tell.

Of course Gessler would not think of letting William Tell go free after that answer. That night, he put Tell into a boat which was to carry him to a famous prison across the lake.

After the group of soldiers and their prisoner set out across the lake in the small open boat, a terrible mountain storm arose. The soldiers were afraid that they would never reach the



Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

WILLIAM TELL'S ESCAPE FROM THE AUSTRIANS

shore again. They took the chains off William Tell and asked him to help row the boat. This he did until they came near to the shore, when he sprang to an overhanging rock and escaped into the woods.

That night there were signal fires on every mountain and by dawn of the following day, the village of Altdorf was filled with Swiss soldiers all ready for battle. Gessler, the cruel governor, was glad to escape with his life, and the Swiss won a great victory.

Some years later, Gessler returned to the forest cantons with a large army. As he and his soldiers marched through a narrow pass in the high mountains, the Swiss soldiers hurled large trees and rocks, and avalanches of dirt down upon them. Many of the soldiers were buried under the heavy rocks, and the others were glad to turn back home. Gessler, their leader, was killed by a flying arrow. Thus were the Austrians defeated. The men of the forest cantons united in the Republic of Switzerland. Five other cantons soon joined them.

Should you ever go to Switzerland and to Lake Lucerne, you will see there the very rock upon which William Tell is said to have sprung when he escaped from the boat full of soldiers. Here, a beautiful "William Tell Chapel" has stood for many years. Inside it, on each of the four walls, is a wonderful painting. Each one of these four paintings tells some part of the old story of the tyrant Gessler and the brave mountaineer, William Tell.

—*Retold from Schiller's "William Tell."*

Music to Hear:

"Song of the Cows" (Ranz des Vaches)—*Herdsmen's Song of the Alpine Hills.*

"Flinch Not, Nor Stir" from "William Tell Opera"—*Rossini.*

QUESTIONS

1. From what part of Europe did the Swiss people originally come? Why?
2. Tell the story of William Tell.
3. In what way did Walter Tell show his courage?
4. How did the Swiss finally gain their freedom?
5. What building has been erected in Switzerland as a memorial to William Tell?

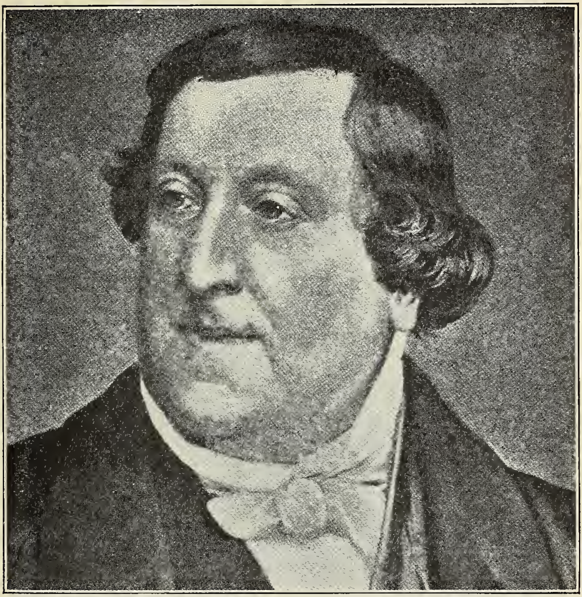
THE OPERA "WILLIAM TELL"

As long ago as 1470, the shepherds of Switzerland sang a ballad which told of William Tell. This was long before the poet Schiller became so charmed by the old historic tale. Still later, a great Italian composer named Rossini set the story to music and made of it a famous opera.

Rossini was born in the Italian seaport town of Pesaro in 1792. His father was the town trumpeter, and his mother was a fine singer. The young boy heard much music both at home and in the streets of his home town, for all the people who lived there, as in many other towns and cities of Italy, were very fond of music and sang most of the time.

As the boy grew up, he too learned to play a horn and was never so proud as when he first played a duet with his father in the town hall. He was also taught to play the harpsichord and the cello and, when still older, to write music.

After he had been studying music for a time, Rossini decided that he would like, best of all, to know how to write operas. As he sang quite well, he begged for a chance to sing small parts and to sing in the chorus of the operas that were given in the town.



Brown's Famous Pictures

ROSSINI, WHO COMPOSED THE WILLIAM TELL OPERA

So well did Rossini learn how operas should be written that he himself wrote more than fifty operas before he died. Not all of these were perfect, but many of them were effective, and are still favorites not only with the people of Italy, but of all the world. He not only learned to write music well but he also wrote it very quickly, and it is certain that he wrote the opera "Barber of Seville" in exactly thirteen days.

After Schiller had written the drama, "William Tell," Rossini chanced to read it. He so admired the brave hero that he at once decided to use the story for the next opera he should write. So it was that the opera, "William Tell," came to be written and was first sung when the composer was thirty-seven years old. Everyone liked the opera, and from that day to this, it has been considered Rossini's finest work.

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

THE TOWN OF ALTDORF, SWITZERLAND, SHOWING THE STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON

Horns were still favorite instruments with Rossini, and so he used them in many parts of the "William Tell" music. They were used in such a way as to suggest to the audience the alpine horns of the Swiss herdsmen. In several other parts of the opera, Rossini wrote directions that tiny bells should be played by the orchestra which furnished the accompaniments for the singers. These bells were added to suggest the bell-music of the Alpine herds, which always sounds so dainty and beautiful when heard from a Swiss mountain side.

Woven into some of the Rossini "William Tell" music is also the melody of the "Ranz des Vaches," or Swiss herdsman's song, so dear to the herdsmen whom William Tell, the brave Swiss patriot, helped to free.

One of the finest parts of the entire opera is the overture which was written to be played before the stage curtain rose. So beautiful is this music that it is now often played by great orchestras as a separate concert piece. This overture is really written in four parts. Each part was given a name by the composer.

The first part, called "At Dawn," suggests the sunrise in the Alpine mountains. The first part of the Overture is played by the cello in the string section of the orchestra. Toward the end of this part of the Overture there is heard a rumble of thunder, suggested by the kettle-drum.

The second part, called "The Storm," is a musical description of the great storm which overtook William Tell and the boat-load of Austrian soldiers while they were rowing on Lake Lucerne. In this music, we hear the cattle

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL WAS BUILT ON THE ROCK TO WHICH TELL LEAPED FROM THE AUSTRIAN BOAT

call of Swiss shepherds played on the flute. Then the lightning is suggested by the quick short notes played on piccolo and flute; thunder by "rolls" from the kettle-drums; rain and wind by the quickly descending and ascending scales.

The third part of the Overture, "The Calm," describes the joy of the mountain shepherds after the storm is passed. It is in this part of the Overture that the "Ranz des Vaches" is heard. This "Herdsman's Song" is played by the English Horn and the Flute in the woodwind section of the orchestra, after which the singing of birds is suggested by the flute.

The fourth part, called the "Finale"—an Italian word meaning "the end"—is very gay music, and describes the march of the Swiss soldiers as they assemble for battle.

So it is that the fame of the brave William Tell, and his equally brave son, live on in music.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
The Overture "William Tell"—*Rossini.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name five ways in which the story of William Tell has been told.

2. By whom was the opera "William Tell" written?

3. In what country was he born? Where did he first learn to love music?

4. What musical instruments did he learn to play?

5. How many operas did Rossini write in all?

6. Name at least two operas written by Rossini.

7. How did Rossini suggest the life of the people of Switzerland in the William Tell opera? Name at least three ways.

8. Name some instruments used by Rossini in the "William Tell" music.

9. Describe the four different parts into which the "Overture" is divided, and tell what you have heard in the music of each part.

BELL-RINGING IN SWITZERLAND

THE mountainsides of Switzerland are still made musical by the ringing of many bells, just as they were in the days of the brave women of Castle Gruyere, or in the days of William Tell. As William Tell is said to have lived more than two hundred years before the time of Christopher Columbus, you can see that bell-music in Switzerland is very old.

On the mountain pastures many of the cows still wear collars of bells, or else large single bells, and as they eat, the

> —"tinkle, tinkle of the bells, bells, bells,
> Sound and echo, sound and echo,
> Far and near, far and near."

Even the cattle seem to enjoy the music they make, for they shake their heads as they graze to make the bells jingle.

Cow bells furnish music for many occasions in the mountain villages. Some of the dairymen become experts in ringing the huge copper bells. They practice as they while away the long hours on the mountain side watching their flocks. When the cattle leave the lowlands in June for the Alpine highlands, there is a "Cow

Parade." Bell-ringing is a part of this festival celebration.

Small boys begin to practice ringing the bells when they are still very young, "playing" on

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

BELL RINGERS IN THE SWISS SPRING FESTIVAL

them, too, at spring festivals in certain parts of Switzerland.

The Swiss city of Zurich still celebrates an ancient festival each year in March or April. This custom is called the "Six o'clock ringing feast." This festival celebrates the passing of winter and the coming of spring.

The usual time for the working day to close in Switzerland, during the winter, is at seven o'clock. On this day when winter is said to be over, the working day closes when the city clock strikes six. Often there is a great procession to a field near the town, where a thousand school boys and girls set fire to a cotton-covered figure that represents winter, with its white snow.

Just at six o'clock the procession starts. In it, oftentimes, are all the workmen of the city and many boys, each one ringing a bell, in honor of the coming of spring. —*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Alpine Songs"—*Swiss Airs.*
"Tinkling Bells"—*Behr.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why is much music heard in the mountains of Switzerland?
2. When is the "Cow Parade" held? What instruments are used to give music?
3. What is the "Six o'clock ringing feast"?
4. Where is this held?

I hear the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
  And wild and sweet
  The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
—*Selected.*

VANISHING CANDLES AND A SYMPHONY

MANY of the greatest composers of music have been the sons of poor men, who lived, when they were children, in very simple and humble homes. Franz Schubert's father for instance was a poor schoolmaster who had a large family to feed and clothe. When Franz first went away to school in his faded, light coat, looking for all the world as though meal had been poured over it, the boys nicknamed him "The Miller."

Franz Joseph Haydn was no exception, for during his early boyhood he lived in a quaint cottage in a little village in Austria. Here his father was the village wheelwright. The simplicity of the Haydn home did not prevent the family from having a very good time, however.

Haydn was sent away to a school where he was one of six lively boys enrolled as students. As they all lived in the same house, it was sometimes hard for Haydn to find a quiet time and place in which to practice. There were no pianos in those early days, so most of Haydn's practice was done on the clavichord, or clavier as the instrument then in use was called.

One day the teacher who was passing through the hall saw a strange sight. Out through the door was going a stubborn-faced boy, dragging after him the delicate clavier.

"Where are you going?" the teacher asked at once.

"There is no quiet in this house, sir," the boy replied, seriously, "and I am taking this instrument out into the garden where I can practice, undisturbed!"

Courtesy Information Bureau of Switzerland

AN OLD CLAVIER

This boy with the clavier was Joseph Haydn. Many years later, this same determination not to give up, when things did not go his way, was displayed by Haydn. On one occasion in particular, when he was an accomplished musician and composer, did Haydn show this determination.

On this occasion, Haydn, who had been for some time the conductor of the symphony orchestra at the palace of Count Esterhazy, heard that his royal friend was about to dismiss all the musicians.

Haydn, wishing to persuade the Count not to do this, sat down before his desk and began to write music. The music, when it was completed, was different from any that the musicians had ever seen or heard. It was carefully rehearsed by the orchestra before Haydn invited the Prince and all his guests to come in and hear it.

You must remember, when you think of this music which Haydn had written, that there were no electric lights in those days. Instead, all the rooms were lit by candles. In the orchestra, each player had a lighted candle set into a socket which was fastened to the side of his music rack.

As the music of the symphony which Haydn had written went on, the Prince became more and more interested.

"Surely," he thought, "This is some of the most charming music that Haydn has ever written."

Suddenly one of the players was seen to rise, take his lighted candle from the rack and leave the room. Then another player took his candle and disappeared. One by one the musicians, taking their candles with them, left the room. The music became more gentle and more appealing as each man left. Finally, only the conductor was left, and he, too, took up his candle and left the room, closing the door quietly behind him.

The room was left in darkness. No words were needed to prove to the Prince how empty and lonely the palace would be should there be no more music in it.

The lesson so gently taught by Haydn was quietly accepted, and the orchestra was not dismissed. The players and their conductor remained for many years, playing their music for the people of the court each day. This symphony, written by Haydn to plead the cause of music to the Prince, has always been called since that night upon which it was first played, "The Farewell Symphony."

Haydn was often called the "Father of Symphony," since he did so much toward its development. It was he who first divided the symphony orchestra into choirs, or families.

Toward the end of his life, Haydn set himself the task of writing a great oratorio. He had heard so much of Handel's glorious oratorio music while on a visit to London and felt that he could not be satisfied until he, too, had written an oratorio. This first oratorio that he wrote was "The Creation" which was soon heard by all Europe. It remained until the end of his life Haydn's favorite of all the music he had written.

However beautiful this oratorio music may be, it is usually through the sweet music that he wrote for orchestra that Haydn is best known to boys and girls and to many other music lovers. —*H. G. K.*

Music by *Franz Joseph Haydn:*
"The Heavens Are Telling" from "The Creation."
"Farewell Symphony."
"With Verdure Clad."
"Minuet"—*Haydn-Friedberg.*
"Emperor" Quartet (Theme and Variations for String Quartet).

QUESTIONS

1. On what instrument did Haydn practice music when he went to school?
2. What did he do with the instrument one day? Why?
3. Why did Haydn write "The Farewell Symphony"?
4. Tell the story of this symphony.
5. What wonderful oratorio did Haydn write?
6. Why was Haydn called the "Father of Symphony"?

Every difficulty slurred over will be a ghost to disturb your repose later on.

—*Chopin.*

COPPELIA, THE MYSTERIOUS DOLL

MANY long years ago, there lived in a quaint old-fashioned town in Austria an old man named Coppelius.

Coppelius earned his living and provided entertainment for many people by the making of mechanical dolls. Some of these dolls were as large as real people and were so life-like that they did not seem like dolls at all.

One day, when he had finished a lovely big doll, the old man thought he would play a joke on his neighbors. So he called the doll just finished, "Coppelia," and told everyone that she was his daughter.

Each morning the old man would place Coppelia beside an upper window in the house, with an open book in her hand. Then he would draw the curtains back so that every one who passed by on the street might see her as she sat there so quietly, apparently greatly interested in the stories in her book.

It was much fun, he thought, to watch people stare at Coppelia as they passed by, or to hear them speak to her and try to get her to visit with them, but all the time Coppelia sat with her eyes fixed upon the book which she held in her hand.

One day, Swanilda, a girl whose home was near that of Coppelius, tried to attract the doll's attention. She thought that the girl, if it were really a girl, was certainly very quiet and queer. So, when Coppelius came to the window, Swanilda hid herself to watch.

From her hiding place she saw Franz, her own sweetheart, approach the house and bow to Coppelia. This made Swanilda very angry, and she and Franz had a lively quarrel.

A few days later there was to be a great celebration in the little town. Many things were planned. The Lord of the Manor was to present a splendid bell to the town, and all the people of the countryside planned to be present for the festivities.

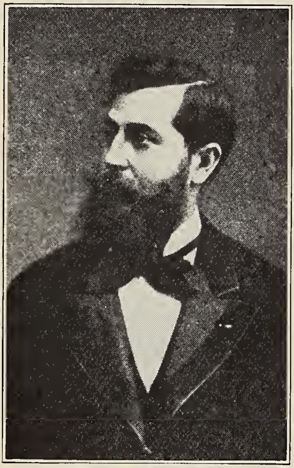
When the great day finally came, the streets were full of people all dressed in their very best. On almost every street young people could be seen dancing to music made by the village musicians.

All day Franz tried to talk with Swanilda. But she, still angry because he had dared to try to talk with the dollmaker's daughter, was very rude and wandered away by herself.

Just as the merrymaking was about over for the day, Swanilda walked by Coppelius' house once more, as she already had many times that day.

As she passed, she noticed a large key lying on the ground, and thinking to surprise Coppelia, placed the key in the lock on the door of the dollmaker's house.

Then she called a crowd of neighbor girls together, and they all went into the house. There they found, of course, as Coppelius had intended they should, that it was all a joke, and that Coppelia was not a real girl at all but only a doll.



DELIBES, WHO COMPOSED THE BALLET "COPPELIA"

This story of Coppelius and his life-like doll is a "comedy" often told in the old world. It was made into a play after many years.

Some years later still a musician named Delibes wrote a great piece of music telling the story. Just as a short story is often told in folk song, or a longer one is told in cantata, opera, or oratorio, so this story has been told by Delibes in a musical composition which is called a *ballet*. In performing a *ballet* it is not necessary to have any words. The story is told to the audience by a combination of dancing and the music which accompanies it.

The Ballet "Coppelia" has been played many times all over the world, and especially in Russia, where, before the World War, many children and young people were trained in the art of ballet in great schools founded by the Russian government.

Not only is the music of "Coppelia" to be enjoyed when combined with ballet, or dancing, but it is now arranged for orchestras to play, and is a favorite composition on concert programs.

Clement Delibes, who wrote the ballet "Coppelia," was a Frenchman. He wrote many short operatic scenes and operettas, and other solos and cantatas, but was most successful as a writer of beautiful dance music.

Another famous ballet written by Delibes is the Ballet, "Sylvia." —*H. G. K.*

Music by *Clement Delibes:*
"Entr'acte and Waltz"; "Festival Dance"; "Waltz of the Flowers"; "Mazurka."—From *Coppelia.*
"Pizzicato"; "Valse Lente"—From *Sylvia.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a Ballet?
2. How does it differ from an opera, an oratorio, or a cantata?
3. What other famous ballet was written by Delibes?

A FAMOUS AMERICAN COMPOSER

THERE are many famous composers of great music who like best to spend their lives and do their writing in the midst of a great and noisy city. Other composers love the country.

Beethoven once wrote to a friend: "No one knows how I love the country!" Later he pointed out a certain spot near a rippling brook, where, underneath a huge elm tree, he had sat when writing his "Pastoral Symphony." "There," he said, "is where I wrote the 'Scene by the Brook,' and the yellow-hammers were singing above me, and the quails, nightingales, and cuckoos calling around me."

Another composer who loved the woods and the birds was the American composer Edward MacDowell. MacDowell spent his happiest hours studying and writing in the quaint Log Cabin music house which stood in the forest about a mile and a half from Peterborough, New Hampshire. The Log Cabin was very dear to him and in it he wrote the popular classics, "To a Wild Rose," "To a Water Lily," and others of his best-known piano pieces and songs. MacDowell called it his "House o' Dreams," and in a little poem he described it,

"A House of Dreams untold,
That looks out over the whispering tree-tops,
And faces the setting sun."

Edward MacDowell was born in New York City just a week before Christmas, in 1861.

When Edward was old enough to go to school, it was soon noticed that, like his father, he had a talent for drawing. Many of his old schoolbooks are still to be seen. They were very carefully kept, and in the margins we find many tiny drawings. A number of the illustrations printed in the books have been very carefully colored.

He was a very jolly boy and loved nothing better than games and outings. One of the favorite outings of his childhood was when his father would hitch up the horse and drive the whole family the long five miles that then separated the down town part of New York City from Central Park. Central Park was Edward's first taste of the country, and there he loved to listen silently to the birds.

Edward was also very fond of music and spent many hours in practicing on the piano.

One of his piano teachers was a girl from South America whose name was Teresa Carreño. She was a brilliant young pianist of eighteen who had come to New York after several years of study in Europe. Later, this young pianist became noted as the greatest woman pianist who ever lived.

When Edward MacDowell was fourteen years old, he and his mother set sail one day for lands across the sea, and it was many years before Edward saw the shores of his native land again. When Mrs. MacDowell and Edward reached Europe, it seemed to Edward that they had reached a wonderland, for here were all the castles and quaint ruins of which he had read in his books of legends and fairy tales.

A famous artist, who happened to see some of Edward's drawings that he had brought with him, called upon Mrs. MacDowell and urged her to have her son study art instead of music. So sure was the great artist that Edward had talent for drawing that he offered to give the boy lessons for two years without a cent of pay. For a time Edward and his mother were quite undecided, but at last music won. They thanked the artist for his kindness and generosity, and Edward began his study of piano and music composition.

When Edward was seventeen years old, studying in Europe, Teresa Carreño, who was still in the United States, was surprised one day to receive a large roll of music manuscripts. The manuscripts were pieces of music which Edward had been writing, across the sea, and with them came a short letter to his former teacher. It said: "You know I have always had absolute faith in your judgment. Look these over if you

EDWARD MACDOWELL

will. If there is anything there which is any good, tell me and I will keep on trying. But if you think that they are of no value, throw them in the paper-basket and tell me, and I'll never write another line."

So Madame Carreño sat down and played them all. There were, in that bundle of manuscripts, the "*First Suite*"; the "*Witches' Dance*"; the "*Barcarolle*"; and an "*Etude de Concert.*" These pieces were later published and helped to make MacDowell famous.

When she had played them all through,

Madame Carreño wrote to Edward: "Throw no more into the paper-basket, but keep on!" Soon after this Madame Carreño was to play a piano recital in the city of Chicago. So she learned the "*First Suite*" and played it there, and that was the first MacDowell music ever played in public.

Years passed and MacDowell took his place among the great pianists and composers of the day. He taught many talented pupils while in Europe, one of whom, a Miss Marian Nevins who had gone from America to study in Europe became his wife. Together they returned to America, where they lived for a while in Boston, and then in New York. One day they learned of a little New England farmhouse near Peterborough, New Hampshire, that was to be sold. They bought this farmhouse, and there they spent their summers. The first year, they added a large music room to the north end of the old farmhouse, and the following year they built the Log Cabin, patterning it somewhat after one of the Swiss chalets they had seen in Europe. Here, each day in the summer, MacDowell worked for hours at a time, writing the many charming pieces of music which he left to us.

So, whenever you hear "To a Wild Rose," "To a Water Lily," or any other of the *Woodland Sketches* played, remember that they were written in the log Cabin in the heart of a New England forest, and that each one of them was suggested to the composer by something seen near the Log Cabin. —*H. G. K.*

Music by *Edward MacDowell:*
"To a Wild Rose."
"To a Water Lily."
"To a Humming Bird."
"The Nautilus."
"Will o' the Wisp."

QUESTIONS

1. Name two great composers who loved to work in the country.
2. Tell what you can of the boyhood of Edward MacDowell.
3. What pieces did MacDowell send to his music teacher to be judged?
4. In what year was MacDowell's music first played in public, and by whom?
5. In what city was MacDowell born?
6. What other gift did MacDowell have, as well as his talent for music?
7. What was the "House o' Dreams"? Why, do you think, did MacDowell give it this odd name?
8. Name some of the MacDowell music that was written in the Log Cabin.

MACDOWELL'S HOME

IT was during the summer of 1896, that Edward MacDowell and Mrs. MacDowell bought the old deserted farm near the village of Peterborough, New Hampshire, and made of it their summer home. The old farmhouse, which had stood just as it still is for more than a hundred years, was not changed by its new owners, except that a large music room was added to the north end. Here, in a room several steps lower than the older part of the house, the great composer spent many happy hours writing and playing. It was not until some time later that the Log Cabin—so famous throughout the world as MacDowell's "House of Dreams"—was built in the deep woods still farther north.

This description of "Hillcrest," the name given to their new home by the MacDowells, has been written by Abbie Farwell Brown who spent many summers at the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough.

HILLCREST*

I never saw a house with so many doors to it as Hillcrest has! It seems as if MacDowell wanted to let the whole outdoor world into his life. Apparently he could not bear to shut out nature with four walls. Or perhaps he wanted as many ways of escape as possible from the stupid sort of persons who interrupt an artist's life, with the kindest motives. Wherever one may be in that house of his, one can bolt quickly through door or low window and soon be beyond hearing of any voices but those of nature.

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Hillcrest, MacDowell's Home

MacDowell's music room! It is a wonderful thing to visit the very room where he worked and practised; where his piano still stands, and where a bronze bust of his handsome manly head looks down. This was the room that he used for all his work, before he had a log cabin to himself. It is separated from the rest of the house by a covered passage to deaden the sounds of household doings, which do not always blend prettily with fairy fancies. The ceiling of the room is raftered in dark wood. From it hang brass lamps; and a tree of candles stands beside the grand piano over which his lightning fingers used to race up and down.

Around the walls—as one would expect to find in his room—rows and rows of books extend to the very ceiling. Many of these are his own childhood friends and favorites, which I have already described. They make his boyhood seem real and very near. Beside these first books crowd later friends, which show that his taste did not greatly change, through that lifelong boyhood. Here are the histories and legends and poetry that he always loved; romances and mysteries; folklore and fairy-tales,—he bought them all as they came out. Kipling's "Jungle Books" he adored; Lang's rainbow of fairy-books, and almost best of all, the tales of "Uncle Remus." In this very room he composed a wonderful tricksy little piano piece called after "Br'er Rabbit," which everybody likes. "Br'er Rabbit" was the last story that MacDowell read in the twilight of his days.

In one corner of this music room is a fireplace around which a happy group still gathers every Sunday night in summer. In another corner a stairway winds steeply up. The side lights of the porch door, in pretty metal tracery, were designed by MacDowell himself who never lost his artistic skill. And on the walls among the other pictures hang some beautiful photographs and foreign scenes which he himself made. Also the laurel wreath of his greatest triumph, still green.

In a corner lean the fishing-rods that he carried when he waded up and down the Peterborough brooks in search of speckled trout. His favorite playmate on these occasions was his nephew, Frank Nevins, who often used to visit the home in Peterborough. When Frank was in the house he was an inseparable companion of his uncle, following at his heels about the place, just as the little dog Charlie did. He could not bear to let the fascinating elder comrade, so full of fun and fancy and stories, out of his sight.

They used to get up very early in the morning when they went fishing together, taking their baskets and not returning until late in the evening, tired but happy. One day, when Frank was ten years old, he went with his uncle on one of these trips, and during their wanderings MacDowell lost his gold watch. That was a tragedy indeed! Gold watches do not grow on every tree, even in Fairyland. Two days later Frank stole out by himself, to the fishing hole where they both suspected the watch might have slipped away from its moorings.

And here, sure enough, the boy retrieved the watch and was able proudly to hand it back to his uncle that night.

MacDowell loved to play with the boys of Peterborough and would often throw ball with them; but it had to be a soft ball. His constant sacrifice for the sake of his work; his lifelong self-control which kept him from indulging any taste that would be bad for his music was perhaps most difficult when it met athletics. He loved baseball beyond anything, and with his iron arms and fingers, his big muscular hands, his quick eye and agility, he might have been a wonderful player. But he could never afford to risk one sprained finger, one stiff joint.

He always liked bicycling. But still better he loved to drive with his horse and "buggy," his little dog frolicking about the horse's heels, as they ambled peacefully mile after mile through the lovely woods and green bordered roads of Peterborough.

For hunting, MacDowell never cared. He would often go strolling away through the woods and fields with a gun over his shoulder. But he rarely brought home any game. Neighbors used to say that he only "pretended" to hunt. He could not bear to kill the creatures who shared life with him, except for necessity.

Though the MacDowells spent their winters in New York, while he was a Professor at

MacDowell's Log Cabin

Columbia, they used always to come to Peterborough for a sort of long picnic at Hillcrest in mid-winter. They enjoyed the game in jolly scout fashion; Mrs. MacDowell doing the cooking, himself getting the firewood, breaking out paths through the snow, and doing the other chores gayly as the early tenants of the deserted farm must have done. Snow in the Peterborough hills is a serious matter. It comes early and lasts late, in drifts far up to the roofs of the houses, covering everything out of sight. And often the little birds of the winter woods suffer sadly for food. As part of the holiday fun, MacDowell always took the scraps from the table and tramped with them out into the deep woods, on snowshoes, scattering them on top of the drifts for the wild birds and animals to enjoy.

Among his pieces are a number that express his feeling about the country in winter-time; pieces that he wrote at Hillcrest. They are "Winter," "Mid-Winter," "By Smouldering Embers" in Fireside Tales, and "Of Salamanders" (creatures who live in the fire). For some of the pieces that are like glimpses of the New England landscape he wrote little poems that condense deep thought into a few lines,—as this one:

TO A WHITE PINE

"A giant of an ancient race
He stands a stubborn sentinel,
O'er swaying gentle forest trees
That whisper at his feet."

That old White Pine was a dignified person who remembered many things that happened before MacDowell was born. Perhaps he whispered some of the stories to the composer's ears in his cabin close by.

—*From "The Boyhood of Edward MacDowell"*
by Abbie Farwell Brown.

Music to Hear:
"From an Indian Lodge"—*Edward MacDowell.*
"Love Song"—*Edward MacDowell.*
"Of a Tailor and a Bear"—*Edward MacDowell.*
"Uncle Remus" from Woodland Sketches—*Edward MacDowell.*

QUESTIONS

1. Describe MacDowell's music room, in the home at Hillcrest.
2. Why did he never play baseball even though he liked the game?
3. What effect did the Log Cabin have on MacDowell's music?
4. Tell of some music pieces written by MacDowell.
5. Which is one of his most famous pieces?

ORCHARD BEAUTY*

The orchard boughs are lost in tinted clouds
That hang like scarfs of lace upon the trees
As Spring unfolds her pollen-laden crowds
Or blossoms to the humming birds and bees.

Soft petals flutter on the air and strew
The windings of the land with fragrant rose;
They sift among the grasses pearled with dew;
And drift above the dandelion-glows.

—*Mildred Hobbs.*

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*Used by the courteous permission of the author and of Walter Nutting.

THE LAND OF COTTON

WE often think of the South as the "Land of Cotton." Just as often we think of it as a "land of song."

"Dixie" which was originally a southern song, only, is now loved and sung by all people who speak the English tongue. It is one of the most popular of all our national airs. It was written by Daniel Decatur Emmett, a Pittsburgh actor and musician, as a "walk around" for a minstrel performance in New York, in the winter of 1859. The song was inspired by the chance words of one of the minstrels who disliked the cold weather—"I wish I was in Dixie." The tune was first given with the accompaniment of banjo, "bones," and tambourine. It has since been sung all over the world and is a favorite march of the American troops when played by a military band. When the first American troops from the South arrived in France during the World War, the marching feet of the soldiers were accompanied through the streets of Paris, lined as they were with cheering crowds of the French, by the thrilling strains of "Dixie."

"Dixie" is a popular favorite in every country where the English language is spoken.

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
  Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
    Dixie Land!

In Dixie Land where I was born in,
  Early on a frosty morning,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
    Dixie Land!

Then I wish I was in Dixie,
  Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand.
  To live and die in Dixie,
    Away! Away!
  Away down south in Dixie.

Many beautiful songs heard in the South are the "working songs" of the negroes. A big cotton field, with its forest of plants all covered with the snowy cotton, is very beautiful. In the old days, much of the work of the plantations was done by the negroes. When the day's work of gathering the cotton in the fields was done, the negroes—men, women, and children—would sit before their cabins and pick out the seeds which always stuck so tight that getting them out was a very hard task. Both in the fields and at the cabins the negroes sang. Many of these "working songs" were composed or made up as they were sung, for the negro, who has a very natural musical voice, always sings as he works. The "working songs," so full of rhythm, were supposed to make the pickers work faster. After the war between the states, the negroes still worked on the big plantations, and plantation owners would often pay extra wages to workers who could sing well and who were able to lead the chorus of laborers.

Now, it is not necessary to have cotton seeds picked out by hand. The cotton, when it is picked, is taken in high lumber wagons to the nearest cotton gin, where the seeds are taken out by machinery. Then the white cotton is baled and shipped to factories where it is made into cotton cloth and into various articles to wear.

Much of the cotton of the Central South is shipped up or down the Mississippi River on river boats. Here again the workers sing as they carry the huge bales on or off the boats. The boat songs are usually made up of a single line verse, sung by one of the leaders, and a rhythmic chorus that is repeated after each verse, over and over, by the other workers.

In spite of all the help that machinery can give, cotton still is best picked by hand. And whether we see the negro picking the cotton in the fields, sitting in front of his cabin, riding in the wagons taking the cotton to the gin, or working on the river boats, we are very likely to hear him singing. —*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:

"Dixie—*National Air.* (This should be heard, first, with the banjo and tambourine, as it was first given; then hear it played by fife and drum; then as a march, played by a full military band.)

"Steal Away"—*Old Negro Spiritual.*

"I Want to be Ready"—*Negro Spiritual.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why were the plantation owners so anxious that the negroes should sing as they worked?
2. What national air of the United States refers through all its lines to the South?
3. By whom was it written and first sung?
4. Mention any other "working songs" of which you know.

Study only the best, for life is too short to study everything.

—*J. Emanuel Bach.*

Music has charms to soothe the furious breast,
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oak.

—*Congreve.*

The man who hath no music himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Shakespeare.*

SUWANEE RIVER

THERE was one American who wrote more songs about the South than any other composer of our land. This man was Stephen Collins Foster. Foster was born in the city of Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania, over a hundred years ago. It was in Pittsburgh that Foster first went to school, and it was there that he spent many years of his later life.

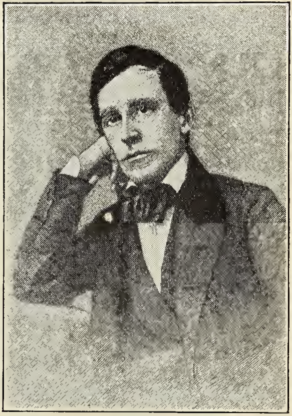
It does not seem at all strange that Foster should have been one of the first to write songs about the South, when we learn that both his father and mother were from the South. His father had come to Pittsburgh from Virginia, and his mother was born in the state of Maryland.

Foster had written many verses and songs before he wrote the song which we know by either of these two names—"Suwanee River," or "Old Folks at Home."

This song tells about the Suwanee River, but the name of the river does not mean as much as do the other words of the song. Foster had both the words and the music of the song written before he added the name "Suwanee River."

After he had the verses and the music finished, the composer sang them over, trying in turn the names of all the southern rivers of which he knew. None of the names rhymed very well, and so Foster asked his brother to help him.

His brother suggested a few names, but none of these seemed to be just the right one. You can easily understand how this would be if you were to sing the first lines of the song and use in the place of "Suwanee" the name of any other river of which you know.



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

So the two brothers took down an old geography that was on the shelf and looked through the maps of several southern states. At last they happened to turn to the map of Florida.

"There is just the right name," said Foster's brother, pointing to the name of the Suwanee, a little river which flows across the northern part of Florida.

"That is *just* the right name!" said Stephen Foster and added it to his song at once.

'Way down upon the Suwanee River,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

It was in 1850 that Foster wrote both words and music of "Old Folks at Home" which has been translated into every language that is spoken on the continent of Europe and also into several Asian and African languages. It is so commonly known and sung that many people who have not heard of Foster have thought it a real folk song. A higher compliment could hardly be given to any song.

Foster wrote many other songs that tell of life on the old-time plantations of the South. Two of these songs are "Oh! Susanna" and "Old Black Joe." Each of these songs has a very beautiful melody, as well as words which tell a story. —*H. G. K.*

Songs by *Stephen Collins Foster:*
"Old Black Joe."
"Oh! Susanna."
"Suwanee River."

QUESTIONS

1. What American composer has written many beautiful songs about the South?

2. Where was this composer born?

3. Why should it be considered a compliment to suggest that a "composed" song is a folk song?

4. Tell how the song "Suwanee River" came to have its name.

5. By what other name is this song often called?

MT. VERNON BELLS

(Air, *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.*)

Where Potomac's stream is flowing,
  Virginia's border through,
Where the white-sailed ships are going,
  Sailing to the ocean blue;
Hushed the song of mirth and singing,
  Silent every one,
While the solemn bells are ringing
  By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS:—Tolling and knelling
    With a sad, sweet sound
  O'er the waves the tones are swelling
    By Mt. Vernon's sacred ground.

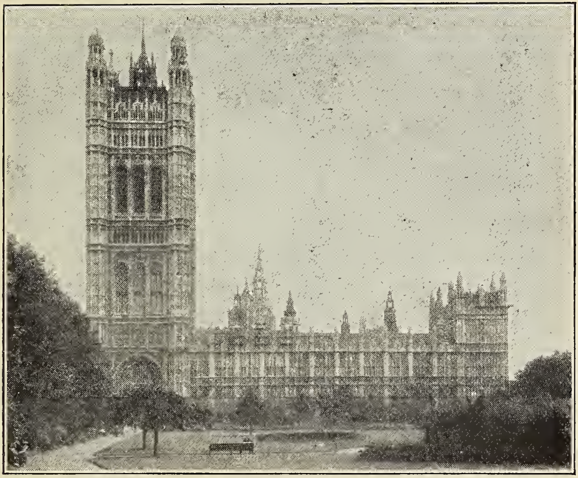
FAMOUS CONCERTS IN A COAL SHED

NEARLY three hundred years ago, there lived in the district of Northamptonshire, in England, a poor country boy named Thomas Britton. While he was but a boy Thomas was apprenticed, as was the custom in those days, to a coal dealer in the great city of London. It did not matter that the boy's master was also his own grandfather, for he had to work very hard, learning to handle and to sell wood and coal. Many times he had to carry large, heavy loads of charcoal (or "small coal" as it was then called) through the streets of London on his back.

Although he could not go to school, Thomas Britton was so anxious to learn that he saved all his small earnings, and any money given him by customers, to use in buying books. As soon as he had some books, he spent each evening in hard study and in learning to play on an old bass-viol, or double bass.

Thomas Britton loved music more than anything else in the world. When he was twenty-one years old, he rented an old house at the northeast corner of Jerusalem Passage in London. He filled the house with coal which he sold in small lots to those who needed it.

At night, he lived quite a different life. The upper room in his house which, at first, could only be reached by climbing up a shaky ladder he made over into a wonderfully fine music room. The room was very long and narrow, with a ceiling so low that a tall man could hardly stand straight beneath it without striking his head. So great was Thomas Britton's love for music and his skill in it, that gradually all of the best musicians of London became his friends. Once each week at least, they climbed to the loft over the coal shed, bringing with



©*Ewing Galloway*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON, WHERE MANY MUSICIANS LIE BURIED them their violins, flutes, and other musical instruments. Sometimes they would become so interested in the music they were playing that they would not stop until dawn.

So great became the fame of the weekly concerts that the greatest people in England began to seek invitations to attend. This was due to the fact that the performers were among the best musicians of the city, and, no matter who else might be playing, George Frederick Handel was usually to be found at the harpsichord. Even people of the nobility with titles of Duke, Duchess, Earl, and Lady, and once or twice members of the royal family of England, crowded into the dingy room to hear the wonderful music.

Since Handel was Britton's best friend, it happened that the great composer often played for the first time at these concerts, new songs or pieces that had just been completed for the harpsichord. One of the compositions which Handel is known to have played there in that way was his set of variations, known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

Concerts have been given in many odd places. The old coal shed is now gone, and Thomas Britton has been dead many years, but he is still remembered as a music lover who, though very poor, was able to make even the greatest composers of his time love to come together in his humble coal shed to give concerts of their best music. —*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Harmonious Blacksmith"—*Handel.*

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of work did Thomas Britton do as an apprentice boy?
2. What instrument did he learn to play?
3. Why did the best musicians of London gather at Thomas Britton's house?
4. Give the name of one great musician who attended these concerts?
5. Give the name of one piece which this musician is said to have played there.
6. Where were these concerts given?

What time is it?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;
Making your word just as good as your bond.
Time to be happy,
Doing your best;
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest;
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.
—*Anonymous.*

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING

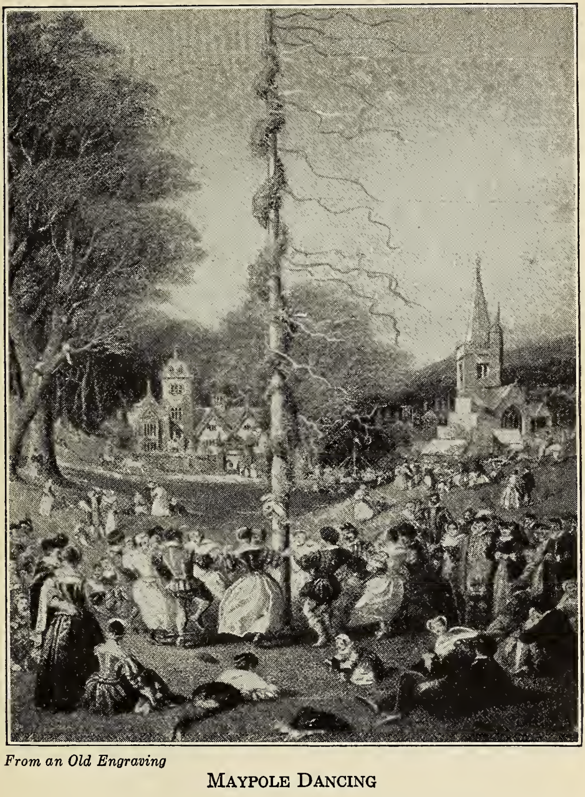
THESE very old verses, often sung to music written by Thomas Morley, an English musician, suggest a picture of a merry May Day celebration. Thomas Morley lived during Queen Elizabeth's reign, and often played for Queen Elizabeth and her court.

Probably the most famous of all the May Day songs of the times of Queen Elizabeth—and one that is still sung today in many lands—is known as "Now is the month of Maying." It also suggests to us the carefree dance and song of the happy boys and girls who first sang it.

Now Is the Month of Maying

Now is the month of Maying,
  When merry lads are playing,
Fa-la la la la la, la la la,
  Fa-la la la la la la.
Each with his bonny lass,
  A-dancing on the grass.
Fa-la la la la la, la la la,
  Fa-la la la la la.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
  Doth laugh at Winter's sadness,



From an Old Engraving

MAYPOLE DANCING

Fa-la la la la la, la la la,
  Fa-la la la la la la.
And to the bag-pipe's sound,
  The nymphs tread out their round.

Fa-la la la la la, la la la,
Fa-la la la la la la.

Many of the customs of the annual Maypole Dance in England have been dear to English boys and girls since the days of Robin Hood, who is said to have come from his hiding place in Sherwood Forest to dance on the village green. One old May carol says,

Round the Maypole, trit-trit, trot!
See what a Maypole we have got!
Fine and gay,
Trip away,
Happy is our new May Day!

The May Day celebration really began the night before when the boys and girls of the town "brought in the May." By this, they meant the old custom of going out into the woods a little after midnight to gather flowers and branches of greenery. They were accompanied back to town by the blowing of horns, the beating of drums, and other May music, including singing. They would then put up the branches over the doorways of the houses, so that by dawn, the entire town was a bower of fresh green. It was at this early hour, also, that the May Pole, or Maytree, as it was first called, was brought from the woods and set up on the "green."

It is not only in England that Maypole dances are now celebrated. Boys and girls in America celebrate each May Day with outdoor festivities; in India, boys and girls not only wind the colored ribbons in and out until they have woven a checkered covering for their Maypole, but they combine it with figures from the old English Morris Dances. In India, those who wind the Pole also carry in one hand, a wooden sword. Then, as they skip about the Pole, keeping time to the music of the old May songs, they keep time as well with their wooden swords, each player giving the sword of his neighbor a *click*, in rhythm, as he passes him.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"In Springtime"—*Karl Goldmark.*
"Sellinger's Round"—*Old English Dance.*
"Green Sleeves"—*Traditional Dance of England.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell what you know of Maypole festivities.
2. Where did these originate?
3. How did English boys and girls celebrate the coming of May Day?
4. How do American children celebrate this day? Children in India?

Oh, what a lot of pleasure
Sweet, smiling faces bring,
And what a lot of music pleasant voices sing!
—*Mrs. E. R. Miller.*

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THIS song, the words of which are by the famous Irish poet, Thomas Moore, tell of early days in Ireland. Long ago, when Ireland was known for its learning, annual contests of the Irish harpers were held at Tara Castle. This castle was built upon a small hill, about five hundred feet in height. Although the castle has not been used since the year 565—over fourteen hundred years ago—the outlines of it may still be seen in the mounds and earthworks which still crown Tara Hill. It was the custom for all the bards and chiefs of Ireland to meet there each year, and spend several days together singing old Irish folk songs and ballads which told of the nation's heroes. These verses by Moore are always sung to the air of a very old Irish folk song.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
  The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
  As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
  So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
  Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
  The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
  Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
  The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
  To show that still she lives.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Music to Hear:
"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"—*Irish Air.*

THE GALWAY PIPER

Every person in the nation,
Or of great or humble station,
Holds in highest estimation
  Piping Tim of Galway.

Loudly he can play or low;
He can move you fast or slow;
Touch your hearts or stir your toe,
  Piping Tim of Galway.

When the wedding bells are ringing,
His the breath to lead the singing,

Then in jigs the folks go swinging,
  What a splendid piper.

He will blow from eve to morn,
Counting sleep a thing of scorn,
Old is he, but not outworn,
  Know you such a piper?

When he walks the highway pealing,
Round his head the birds come wheeling,
Tim has carols worth the stealing!
  Piping Tim of Galway.

Thrush and linnet, finch and lark,
To each other twitter, "Hark!"
Soon they sing from light to dark
  Pipings learned in Galway.

—*Old Irish.*

Music to Hear:
"Top o' Cork Road"—*Irish Air.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by a piper?
2. On what instrument does he play?
3. Tell what kind of man Piping Tim of Galway was?
4. Explain "Tim has carols worth the stealing."

THE KING AND THE MAGIC STICK

AT least five thousand years ago, there lived in China, a great and powerful king. The king's home was the royal palace, and there each day he met and talked with many important people, including his ministers, who were the men who helped him to enforce the country's laws.

There, too, he received all his visitors, many of whom came to see him from their homes in far off lands. Each time such a visitor came, he brought with him some beautiful present for the King. Sometimes it was a present of gold or of jewels. Sometimes it was a great roll of silk. Sometimes it was a new plant for the King's beautiful garden, for everyone who knew anything at all about the King knew that he loved his garden very dearly and that no present pleased him more than some new flower that he might plant in it.

One day, when a certain visitor had gone away from the palace after a visit to the King, one of the youngest ministers of the land was called in to talk with the King on a matter of business. As he talked, he noticed that there stood on a low table before his ruler, a tiny silver bell. It was beautifully carved, and, when the

King saw that it had been noticed, he took it up and rang it softly so that the minister might enjoy its sweet sound.

"It is very beautiful," said the King, "so beautiful that I am going to have it hung in the doorway of the temple. Then, everyone who enters the temple will be asked to ring it gently as he goes past it, that they may enjoy its pleasant ringing, too." (And that is one reason why silver bells are hung at the doorways of Chinese temples to this day.)

Courtesy Thurlow Lieurance

A CHINESE FLUTE, MADE OF HOLLOW BAMBOO, WITH SILK THREAD TWISTED ABOUT IT

The young minister gazed long and thoughtfully at the tiny silver bell. That night he sat for several hours thinking about it. "How I wish I might bring my King a present," he said to himself. "I should like it to be something that he has never had given to him before, and something that will make a sweet sound, as does the little bell."

The next day, the young minister asked if he might go away for a few days, but promised that he would be back at his post within a week.

The permission was granted, and that afternoon he slipped quietly away by himself. No one knew that he had gone, or if they saw him going, they did not know where he was going. The truth was, that the young minister did not know, either. All that he knew was that he was starting on a search for a present to give to the King.

So the journey began. Several days passed. Many places were visited, and he looked at many objects of rare value. However, each time that something was shown the young minister by those who had it to sell, he was very sure that the King had already had a present something like it.

At last six days had passed, and, if the young minister was to keep his promise he must start back to the palace at once.

That night he stopped near the edge of a great forest of bamboo trees. The tall, slender, jointed stems of the trees reached for many feet into the air, and the sound of the evening breeze, as it *swished* its way through the feathery leaves was a very pleasant sound.

"What would my people have done without the bamboo tree?" said the young minister to himself, as he looked at the graceful trees. By this you must know that the bamboo has always been one of the most valued possessions of the Chinese. Out of it he makes, or can make, almost everything that he uses. It grows very easily and rapidly, and from its stalks he often builds his houses, makes his furniture, dishes, kitchen tools, fans, toys, clothing, mats, bridges, parasols, paper, pens, baskets, and other things too numerous to mention. He even uses it for food, the tender little shoots that are just ready to push up through the ground being thought a great delicacy when properly cooked.

Without thinking what he was doing, the young minister reached down and broke off a bit of a young tree. The tube was hollow, and, as he held it up to his lips and blew gently through it, it gave out a sound that was both high and beautifully clear.

"Why, it makes music!" the young minister said aloud, and tried it again. Again it answered his blowing with the high, clear sound.

"I wonder if all bamboo does that," he continued, and broke off another piece. This piece was longer than the first piece he had broken off, and gave out a lower, softer sound when he blew through it. The young minister noticed that at once, and tried a still longer piece of the bamboo. The answering tone was *still* lower.

The young minister stood with the three pieces of bamboo in his hand, looking at them intently.

"Now I know what I shall give the King!" he cried. "I will make him a wonderful wind instrument. It will be like nothing that he has ever had, and he may like to have it as much as I shall like to give it to him."

Then the young minister set to work. He took a knife and carefully cut a large pile of bamboo shoots. When he had these all nicely trimmed and cleaned, he sat down and began to blow into them. First he chose a long and perfect one. "That shall be my *bass*, or lower voice," he said, and laid it carefully aside on the ground. Then he tried all the others, one after the other, listening carefully to the voice of each, and finally choosing twelve of the slender shoots, each one being a bit shorter than the one he laid beside it. When all twelve had been chosen and bound tightly together, the young minister had a wind instrument upon which he could play twelve differently pitched tones. Each tone was just exactly a half step higher than the one below it.

Then he wrapped his new treasure carefully in a piece of rich silk and lay down to sleep until morning.

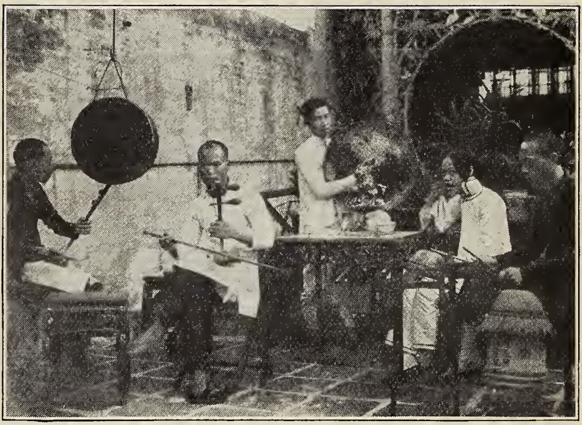
Soon after this, he arrived at the palace gate, and ringing the small bell used by friends—for the King had five different kinds of bells hung at the gate, so that he might know just who was calling—he was ushered into the presence of the King.

There he was politely received and welcomed home.

"I have here a present," said the young minister quietly, bowing deeply and placing the silk-wrapped bundle on the low table before the King, "and it will give me the greatest honor of my life, if Your Majesty will but accept it."

"Whatever it is, I accept it from you gladly," answered the King graciously.

What was his amazement, though, when the silks were carefully unwrapped to see but a bundle of twelve little bamboo sticks lying before him. Then very politely he inquired:



By Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

A MODERN CHINESE ORCHESTRA

"Will you tell me what I should do with it?"

Those who were present in the room never forgot the look of amazement that spread over the King's countenance as for the first time he heard it played. The young minister lifted it quietly in his hands, and began playing upon it one of the King's favorite songs.

"That is the most beautiful present I have ever received!" cried the King. "And as to the twelve tones, which you have so cleverly invented, they shall be called a *scale,* to be used by the musicians of our land for all time."

So it came to pass, not only in China, but in the whole world. This was the beginning of the Chinese flute, still made of bamboo and wound about with silk. Wherever music is sung, and wherever it is played upon violin, flute, piano, or any other instrument, the twelve half steps which reach from one *C* to the next *C* are still in use. —*H. G. K.*

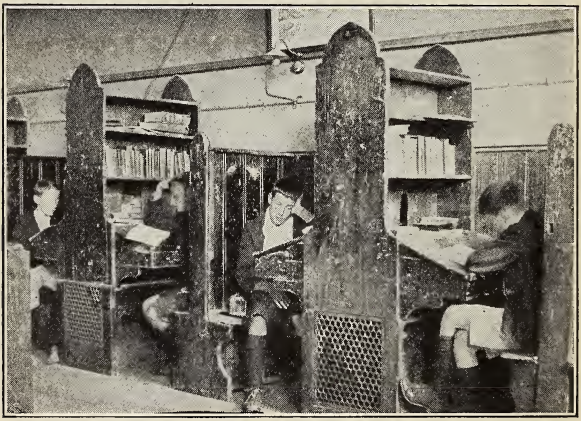
Music to Hear:
"Jasmine Flower"—*Chinese Folk Air.*
"In a Chinese Temple Garden"—*Ketèlbey.*

QUESTIONS

1. Which of the many presents given him did the King like best?
2. Where did he tell the young minister he would hang it?
3. On what errand does the minister now go? With what success does he meet at first?
4. In what ways have the Chinese found the bamboo useful?
5. Tell how the young minister finds a new use for the bamboo.
6. What else does he discover that has been used in music ever since?
7. Describe the King's pleasure at his new gift.

THE LAND OF THE THISTLE

IT was the last day of school. All the books had been laid aside for the last time for the year, and the boys and girls were sitting quietly in their seats as the teacher talked with them. Some of them had been telling of trips that they would make during the summer. Others planned to stay at home.



Courtesy Clifton Johnson

SCHOOLBOYS STUDYING IN SCOTLAND

"Wherever you may go during the summer vacation, I hope you will all be here again in the Fall," said the teacher. "Before we go, I want to tell you of a song that is always sung when people part, in the land in which I was born. That land is Scotland, which is often called 'The Land of the Thistle.'

"Scotland is not called by this strange name because so many thistles grow there, but because of a happening that took place long, long ago, which made the people of Scotland proud to claim the pretty flower, even though it has a sharp and cruel thorn.

"One time, now long ago, the Scots were at war with the Danes. The Danes always thought it a disgrace to attack an enemy at night, when they could not see to defend themselves. However, in this case, they made an exception to their own rule, and, that night, after the lights in the Scottish camp were out, and the soldiers there were asleep, the Danes started for the Scottish camp. On they crept in the darkness, barefooted, and noiseless. They had only a little way to go when one of the Danes happened to set his foot down on a thistle. The sharp pain made him cry out, and even though he had not made a very loud sound, the Scotch watchman heard it, and knew that someone was approaching in the dark. The alarm was quickly and quietly given, and when the Danes finally reached the camp, the Scots were ready for them, and defeated them gloriously.

"As they owed their victory to the humble thistle, the Scots from that time on, claimed the flower and later made it a part of the royal emblem.

"Should you be sitting in a schoolroom in almost any part of Scotland, and about to leave your friends for a while, you would be very apt to sing at least one verse of the well-loved Scotch song, "Auld Lang Syne."

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
In the days of Auld Lang Syne?"

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Auld Lang Syne"—*Robert Burns* (*Scotch Folk Air*).

QUESTIONS

1. Why is Scotland called "The Land of the Thistle"?
2. What song is always sung in Scotland when people part?
3. Sing one verse of this song.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.

—*Selected.*

A HUNDRED CROWNS FOR A SONG

A LONG time ago there lived in a row of large houses in a certain street in Paris a great many people who had money and others who had almost none, and it often happened that both kinds of people lived in the same house. The very rich folk usually lived on the first floor; the people not so rich on the second, and on the third those who had very little money indeed. The higher up in the house you went the poorer the people you found living there, for the more stairs there were to climb, the less rent they had to pay.

Then, the poorest people of all usually lived on the lowest floor, which was a little below the street—we might call it the basement; and it was in one of these parts of an old house in Paris that there once lived a poor cobbler, but although he was poor and had to mend shoes from morning to night he sang as he worked and was very happy keeping time with the tap, tap, tap of his hammer or with his needle as he worked away at his bench.

On the first floor directly above the cobbler there lived a man who was so rich that he could not count all his money. He was so rich that he lay awake at night instead of sleeping thinking of his money, wondering how much he really had, and if it were all safe.

Night after night he lay awake in this way thinking about his money. At last, when the daylight would begin to creep in at the windows, and danger of robbers was over, he would drop off for a short morning nap. Now it was just at this time in the morning that the poor cobbler was in the habit of getting up. As soon as it was light enough to begin work, he would go to his bench and there he would sew away and sing like a morning lark. The poor rich man upstairs no sooner fell asleep than he was awakened by the sound of the cobbler's voice. After this had happened for many days, he went to a friend of his who lived on another street and said:

"What am I going to do? I can't go to sleep at night for thinking of all my money and I can't stay asleep in the morning for listening to the cobbler's song. Please give me some advice."

Then the rich man's friend, who was a very wise man, after thinking for a long time told him of a plan. This the rich man was very glad to try.

So, early the next forenoon, while the cobbler was working and singing as gaily as usual, the rich man came down the stairs that led to the cobbler's door.

"Here come some shoes for me to fix," thought the cobbler, "or perhaps the rich man wants me to make him some fine new boots, and I am very sure he will pay me well."

But the rich man had a very different errand. He had not come to have work done, but to give a present, and in his hand he carried a purse filled with something that jingled.

"Here, friend cobbler," said he, "I have brought you a present of a hundred crowns."

"A hundred crowns!" cried the cobbler in astonishment. "But not for me. Why do you give me this money? I have done nothing to earn it."

"Because you are always so happy," answered the rich man.

"Will you want me ever to give it back to you again?"

But the rich man shook his head.

"Are you sure you will not be sorry you gave it to me?"

"No," replied the rich man, "why should I?"

"If that is true, I will take the money," said the cobbler, "and I thank you very much."

When the rich man had gone, the cobbler opened the bag, but just as he was going to pour out the money into his apron to count it he saw a man out in the street watching him.

"It will never do to let him see," thought the cobbler, so he picked up the bag and hurried to the back part of the house and counted the hundred crowns. Never before in all his life had he seen so much money, and yet he did not feel as happy as he thought he should. Just then his wife happened to come into the room very quietly and the cobbler had a terrible fright until he saw that she had not noticed the money. As soon as she went out he took the bag and hid it under the pillow of his bed where he could watch it from the door of his work shop.

But after awhile he began to think that if he could see it from the door, other people could also. So he went into the bedroom and changed the bag to the bottom of the bed. Presently he became uneasy again and hid the bag in an old box and from that time on he changed it about from place to place whenever he was alone. Not one peaceful moment did he have in the entire day.

At daybreak the next morning the rich man fell asleep as usual and this time his sleep was not disturbed by the cobbler's voice. The next day it was the same and the next, and again the next, for the cobbler had forgotten to sing.

Everyone on the street noticed what a change was coming over the cobbler. He did not do his work so well, he never sang at all, and every day found him less happy and more worried. Finally, one morning he determined that this day he would put an end to his troubles. As soon as he heard the rich man move about in the room above him he climbed the four steps that led from his work shop to the street and then the other steps that led up to the rich man's front door. There he knocked and when he had been admitted he went to the table and laid down the bag.

"Good friend," he said to the rich man, "I have brought back your money. Please take it and give me back my song." Another morning came. The cobbler rose at daybreak and soon was working and singing just as he always had in other days. What became of the rich man no one knows. Maybe he moved to another part of Paris where cobblers sang no happy songs. Maybe he stayed in his own house, learned to forget his money and to sing and be happy too.

—*La Fontaine.*

Music to Hear:
"Badinage"—*Herbert.*
"French Folk Songs."
"Going Through Lorraine"—*Folk Song.*

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountains dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Music to Hear:
"Hunting Scene"—*Bucalossi.*
"Hunt in the Black Forest"—*Voelker.*

ALPINE SONG

With alpenstock and knapsack light,
  I wander o'er hill and valley;
I climb the snow peak's flashing height,
  And sleep in the sheltered chalet,—
Free in heart—happy and free—
This is the summer life for me.

The city's dust I leave behind
  For the keen, sweet air of the mountain,
The grassy path by the wild rose lined,
  The gush of the living fountain,—
Free in heart—happy and free—
This is the summer life for me.

High above me snow clouds rise,
  In the early morning gleaming;
And the patterned valley beneath me lies
  Softly in sunshine dreaming,—
Free in heart—happy and free—
This is the summer life for me.

The bells of wandering herds I list,
  Chiming in upland meadows;
How sweet they sound, as I lie at rest
  Under the dark pine shadows,—
Glad in heart—happy and free—
This is the summer life for me.

—*William W. Story.*

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection and recollection
  I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
  Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
  And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
  Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
  But all their music spoke naught like thine.
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
  Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
  Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
  In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
  Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;

O, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and
    kiosk O
  In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
  From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
  But there's an anthem more dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
  The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

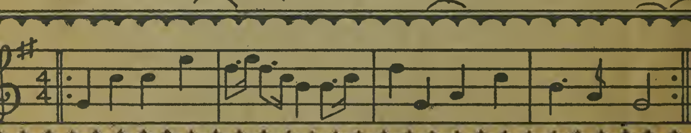
—*Francis Mahony.*

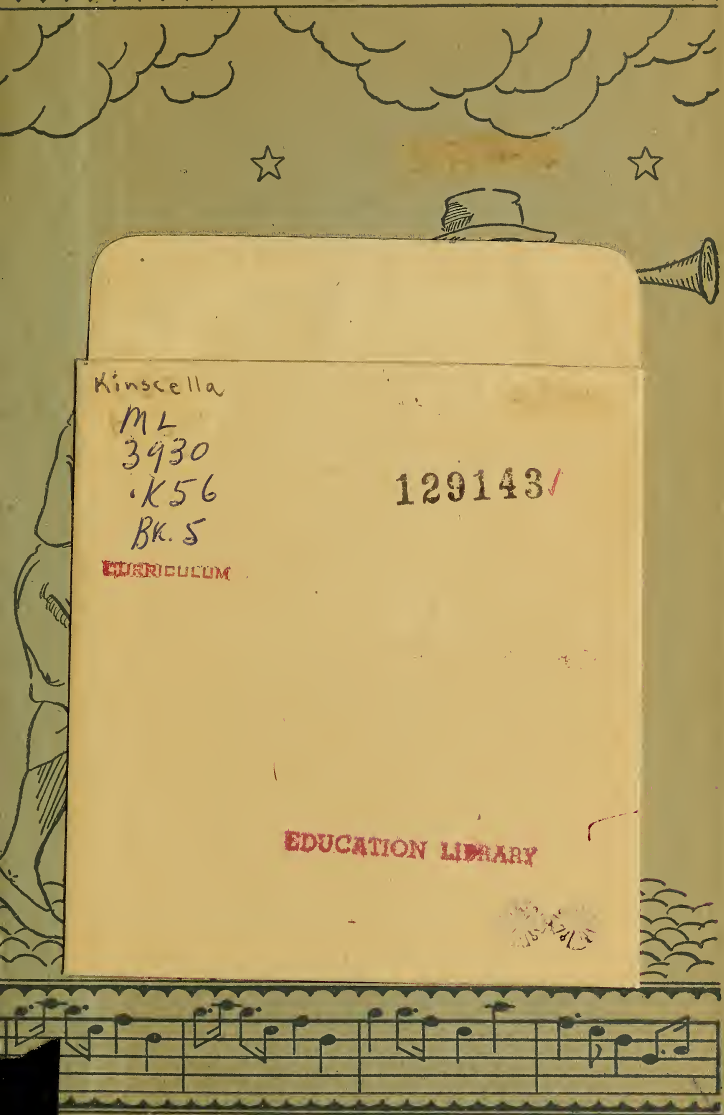
VOCABULARY

Aeson (ē′-sŏn)
Alhambra (ăl-hăm′-bra)
Alpentanz (al′-pen-tanz)
Andalusia (ăn′-dah-lo͞o′-shia)
Andante (ahn-dahn′-te)
Aooah (ah-o͞o′-ah)
Arabesque (ar-a-besk′)
Aria (ah′-ree-ah)
Arion (ar′-ĭ-on)
Asola (ah-soh′-la)
Ave Marie (ah′-vay mah-rē′-ah)
Avignon (ă-veen′-yohn)
Awen (ah′-wĕn)
Bacchanale (bahch-ah-nahl′)
Bach (bahch—guttural)
Ballet (bahl-lay′)
Barcarolle (bahr-kah-rōll′)
Bassoon (ba-zo͞on′)
Beethoven (bay′-toh-ven)
Boisdeffre (bwah-de′-fer)
Borodin (bor′-oh-deen)
Briccialdi (bree-chee-ahl′-dee)
Cambuscan (kam-bus′-kahn)
Camille (kah-meel′)
Canacee (kah-nah′-chee)
Cantabile (kahn-tah′-be-lay)
Caprice (ka-prees′)
Carreño (kah-rain′-yo)
Castanet (kas-ta-net′)
Cathay (ka-tay′)
Caucasia (kô-kay′-shia)
Chopin (sho′-pang) (nasal)
Cleftopoula (klefto-poo′-lah)
Colchis (kŏl′-kĭs)
Coppelius (koh-pē′-li-us)
de Koven (duh-koh′-ven)
Delibes (duh-leeb′)
Delila (day-li′-la)
Espinosa (es-pin-oh′-sah)
Esterhazy (ĕs′-ter-hā-zy)
Etude (ay′-tūd)

Eurydice (u-ree′-dee-chay)
Filipovsky (fĭl-ĭp-off′-skee)
Friedburg (frēēd′-burg)
Funeste Piaggi (fuhn-est′-i pee-ah′-zhe)
Glorishears (glō′-rĭ-shēērs)
Gounod (go͞o′-nō)
Grieg (grēēg)
Handel (han-dle)
Harlech (har′-lech—guttural)
Hautboy (hō′-boy)
Haydn (high′-dn)
Hopi (hō′-pi)
Jota (hoh′-ta)
Kay (kāy)
Ketèlbey (kuh-tĕl′-by)
La Gruyere (lah gro͞o-yair′)
Lente (Lĕn′-te)
Linda Mia (lĭn′-da mēē′-a)
Lohengrin (lōh′-en-grĭn)
Macabre (mȧ-kah′-ber)
Mazurka (mah-zoor′-kah)
Medici (med-ē′-chĕ)
Menuetto (men-ū-ĕt′-to)
Mesa (māy′-sah)
Moszkowski (mō̇sh-kôf′-skĭ)
Mozart (mō′-tsart)
Nannerl (năn′-url)
Navajo (nah-va-hō′)
Neri (nair′-ee)
Noel (noh-ĕl′)
Obbligato (ŏb-blĭ-gah′-toh)
Oratorio ŏr-ȧ-tō′-rĭ-ō)
Orpheus (ŏr′-fēē-us)
Overture (oh′-ver-tshur)
Palestrina (pah-les-tree′-nah)
Pedro (pay′-droh)
Pelias (pē′-li-as)
Peri (pair′-ee)
Periander (pair-ee-ăn′-der)
Pinocchio (pĭn-oh′-chee-oh)
Pippa (pĭp′-pa)
Pizzicato (pĭt-si-kah′-toh)
Poldini (pōhl-dee′-ne)
Polovetski (pōhl-oh-vĕtz′-key)

Prelude (pray′-lud)
Pueblo (pū-ĕb′-loh)
Pulcinello (po͞ol-chee-nail′-yoh)
René (rā′-ne)
Rhys (rhēēs)
Rondel (rahn′-del)
Rossignol (rŏss′-een-yŏl)
Rossini (rŏs-sēē′-nĭ)
Roumeliotica (roo-mē-′leeo′-teeka)
Rubinstein (ro͞o′-bĭn-stīn)
Saint Saëns (săn-sahng′)
Sarasate (sar-ah-sah′-tay)
Schubert (sho͞o′-bairt)
Sibelius (see-bay′-lee-oos)
Sioux (so͞o)
Swanilda (swahn-ĭl′-da)
Tambourine (tăm-bo͞o-rēn′)
Taös (tah′-ows)
Te Deum (tay dēē′-um)
Telyn (tel′-ĭn)
Troika (trō′-ee-kah)
Troubadour (trū′-ba-dor)
Tschaikowsky (chī-koff′-skee)
Ventura (ven-to͞or′-a)
Wagner (vahg′-ner)
Wenceslas (wĕn′-sĕs-lăs)
Xylophone (zīl′-ō-fōn)





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